

# SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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IN LONDON WITH DICKENS.\*

"A MATTER OF IDENTIFICATION."



"THE MOST ANCIENT PART OF HOLBORN." (THE GATE-WAY OF STAPLE INN.)

WHEN Balzac, entertaining his friends, became impatient—as he easily did—of their customary chat about politics, people, social gossip, he was wont to exclaim, in his robust way: "Let us leave these trivialities and discuss real things and real people; let us talk about my novels and my characters!" They *were* real to him: he pictured

them with such vividness, he projected them on the vision with such force, that the illusion became contagious, and his creations were to him, as he has made them to us, a series of solid, rounded personalities. They were more real to him than were the living beings about him, and, like Tennyson's Prince, he no longer knew shadow from substance.

\* The Editor desires here to make acknowledgment of the material assistance which the author of the present paper courteously rendered in the preparation of the two similar papers already published—"About England with Dickens" and "Pickwick and Nicholas Nickleby," in SCRIBNER for August and September, 1880, respectively. "In and Out of London with Dickens," by the present writer, will soon follow, completing the series.

In this power of physical evocation of the bodiless beings of the brain, Dickens alone can stand beside the great French master; and after him I know of only two writers of modern romance who possess, in any comparable degree, this vividness of portraiture which makes their creations living, moving beings to themselves as to us: Turgénieff, and Henry Kingsley in his early and fresh work. To not one of these, it is probable,—not even to the great Balzac,—had his own creations such distinct and insistent personality as those of Dickens to himself. They were, as he once said, a part of himself “gone out into the shadowy world,” and, having separate existence, thenceforth never left him. He had entire belief in their reality, and would stop in his walks to hold conversations and play pranks with them. Above all, he suffered most acutely in their sufferings. Some one has well said that no human being could really suffer as Dickens sometimes thought that he suffered. His feeling was too intense to be profound or lasting. And it is singular that, while he sympathized so acutely with the fictitious sufferings of his own creation, he did not show, in written words at least, any such intensity of feeling for the trials of his own boyhood. He could turn them to dramatic account and coin them into serviceable scenes. Yet none of the children of his brain were more forlorn and friendless than he; no childhood of his invention was more sad and dramatic than his own. But it is noticeable that on the few occasions on which he speaks of these early scenes,—in his narration of it to Forster,—in an allusion in a letter to Washington Irving,—he is singularly temperate and self-contained: in striking contrast to the ease with which he becomes lachrymose over Paul Dombey, maudlin over Little Dorrit, or breaks into blank verse over the privations and death of Little Nell. “I *cannot* help it when I am very much in earnest,” he writes of this tendency. Perhaps he was too much in earnest in his own case to sentimentalize or “drop into poetry” over it; and certainly nothing he ever wrote has less of shallow sentimentality in it than his account of his own “small and not-over-particularly cared-for boyhood”—nothing more genuinely pathetic than his references to the “never-to-be-forgotten misery of that time.”

These scenes of his boyhood, which are also those of David Copperfield's early London life, have the greatest interest for us, but it is no longer possible to trace

them. The blacking-warehouse at Old Hungerford Stairs, Strand, opposite Old Hungerford Market, in which he tied up the pots of blacking in company with Bob Fagin (whose name he “took the liberty of using long afterward in ‘*Oliver Twist*’”) and Poll Green (whose first name he “transferred, long afterward again, to Mr. Sweetlepipe”), has long since been torn down. That “crazy old house, with a wharf of its own, abutting on the water when the tide was in and on the mud when the tide was out, and literally overrun with rats,” is now replaced by a row of stone buildings; the embankment has risen over the mud; and the vast Charing Cross Station stands opposite, on the site of the old Hungerford Market and of “The Swan, or The Swan and something else”—the miserable old “public” where he used to get his bread and cheese and glass of beer. The very name of the street is gone, and Villiers street has sponged out the memory of Hungerford Stairs.

The “two old-fashioned shops” in Chandos street, next to the corner of Bedford street,—to which the blacking-warehouse was afterward removed, and in front of which people used to stop to admire his and Bob Fagin's briskness at their work,—are replaced by the massive coöperative stores; and the little public-house where he got his ale, on the opposite side of the street, and of which he writes, “the stones in the street may be smoothed by my small feet going across to it at dinner-time, and back again,”—this, too, is swept away. Indeed, it is no longer possible to find any of the places he makes mention of in his narrative to Forster: there are no traces of the two pudding-shops between which he was divided according to his finances, nor of the *à la mode* beef shop where he once magnificently dined, nor of the coffee-shops at which, when he had money, he took his half-pint of coffee and slice of bread and butter. When he had no money, he used to take a turn in Covent Garden Market and stare at the pine-apples for his dinner; and this refreshment is still open to us. But the Adelphi arches, the hiding and sleeping place of tramps and outcasts, which he loved to explore, have been transformed by gas, and policemen, and other modern improvements; Bayham street, where he lived, is entirely rebuilt—(singularly enough, a tavern on its corner is kept by one Dickens); his school-house, in Mornington Place, was long since half sliced

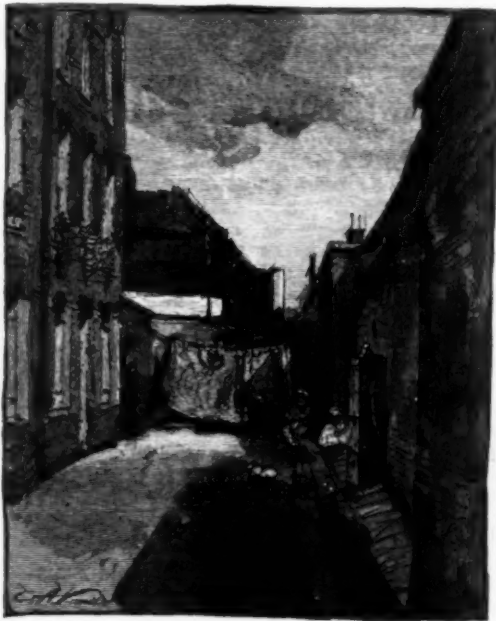


away when the London and North-western Railway entered London. And the tipsy book-seller in Hampstead Road, to whom he used to sell his father's books, who knows what has become of him and his little shop? The very streets through which Mr. Micawber guided young Copperfield to his new home in Windsor Terrace are changed beyond all recognition.

There is, indeed, but one spot in all London toward which we can turn now with the assurance of finding any traces of those days. The Borough, Southwark, still con-

"it is gone now, and the world is none the worse for it." He may have meant that it no longer existed as a debtor's prison, or he may have believed, at the time of writing, that it had really been torn down; but before the termination of the story he had discovered that it still stood there, as he tells us in the preface to the completed volume. Taking him for our guide, let us stroll out for a visit to it on this sunny September morning.

Southwark, or, as it is commonly called, the Borough, lies on the southern or Surrey



COURT-YARD OF THE MARSHALSEA PRISON.

tains the two buildings which we should, perhaps, of all others have selected for preservation,—the Marshalsea, no less filled with memories of young Dickens than of Little Dorrit; and near to it—for he could not live in the prison with his father—his lodgings, "at the house of the Insolvent Court agent, who lived in Lant street, in the Borough, where Bob Sawyer lodged many years afterward." It has been repeated over and over—respectable guide-books continue to state—that the old prison no longer exists. This error may have been caused by the statement he makes in introducing the Marshalsea in "Little Dorrit":

side of the Thames, and we may cross to it from where we start on this northern side by almost any of its bridges, and still walk with Dickens. We may cross by Westminster Bridge, as he did one evening when he had been somewhere for his father, and was going back to the Borough by that route. It was on this evening that he went into the public-house in Parliament street, near the bridge, and astounded the landlord and his wife—so small he was—by demanding "a glass of his *best*,—his *VERY best*,—his Genuine Stunning Ale, with a good head to it!" He tells this story of David Copperfield, but it really happened to him. This

house is still standing, at No. 53 Parliament street, at the corner of the short street leading into Cannon Row, but has been converted into a restaurant, Mr. Pemberton\* tells us.

Or we may follow the boy's usual course "home"—as he called the prison!—at night, across Blackfriar's Bridge, "and down that turning in the Blackfriar's Road which has the likeness of a golden dog licking a golden pot over a shop-door" on one corner. This turning was Little Charlotte street, leading to Union street, and the sign—but newly gilt and gorgeous now—is still to be seen there as an ironmonger's sign. Or we may cross by Southwark Bridge,—the iron bridge of which Little Dorrit was so fond, because it was "as quiet after the roaring streets as if it had been open country." It was a toll-bridge in those days, and for that reason less frequented than the free bridges. To this bridge, "young John Chivery" followed Little Dorrit on that baleful Sunday when he attempted his modest declaration of love, with such small measure of success that we—who wish him well—regret the more to see so soon after, on this same bridge, her evident readiness to bestow her confidence and her affection on that lugubrious bore, Arthur Clennam.

And, while here, we cannot forget that it was on this black stretch of water below us, "between Southwark Bridge, which is of iron, and London Bridge, which is of stone, as an autumn evening was closing in," that we first saw Lizzie Hexam, rowing her father's boat, while Gaffer sat in the stern and steered, "and kept an eager lookout."

And so, still going down the river, we come at last to cross by London Bridge, there following the footsteps of Nancy, dogged by Noah Claypole, to the steps on the Surrey side. This, too, was the lounging-place of young Dickens, on those mornings when he was out from his lodgings betimes, too early for admission to the Marshalsea for his breakfast; and where he used to tell "quite astonishing fictions about the wharves and the Tower" to their little maid-of-all-work, on her morning way to the prison, she also lodging outside. It was this "orphan girl of the Chatham work-house, from whose sharp little worldly and also kindly ways he took his first impression of the Marchioness in 'The Old Curiosity Shop.'"

Passing up the High street of the Borough—into which each of these ways has at last led us—past the White Hart of Sam Weller and Jack Cade, and the other famous old taverns,—the George, the Spur, the Queen's Head, the King's Head,—we reach, at the end of the street, just on the hither side of St. George's church, a cheese-and-butter shop, into the back part of which the proprietor courteously allows us to enter. We stand in the former turnkey's-lodge of the Marshalsea, unchanged, except for the shop built in front of it, since the days when young Dickens and Little Dorrit crept through it, in and out, at night and morning; both about of a size, both equally forlorn. We seem to see Mr. Chivery "on the lock" to-day, and "young John," having set his dinner down, is entirely oblivious that it is growing stone-cold, in his mute adoration of the movements of Little Dorrit in the yard within, whom he is gazing on with his eye glued to the key-hole of the lodge-door,—that eye which, by constant employment in this laudable duty, has become swollen and enlarged beyond the other one.

Going out again from the shop into the street, we find, a few feet lower down, a narrow archway under the houses, on the side of which, in half-effaced black letters, on an alleged white ground, we read, "*Angel Place, leading to Bermondsey.*" Let the visitor pass through this archway into Marshalsea Place just within, and he "will find his feet on the very paving-stones of the extinct Marshalsea jail; will see its narrow yard to the right and to the left, very little altered, if at all, except that the walls were lowered when the place got free; will look upon the rooms in which the debtors lived; and will stand among the crowding ghosts of many miserable years."

As we stand in the court, we have before us the right-hand yard, the little prison for smugglers at its farther end, and that side of the debtor's prison in which the Dickens family lived; the windows nearest, in the top story but one, are those of their rooms, which he has made, also, the rooms of Mr. Dorrit. The windows above look into the room occupied by Captain Porter and his queer family, of whom the boy borrowed the extra knife and fork. This block of buildings is backed by a similar block, the windows of which look out also on the yard, which runs completely around the barrack-like pile. It is now what we should call a cheap tenement-house, and has a squalid and

\* Dickens's London, or London in the Works of Charles Dickens, by T. Edgar Pemberton.

poverty-stricken air. Frowzy women stop their washing to look at the stranger; and disheveled children play about the pump at which "Pancks the gypsy," rampant that night over the fortune he had found for Little Dorrit, cooled his head, and then "took a header" over the back of Mr. Rugg, of Pentonville, General Agent, Accountant, and Receiver of Debts. On my first visit, I tried to get something of personal interest about the prison from the oldest inhabitants I saw about—two very old men, basking in the sun where the Brothers Dorrit were wont to stroll, and wagging their heads over their snuff-boxes; but the pristine brightness of their brains had become dimmed, and evolved no flash. There came into the court just then a most amazing old lady, so tremulous with age and, it is to be feared, with gin, that she might have been a twin sister of old Dolls, stricken with the same malady, and strayed into this forlorn place. She was bright enough, however, and shook out much of interest about the former prison, over which she guided the visitor, spite of her terrible trembling. Handing her the customary sixpence, I turned rapidly away, that she might not be abashed to squander it at once for the gin she so evidently thirsted for, at the "public," on the corner of the little alley. I hope she did, purely as a hygienic measure.

The wall on the right forms the inclosure of St. George's grave-yard, now a trim, beflowered little park. The church vestry may be visited wherein Little Dorrit slept on the cushions, with the church register for a pillow, on the early morning after she had been shut out of the prison all night with Maggie: and in this church,—where she had been christened,—she and Arthur Clennam were married. On the opposite side of High street is the pie-shop where Flora took Little Dorrit for a talk, and from which Mr. F.'s aunt refused to stir until "he should be brought forward to be chucked out o' winder"; with which wish, and that estimable lady's customary belligerent attitude toward that offensively precise and proper Clennam, we all surely are in fullest sympathy. Within a few minutes' walk was Mr. Cripple's dancing-academy, where Frederic Dorrit and his niece Fanny lodged; and in the other direction, in Horsemonger Lane, was the tobacco-shop kept by Mrs. Chivery, mother of "young John,"—"a business of too modest a character to support a life-sized Highlander, but it maintained a little one on a

bracket on the door-post, who looked like a fallen cherub that had found it necessary to take to a kilt."

There are no scenes of "Little Dorrit" outside of this neighborhood which are capable of identification. That part of the city wherein was situated Mrs. Clennam's house, between St. Paul's and the river, has been almost entirely rebuilt within a few years, and its old dwellings have given place to great warehouses and offices. Mr. Meagles's villa at Twickenham may be picked out from a score of just such ones; and if the Bleeding *Hart* Yard (as it is spelled in the maps) which lies between Farringdon Road and Hatton Gardens is the Bleeding Heart Yard of Mr. Casby, of Doyce and Clennam, and of Plornish, it has been changed beyond all recognition.

A little farther up High street—but let Bob Sawyer speak, as he hands his card to Mr. Pickwick: "There's my lodgings, Lant street, Borough; it's near Guy's and handy for me, you know—little distance after you've passed St. George's church; turns out of High street on right-hand side the way." As we turn into Lant street, unchanged since that day, and look at the row of small and shabby houses, young Dickens in his back attic, the little window of which "had a pleasant prospect of a timber-yard," is not more real to us than Bob Sawyer and his friends of the bachelor party. We are as fond of Jack Hopkins and his immortal story of the necklace as Dickens himself always was, and we hear Mrs. Raddle's shrill voice as she drives the revelers out with ignominy, even addressing the venerable Pickwick as an "old wretch, wuss'n any of 'em!"

Just beyond, a little farther up High street, there was demolished, only one year ago, the old King's Bench prison, called, of course, during the present reign, Queen's Bench, and hallowed as the residence of the majestic Micawber, when the ban-dogs of the law were set upon him. Looking at the last of its wall, topped with its iron railing, a tear stood in the writer's eye as he recalled the touching reminiscence it brought forth from Mr. Micawber, on the occasion of his revisiting it with David and Traddles: "Gentlemen, when the shadow of that iron-work on the summit of the brick structure has been reflected on the gravel of the parade, I have seen my children thread the mazes of the intricate pattern, avoiding the dark marks. I have been familiar with every stone in the place."



CHURCH STREET, MILLBANK. (JENNY WREN'S HOUSE.)

As we turn toward the High street, we meet Bradley Headstone and Charlie Hexam, who are coming from the schools, away down in the south-east quarter of London,—“down in that district of the flat country tending to the Thames, where Kent and Surrey meet,”—and are going toward Westminster Bridge. We join them, and, having crossed the bridge, make along the Middlesex shore toward Millbank. It is greatly improved since the night that David Copperfield and Mr. Peggotty followed Martha down the water-side street there, when she was intent on suicide, and his vivid description of the scene no longer applies. Now “in this region are a certain little street called Church street, and a certain little blind square called Smith Square,” at the junction of which are some “quiet little houses in a row.” At the one next the corner we stop, with the school-master and the boy, and see, through the open door, Jenny Wren hard at work dressing her dolls, stopping only to stab at the air with her needle; and Lizzie Hexam soon joins them. Leaving them a while, we stroll about the little blind square in the delicious English autumn twilight, finding still that same

“deadly kind of repose on it, more as though it had taken laudanum than fallen into a natural rest.” And we still find the tree near by in the corner, and the blacksmith’s forge, and the timber-yard, and the dealer in old iron; but this dealer has carted away from his fore-court the rusty portion of a boiler and the great iron wheel that lay half-buried there.

All unchanged, too, is the “hideous little church, with four towers at the four corners, generally resembling some petrified monster, frightful and gigantic, on its back, with its legs in the air.” Nor is this grotesque description one bit too strong. It is the church of St. John the Evangelist, looking like anything but a church, defying every law of architecture, ugly beyond description; and yet there was somebody who, in 1736, admired, and in print, “the new church with four towers at Westminster.”

When we return to the little house, we find that Eugene Wrayburn has just sauntered up, and we leave him here, leaning over the little half-door as he smokes and chats with the most womanly and most lovable of Dickens’s women.

We will not follow the school-master and

his pupil over Vauxhall Bridge, but will keep on this north, or Middlesex, side of the town, and make our way through Westminster, Charing Cross, and the Strand to the Temple. Here Rogue Riderhood is just slouching out, having had his "Alfred David took down by the Governors Both," and we will follow him, as they did on a certain memorable occasion, but at a safe distance behind his unsavory person, and that old sodden fur cap, formless and mangy, like the skin of a drowned, decaying dog or cat, puppy or kitten. As we pass St. Paul's we glance at the archway giving entrance to Doctors' Commons, and smile at Mr. Boffin's reference to "this Dr. Scommmons, the gentleman in the uncomfortable neck-cloth, under the little archway in St. Paul's church-yard." There are other scenes in "Our Mutual Friend" which tempt us to linger on our route, and as we see Rogue Riderhood's mangy fur cap just ahead, and he slouches slowly along,—for he has no bird of prey to track down to-night,—we may, instead of following him through the water-side streets, by which route he leads Eugene Wrayburn and Mortimer Lightwood, pass through Leadenhall street, and turn for a moment into St. Mary Axe,—in the cockney dialect, "Simmery" Axe,—on which the old lines run:

"Jews from St. Mary Axe, for jobs so wary,  
That for old clothes they'd even axe St. Mary."

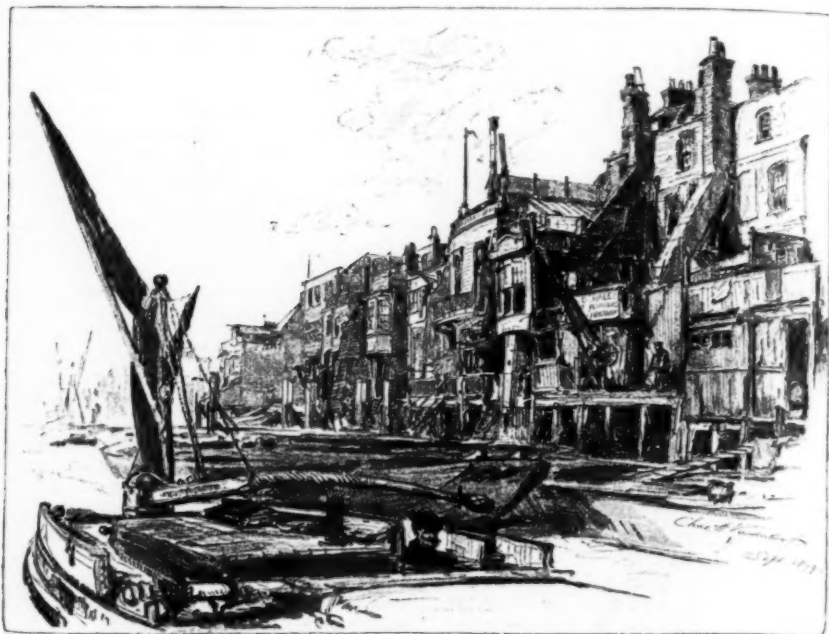
In this queerly named street we look for the sign of Pubsey & Co., hoping to get a glimpse of old Riah, and eke of Fascination Fledgeby, too; but the "old, yellow, overhanging, plaster-fronted house" has given way to straight, staring, new banks and offices. By a short cut through these devious little alleys we reach Fenchurch street, and find, in Mincing Lane, the counting-house of Chicksey, Veneering & Stobles, hoping that Bella Wilfer may be making one of her frequent visits to the Cherub; but he has just come to the conclusion "that perhaps it might attract attention, having one's hair publicly done by a lovely woman in an elegant turnout in Fenchurch street," and so has sent her, while he is buying his new outfit from the little purse she has pressed into his hand, to wait for him in the yellow chariot, "near the garden, up by the Trinity House on Tower Hill"; so thither we follow her as willingly as would John Rokesmith himself.

It is hard to say whether she or Lizzie

Hexam is the more lovable. It is certain that, after many failures in his portraiture of women, Dickens succeeded in giving us, in this one work, two most genuine and most womanly women. It has always seemed to me that Dickens, for all his genius, had no comprehension of the nature of woman, but looked on her with the eye of the average Englishman, while as a novelist his types are few in number and phantasmal in form. She is a pretty, foolish doll, like Dora or Ada Clare; or a bloodless artist's lay-figure, like Agnes Wickfield; or a cheap, melodramatic heroine, like Edith Dombey; or a portentous prig and *poseuse*, like Esther Summerson. His favorites are invariably small in stature, coquettish in costume, and kittenish in their ways. For some recondite reason, as it seems to Mr. Bret Harte's "Haunted Man," female goodness is always embodied by Dickens in an undersized and infantine, not to say idiotic, creature; sometimes charming, sometimes irritatingly imbecile, but always undersized. For a similar inscrutable reason, his willful or wicked woman strides on the scene, always tall and handsome and haughty. Only late in life did his imagination ripen to the production of flesh-and-blood women, such as these two of "Our Mutual Friend," or such as Rosebud, in "Edwin Drood," gave promise of being.

At Tower Hill our way has again joined that of Mr. Riderhood, who is now far ahead, "sweating away at the brow, as an honest man should." We hasten after him, going always eastward; down Tower Hill, through the Ratcliffe Highway—now St. George's street, the scene of the first of De Quincey's "Three Memorable Murders" and of much of "The Uncommercial Traveler's" midnight prowling: through Wapping, and Shadwell, and Stepney—the latter curious as the parish to which all English children born at sea were considered to belong. We go over the same ground with Walter Gay, in his visit to Captain Cuttle, in Brig Place; and with Pip in his search for Mrs. Whimple's house, at Mill Pond Bank, Chink's Basin, Old Green Copper Rope-walk, where lived old Bill Barley and his daughter Clara, and where the convict Magwitch was concealed. The neighborhood becomes more and more marine in its character as we advance; the people more and more degraded—"the accumulated scum of humanity washed from higher grounds, like so much moral sewage, and pausing until its own weight has forced it over the bank, and





LIMEHOUSE HOLE, FROM THE RIVER.

sunk it in the river." The gradations of tone in this walk, from the sturdy mercantile aspect about the Tower and the India Docks, through the shipping and then the ship-building regions, through the quarters of the marine-store dealers and the lower quarters devoted to the entertainment and the plunder of poor Jack, to the squalid and dismal picturesqueness at the end:—all this has been painted by that master hand, in many distinct sketches, equally faithful, yet curiously diverse: in "*Dombey & Son*," in "*Great Expectations*," in "*Our Mutual Friend*," and in "*The Uncommercial Traveller*." Even as a boy, his greatest delight was to visit Limehouse, where his godfather, a Mr. Huffham, was an oar and block maker and rigger; and all through his life he was fond of excursions into these regions.

We have at last come to Limehouse church, at the great iron gate of which stands the disguised John Rokesmith, on his way to call Rogue Riderhood to account, as once before had stood there John Harmon, waiting for the third-mate Radfoot, who meant to murder him that night. We hurry on in the fast-deepening evening to Limehouse Hole, just in time to see Rogue

Riderhood plunge down the three steps of the Leaving Shop; we catch a glimpse of Miss Pleasant tying up her hair—which has of course tumbled down on the entrance of her revered parent—and, in the background, of the shiny black sou'-wester suit and hat hung up, looking like a clumsy mariner, so curious to overhear that he has stopped in dressing to listen, with his coat half on and his shoulders to his ears. We go on farther till we reach the wicket-gate and bright lamp of the neat little police-station, with the inspector writing in his whitewashed office, "as studiously as if it were in a monastery on the top of a mountain." We remember that, long before this visit, we had driven here on that dreadful night with Esther Summerson and Mr. Bucket; and we still see all about the neighborhood the wet handbills on the walls which she noticed, and to which Gaffer Hexam held the candle in the bottle that Eugene Wrayburn and Mortimer Lightwood might read them. "*FOUND DROWNED*" stands in fat black letters at the top, with the description below in smaller type; it was these bills, Mr. Forster tells us, that first gave to Dickens, in his wanderings about here, when he used



to go out with the river police at night, the idea of introducing Hexam and Riderhood, and their hideous calling. Down at last at the edge of this filthy stretch of water, called Limehouse Reach, on which "foul and furtive boats" float at intervals in the dark, we may search for the old mill which was the home of Lizzie Hexam. The Six Jolly Fellowship Porters, Mr. Hassard believes he has found in the tavern called the Two Brewers, and I agree with him that the likeness is very striking as to its exterior. That we may test how far that resemblance extends to the interior, we will enter the

we sit and sip our sherry, it is on just such a matter that we will chat. How it is possible that these scenes from Dickens's fiction—often purposely misplaced, often given names borrowed from similar places—can be identified with such precision, is a question frequently asked, and of interest to answer. It is because of the infinite care with which Dickens set his scene; making its background as real and as solid as the personages he placed before it; and giving it the exact local coloring which should make intimate correspondence between scene and story. Balzac alone, of all the romancers,



THE HALL OF LINCOLN'S INN.

"dropsical old house," pass through the narrow hall to the tap-room on the river, and there order, from the descendant of Joe Glibbery, some of the burnt sherry so highly recommended by Mr. Inspector. Resting here after our long walk, we recall a certain memorable visit of that gentleman to this room, and wonder if it was at this very table that he sat with Miss Abbey and her brother Potterson, and Kibble, while John Harmon and his wife waited in "Cozy."

"On a matter of Identification," was Mr. Inspector's phrase on that occasion; and as

has been at equal pains with his *mise en scène*; and he too frequently overdoes it; he goes into needless and tiresome detail of description, and—as has been well said—when the action of the story is running thin, stops up the reader's mouth against complaint, as it were, by a choking dose of brick and mortar. Never in this way does Dickens err; his descriptions of houses, of places, and of scenery are always to the purpose, and no more; his fancy carrying him too far only in those cases where, fairly possessed by his subject, he has found life

in inanimate things, voices in furniture, and weird suggestions and prophecies in all sorts of odd lumber. The very atmosphere is made at these times to suggest impending danger, and a variety of dreadful things is incessantly foreshadowed, in very queer ways, by very queer "properties." But the genuine local color—almost the "local odor"—he gives to each dwelling of his characters, makes them nearly always possible of identification—forces them upon our belief, indeed.

The eager interest this quest for these

in his pleasant letters to the "New York Tribune" under the title "Haunted London," claims to have found this grave-yard in an obscure court on the border of Drury Lane; while others have claimed that it was the little grave-yard of St. Dunstan-in-the-West, just east of Chancery Lane, which was dug up and leveled away a year or two ago. But the "Bleak House" grave-yard could have been neither of these. Why? Because neither of them lay in the parish in which the law-copyist lived, in which he died, and in which, as a pauper, he was



MR. TULKINGHORN'S HOUSE, LINCOLN'S-INN FIELDS. (THE FORSTER RESIDENCE.)

localities has for us, suggests to me that it will entertain the reader to have two examples of this "matter of Identification." Many attempts have been made to locate the filthy grave-yard of "Bleak House," with its reeking tunnel, its iron gate, its little arch with the step therein, swept so solicitously by Joe after "Nemo" Hawdon's burial there, and on which Lady Dedlock found her lonely death. Mr. Hassard,

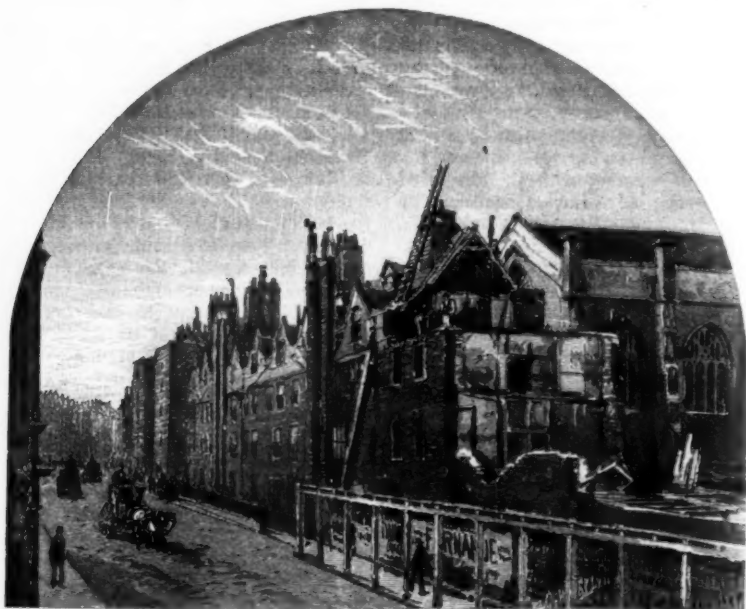
buried by the beadle of that parish. Every one who knows English law and English usage knows that a pauper *must* be buried in that parish to which he belongs—that he cannot be buried by the parish authorities in any other parish. We have a witness in Guster, Snagsby's maid-of-all-work; and, to explain the value of her testimony, let it be noted here that in the masterly construction of "Bleak House," more than in any

other of his works—unless it be the unapproachable “Tale of Two Cities”—nothing is introduced that does not bear upon and irresistibly lead toward the progress of the story and its due catastrophe. Says poor Guster, as she sits sobbing on the floor and fearful of “going off into another”; Esther soothing her and trying to draw out her interview that evening with the disguised Lady Dedlock; Mr. Bucket standing by in painful expectancy for the result; Mr. Snagsby coughingly apologetic in the background:—“And I asked her which burying-ground. And she said the poor burying-ground. And so I told her I had been a poor child myself, and it was according to *parishes*.” Now, the law-writer had his lodgings at Krook’s rag-and-bottle shop, in a court on the west side of Chancery Lane, so near to Lincoln’s Inn as to be blinded by its wall “intercepting the light within a couple of yards.” This court is in the parish of St. Clement Danes, that ugly little church in the Strand, where one may still sit in the pew occupied every Sunday for so many years by Samuel Johnson:—and the graveyard must therefore be sought for in this parish. The old burying-ground near Drury Lane lies in quite a different parish, either in that of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, or of St. Mary le Strand; while that of St. Dunstan-in-the-West lay not only in another parish, but in a different city, London, to wit: that “city” ending at Temple Bar and Chancery Lane, and Westminster beginning on the westerly border of that street. So that, however many points of resemblance may have existed between these burying-grounds and that of “Bleak House,” it could have been neither of the two. These points of resemblance, however,—with perhaps some bits from the grave-yard of the adjoining parish of St. Andrew, Holborn, wherein slept Pepper, Mr. Snagsby’s former partner,—were probably all used, as was Dickens’s way, and adapted to the peculiar traits of the parish burying-ground of St. Clement Danes: which, there can be no doubt, was the original of that of “Bleak House,” and is, indeed, as I have shown, the only possible one. This old pauper burying-ground of St. Clement Danes lay between Lincoln’s-Inn Fields and the Strand; its site now partly covered by King’s College Hospital:—a loathsome spot, long called in derision the “Green Ground,” reported time and again by everybody for everything, and in which 5500 corpses were crammed in twenty-five years, until it was heaped and

running over with pauper bodies. Poor Joe understood it: “They put him wery nigh the top. They was obliged to stamp upon it to get it in. I could onkiver it for you with my broom if the gate was open. I s’pose that’s why they locks it.” The hole into which they had stamped Nemo Hawdon, “among them piles o’ bones and close to that there kitching-winder,” could not have been far from the grave of Joe Miller, of which we read in an old book: “The slab rose from rank green grass that was sprinkled with dead cats, worn-out shoes, and fragments of tramps’ bonnets”—a singular testimony in this connection. This foul place was spaded out of existence in 1850 and 1851, the latter the year of the beginning of “Bleak House”; so that none of the searchers for its grave-yard have ever seen it.\*

Tulkinghorn’s house, in Lincoln’s-Inn Fields, in which takes place so much of the action, and around which moves so much of the current of the “Bleak House” narrative, has always had a peculiar fascination for me. The coloring given to it is something unique, even from Dickens’s hand; it is done with but few touches, but with such skill that, like Poe’s “House of Usher,” it has an aspect and an atmosphere all its own. It should not be difficult, therefore, of identification, and two Americans who were interested in this quest, and who went on it at odd hours each by himself, were pleased one day, on comparing results, to find that both had fixed on the same two houses—adjoining and united by a common porch—as the only two possible houses that might serve for Tulkinghorn’s. Soon after, we found that passage, in one of Dickens’s letters to Forster from America, in which he speaks of his hoping soon “to walk into No. 58 Lincoln’s-Inn Fields”; and our immediate visit showed that number on the door of one of these two houses! As we had already suspected, he had taken the house in which Forster lived, and with which he was so familiar, as the residence of Tulkinghorn. And if any further corroborative proof was needed, it was unexpectedly stumbled on

\*A striking confirmation of the truth of this reasoning has come to me since the above was put in type. Mr. Lawrence Hutton, who has been interested in this same search, tells me that, questioning the present Mr. Charles Dickens about the “Bleak House” grave-yard, he was assured that its description was made up from several of these vile pauper burial-places, in the city and elsewhere, and, so completed, placed within the proper parish.



CHANCERY LANE.

one evening by one of these Identifiers,—with a sudden shout from the discoverer, which shook our sedate suburb of Surbiton to its center. Let the reader turn to Maclise's sketch, in "The Life," of the gathering in John Forster's chambers to hear Dickens read his new Christmas story, "The Chimes." He had come on from Italy for this reading prior to publication, having written Forster to invite Carlyle, Jerrold, Maclise, Stanfield, and others to hear him, in that delightful letter beginning, "Now, if you was a real gent." Maclise made a sketch of the room and its inmates, and there, in the left-hand corner, you shall still see the very frescoes— weird figures, with waving arms and pointing fingers—which Dickens placed, with such ghastly effect, on Tulkinghorn's ceiling. With this the evidence was all in, complete at every point, and our case rested. Tulkinghorn's house, out of hundreds in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, had forced itself upon our credence by its own inherent probabilities, unassisted by extraneous proof. I think that even Mr. Inspector would look on this as a pretty stroke of business, "on a matter of Identification."

There remained some natural curiosity to know whether the frescoes still exist,

but the male American mind was not capable of solving the difficulty of gaining access to the rooms, involving, as it did, the asking a favor of an entire stranger in London. Here came into play the gracious and graceful audacity—that sweet sublimation of what the British coarsely call "cheek"—peculiar to the American girl. With her deployed as a skirmisher, the house was safely stormed, the outlying sentries of clerks were passed; the barrister himself, now in possession of Forster's chambers, was won over, and the large front room—the scene of Maclise's sketch—finally entered:—only to find that it had been lately "done up new" in staring and swearing colors, and that all traces of the former frescoes had vanished under unhalloved combinations of hues "from which," as from Sloppy's buttons, "reason revolts and the imagination shrinks discomfited!"

Turning from Tulkinghorn's house, with his dead body lying there, "foreshortened Allegory in the person of an impossible Roman, upside down," pointing his outstretched hand at it; leaving Hortense, and Trooper George, and Mr. Bucket, we cross the square of Lincoln's-Inn Fields, pass its fine Tudor Hall, in which, "at

the very heart of the fog, sits the Lord High Chancellor in his High Court of Chancery," and so along by the garden. "I call it *my* garden," says poor little Miss Flite. But, long before, Ben Jonson had strolled there as in his own garden; later, Richard Steele wandered undisturbed for hours while composing in its quiet precincts; here Isaac Bickerstaffe was to be seen walking, as the "Tatler" tells us; and Mr. Pepys came to look at "the new garden they are making and will be very pretty":—indeed, the whole place is haunted with historic shapes. And so, through the heavy old Tudor gate-way, black with age and smoke, we come out into Chancery Lane.

As the heart of this story is a chancery suit, so the heart of its scene is Chancery Lane. All its London localities lie within a half-mile radius of this street. It is but a short street, running from Fleet street to Holborn, but it is the very center of legal London, and, therefore, of legal England. At its southern end lie the Temple and its gardens, and here, spanning Fleet street, stood Temple Bar, now replaced by its gratuitously hideous memorial. At its upper end, running back from Holborn, is Gray's Inn, its dreary garden, its "arid square, Sahara desert of the law." All along its westerly side stretch Lincoln's-Inn Fields, and the old inns of Court and of Chancery lie all about. The street is lined with massive law offices and chambers; in odd corners and dingy courts we find rusty law-stationers, and many a little shop which, like Krooks's, seem to be "dirty hangers-on and disowned relations of the law"; and, at frequent intervals, we pass the ceaselessly swinging doors of the Slap Bang eating-house, with Messrs. Guppy, Jobling, Smallweed, and all their race passing in and out. These noisy and nasty eating-houses are in striking contrast with the staid, old-fashioned taverns in the same neighborhood. The Old Cheshire Cheese, the Mitre Tavern, descendant of Dr. Johnson's, "Dick's," the Rainbow, Tennyson's Cock Tavern, all in Fleet street near Chancery Lane, have been but little changed, if at all, in all these years. The two aspects of this neighborhood—the one in the midst of the November fog, the other in the midst of the summer heats—are given with equal faithfulness and equal vividness. Dickens never excelled these two dramatic bits of description.

At the lower end of the Lane the rising walls and towers of the vast new law-

courts have nearly destroyed Bell-Yard,— "that filthy old place, Bell-Yard," as Pope called it,—but they still look down on one house therein which is more to us than all their massive magnificence. "The chandler's shop, left-hand side, name of Blinder," Gridley, the man from Shropshire, has given as his address; but we go there, not to see that querulous personage, but to call on "Little Coavinses," as the jocular Skimpole names the child of the Bailiff's follower—"Charley," who takes charge of her little brother and sister, not much younger than herself, after "Coavinses himself had been arrested by the Great Bailiff." There is not, in all of Dickens's pages—it would be hard to find in English literature—anything more true and touching than the scene of the visit to that room. It is given with Dickens's tenderest touch; there is no sham sentiment anywhere in it; it has the true ring. The unconscious daily heroism of little Charley, as shown in this short scene, is worth all the perpetual posing of Miss Esther Summerson; and not all the tiresome, demonstrative self-effacement of that tiresome young lady touches us once as does Charley's little gasp and quick reply when Mr. Jarndyce hints that she is hardly tall enough to reach the tub: "In patters I am, sir. I've got a high pair as belonged to mother."

A few steps up Chancery Lane, on the left, we turn into the narrow and dingy Bishop's Court, in the middle of which, huddled up close under the wall of Lincoln's-Inn Fields, we find Krooks's rag-and-bottle shop, well chosen in its gloom and dreariness for Miss Flite's perching place, for the law-writer's suicide, for Krooks's hideous death, and its ghastly discovery by Mr. Guppy and Mr. Jobling. And to this very day, one sees there—in further proof of that marvelous accuracy of observation of Dickens—the round holes in the closed shutters, and knows them, with a sudden shock, to be the great gaunt eyes that stared in on the dead man on that dreadful afternoon.

Just beyond Krooks's, at the back of the court named Chichester Rents, we find the public house,—the "Old Ship,"—called by Dickens the Sol's Arms, where little Swills, the comic vocalist, held forth, and where the "inkwhich" took place. Crossing the lane again, and turning down Cursitor street, we pass the former site of "Coavinses," now partly occupied by the Imperial Club chambers. Sloman's private prison for debtors





CLIFFORD'S INN.

was the original,—a famous sponging-house in bygone days. Disraeli introduces it in "Henrietta Temple," and it is here that Rawdon Crawley was brought for debt, on the night when old Steyne wanted to keep him out of the way. The description then by Moss, the keeper, of his queer lodgers is one of Thackeray's most delicious bits. At the next corner, we turn into Took's Court, thinly disguised in the book as Cook's Court. In this dirty and dingy court, near the corner, next the Imperial Club chambers, still stands the moldy little law-stationer's shop which once was Snagsby's. And not far away, in a prominent thoroughfare, stood the pretentious

building erected by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, on the steps of which poor Jo sat down to rest, ignorant, tired, hungry, cold, dying; and from which he was ordered to "move on,"—not being a native of "foreign parts." And to Jo's "crossing," in Holborn, I shall be happy at any time to lead any of my readers. It is not so well swept by his successor as aforetime by him.

"Only 'round the corner," says Mr. Guppy. "We just twist up Chancery Lane and cut along Holborn, and there we are in four minutes' time, as near as a toucher." Following his directions, we pass "under an archway into a narrow street of high houses,



like an oblong cistern to hold the fog," and find ourselves in Thavie's Inn, the residence of Mrs. Jellaby. This apt description of this inn is one of the many of the old Inns Dickens introduced in his works. Early in life he was struck by all that is queer, and comical, and intensely dramatic in them and their denizens, and he has used them in many ways and with great effect. So early as *Pickwick*, he speaks of these "curious little nooks in a great place like London,"—"queer old places,"—and at once starts Jack Bamber with his stories about them. "I know another case; it occurred in Clifford's Inn; tenant of a top set—bad character—shot himself up in his bedroom closet, and took a dose of arsenic." The reader may turn to the twenty-first chapter of "*Pickwick*" for the rest of the story, which will be made more vivid to him by a sight of the very windows of that top set in our sketch. The little square and plot of grass has been somewhat improved since Mr. Boffin was led to it for a quiet talk by John Rokesmith, and found it to be a "moldy little plantation or cat-preserve, as it was at that day. Sparrows were there, cats were there, dry rot and wet rot were there, but not otherwise a suggestive spot." Dickens's pages are full of these delightful bits of description, and of every variety of allusion to the old Inns, gay, gloomy, ludicrous: from the decay and darkness of Symond's Inn, to which Richard Carstone took his bride Ada, and wherein he died,—"a little pale, wall-eyed, woe-begone inn, like a large dust-bin of two compartments and a sifter": to his rollicking description—undeterred by the majestic memory of Bacon or the pleasant memory of Sir Roger de Coverly—of the chambers in Gray's Inn, and of the leeches that were painfully escaping therefrom. It is to Mr. Perker's chambers, in Gray's Inn, that Mr. Pickwick goes in the afternoon, to find no one left but the "laundress,"—so called, Sam explains, "'cos they has a mortal aversion to washin' anythin'." It is also in rooms in Holborn Court, Gray's Inn, that Traddles packs his bride and "the girls"; and, "pernicious snug" as Mr. Tigg Montague would have called them, for Traddles there were "oceans of room."

Pip finds his quarters in Barnard's Inn, which he had supposed to be a grand hotel kept by Mr. Barnard, and found to be "the dingiest collection of shabby buildings ever squeezed together in a rank corner as a club for tomcats." Pip afterward moves to the Temple, and the description of the night

storm therein, in the midst of which the convict Magwitch finds his way to his chambers, is one of Dickens's strongest bits.

The Temple is introduced in many of the novels. In "*Barnaby Rudge*," Sir John Chester has here his elegant chambers; in the "*Tale of Two Cities*," Stryver, Q. C., here lives and works, or rather Sydney Carton works for him by night; and here Tom Pinch dusted, arranged, and catalogued the piles of books of his unknown patron. It was here, too, that Mortimer Lightwood and Eugene Wrayburn had their chambers, presided over by young Blight; to find which one had to wander "disconsolate about the Temple until he stumbled on a dismal church-yard, and had looked up at the dismal windows commanding that church-yard until, at the most dismal window of them all, he saw a dismal boy."

It has always seemed odd to me that Dickens should have been impressed in this way by this little church-yard. It lies snugly shadowed under the wall of the little round Temple church, built by the Templars in that shape in imitation of the temple at Jerusalem, and still the finest one of the four now existing in England. This interesting Norman and early English relic; the cross-legged stone effigies of the mailed Knights Templar within; the flat tombstones without, worn by the footsteps of centuries; the grave of Goldsmith there; the names that cluster about—Chaucer, the student here; the judicious Hooker, master of the Temple; Addison, Johnson, Lamb:—all the memories with which this quiet spot is haunted, make it dear to the American heart.

"Behind the most ancient part of Holborn, London, where certain gabled houses, some centuries of age, still stand looking on the public way as if disconsolately looking for the old Bourne that has long run dry, is a little nook, composed of two irregular quadrangles, called Staple Inn." Here it was that Mr. Grewgious had his home; here Mr. Tartar lived, and here Neville Landless, after his persecution in Rochester, found a retreat in "some attic-rooms in a corner," taken for him by the kindly Crisparkle. It is a great delight to turn out from the maddening thoroughfare of Holborn into the quiet of this little nook, where "a few smoky sparrows twitter in smoky trees, as though they called to each other, 'Let us play at country,' and where a few feet of garden-mold and a few yards of



THE NOOK OF STAPLE INN.

gravel enable them to do that refreshing violence to their tiny understandings." It was Mr. Snagsby, who, loving to walk in Staple Inn in summer time, observed "how countrified the sparrows and the leaves are"; but only so poetic a soul could have seen this. What we see is what may have been seen there at any time for more than a century—"the little hall with a little lantern in its roof," the queer old sun-dial on the wall, the three mystic letters on it and over the door-way:

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—which, however little they troubled Mr. Grewgious, do never cease to puzzle us.

One other interesting feature of these old inns, which, as a matter of course, did not escape Dickens's unerring eye, is the con-

stant presence of "lovely woman" within their dim and dismal precincts. He who passes through them cannot help being struck by the frequency with which he meets a dainty figure, "not sauntering, you understand (on account of the clerks), but coming briskly up," and vanishing within one of the dusky portals and up the shabby staircase. Or it may be he shall see, peeping out of a second or third floor window,—its smoke-soaked sash framing the fair face so quaintly,—the laughing blue eyes and yellow curls of that charming English blue-and-gold edition of girlhood—like Ada in Symond's Inn, or Rosebud in Staple Inn, or Ruth in Furnival's. Dickens never failed to light up the gloom of these dingy and dismal dens by this pretty contrast of youth and grace; and the memory of it leaves with us, as with Ada's friends, "a mournful glory shining on the place, which will shine forever."

## A FAIR BARBARIAN.\*

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Haworth's," "Surly Tim and Other Stories," "Louisiana," etc.

## CHAPTER XII.

## AN INVITATION.

In the meantime, Mr. Burmestone was improving his opportunities within doors. He had listened to the music with the most serious attention, and on its conclusion he had turned to Mrs. Burnham, and made himself very agreeable indeed. At length, however, he arose and sauntered across the room to a table at which Lucia Gaston chanced to be standing alone, having just been deserted by a young lady whose mamma had summoned her. She wore, Mr. Burmestone regretted to see as he advanced, a troubled and anxious expression—the truth being that she had a moment before remarked the exit of Miss Belinda's niece and her companion. It happened oddly that Mr. Burmestone's first words touched upon the subject of her thought. He began quite abruptly with it:

"It seems to me," he said, "that Miss Octavia Bassett——"

Lucia stopped him with a courage which surprised herself.

"Oh, if you please," she implored, "don't say anything unkind about her!"

Mr. Burmestone looked down into her soft eyes with a good deal of feeling.

"I was not going to say anything unkind," he answered. "Why should I?"

"Everybody seems to find a reason for speaking severely of her," Lucia faltered. "I have heard so many unkind things to-night, that I am quite unhappy. I am sure—I am *sure* she is very candid and simple."

"Yes," answered Mr. Burmestone, "I am sure she is very candid and simple."

"Why should we expect her to be exactly like ourselves?" Lucia went on. "How can we be sure that our way is better than any other? Why should they be angry because her dress is so expensive and pretty? Indeed, I only wish I had such a dress. It is a thousand times prettier than any we ever wear. Look around the room, and see if it is not. And as to her not having learned to play on the piano or to speak

French—why should she be obliged to do things she feels she would not be clever at? I am not clever, and have been a sort of slave all my life, and have been scolded and blamed for what I could not help at all, until I have felt as if I must be a criminal. How happy she must have been to be let alone!"

She had clasped her little hands, and though she spoke in a low voice, was quite impassioned in an unconscious way. Her brief girlish life had not been a very happy one, as may be easily imagined, and a glimpse of the liberty for which she had suffered roused her to a sense of her own wrongs.

"We are all cut out after the same pattern," she said. "We learn the same things, and wear the same dresses, one might say. What Lydia Egerton has been taught, I have been taught; yet what two creatures could be more unlike each other, by nature, than we are?"

Mr. Burmestone glanced across the room at Miss Egerton. She was a fine, robust young woman, with a high nose and a stolid expression of countenance.

"That is true," he remarked.

"We are afraid of everything," said Lucia, bitterly. "Lydia Egerton is afraid—though you might not think so. And as for me, nobody knows what a coward I am but myself. Yes, I am a coward! When grandmamma looks at me, I tremble. I dare not speak my mind and differ with her, when I know she is unjust and in the wrong. No one could say that of Miss Octavia Bassett."

"That is perfectly true," said Mr. Burmestone, and he even went so far as to laugh as he thought of Miss Octavia trembling in the august presence of Lady Theobald.

The laugh checked Lucia at once in her little outburst of eloquence. She began to blush, the color mounting to her forehead.

"Oh!" she began, "I did not mean to—say so much. I——"

There was something so innocent and touching in her sudden timidity and confusion, that Mr. Burmestone forgot alto-

gether that they were not very old friends, and that Lady Theobald might be looking.

He bent slightly forward, and looked into her upraised, alarmed eyes.

"Don't be afraid of *me*," he said—"don't, for pity's sake!"

He could not have hit upon a luckier speech, and also he could not have uttered it more feelingly than he did. It helped her to recover herself, and gave her courage.

"There," she said, with a slight catch of the breath, "does not that prove what I said to be true! I was afraid, the very moment I ceased to forget myself. I was afraid of you and of myself. I have no courage at all."

"You will gain it in time," he said.

"I shall try to gain it," she answered. "I am nearly twenty, and it is time that I should learn to respect myself. I think it must be because I have no self-respect that I am such a coward."

It seemed that her resolution was to be tried immediately; for at that very moment Lady Theobald turned, and, on recognizing the full significance of Lucia's position, was apparently struck temporarily dumb and motionless. When she recovered from the shock, she made a majestic gesture of command.

Mr. Burmestone glanced at the girl's face, and saw that it changed color a little. "Lady Theobald appears to wish to speak to you," he said.

Lucia left her seat, and walked across the room with a steady air. Lady Theobald did not remove her eye from her until she stopped within three feet of her. Then she asked a rather unnecessary question.

"With whom have you been conversing?"

"With Mr. Burmestone."

"Upon what subject?"

"We were speaking of Miss Octavia Bassett."

Her ladyship glanced around the room, as if a new idea had occurred to her, and said:

"Where is Miss Octavia Bassett?"

Here it must be confessed that Lucia faltered.

"She is on the terrace with Mr. Barold."

"She is on —"

Her ladyship stopped short in the middle of her sentence. This was too much for her. She left Lucia, and crossed the room to Miss Belinda.

"Belinda," she said, in an awful undertone, "your niece is out upon the terrace with

Mr. Barold. Perhaps it would be as well for you to intimate to her that in England it is not customary—that—Belinda, go and bring her in."

Miss Belinda arose, actually looking pale. She had been making such strenuous efforts to converse with Miss Pilcher and Mrs. Burnham that she had been betrayed into forgetting her charge. She could scarcely believe her ears. She went to the open window and looked out, and then turned paler than before.

"Octavia, my dear," she said, faintly.

"Francis!" said Lady Theobald, over her shoulder.

Mr. Francis Barold turned a rather bored countenance toward them—but it was evidently not Octavia who had bored him.

"Octavia," said Miss Belinda, "how imprudent! In that thin dress—the night air! How could you, my dear, how could you?"

"Oh! I shall not catch cold," Octavia answered. "I am used to it. I have been out hours and hours, on moonlight nights, at home."

But she moved toward them.

"You must remember," said Lady Theobald, "that there are many things which may be done in America which would not be safe in England."

And she made the remark in an almost sepulchral tone of warning.

How Miss Belinda would have supported herself if the coach had not been announced at this juncture, it would be difficult to say. The coach was announced, and they took their departure. Mr. Barold happening to make his adieu at the same time, they were escorted by him down to the vehicle from the Blue Lion.

When he had assisted them in and closed the door, Octavia bent forward so that the moonlight fell full on her pretty, lace-covered head and the sparkling drops in her ears:

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "if you stay here at all, you must come and see us. Aunt Belinda, ask him to come and see us."

Miss Belinda could scarcely speak.

"I shall be most—most happy," she fluttered. "Any—friend of dear Lady Theobald's, of course —"

"Don't forget," said Octavia, waving her hand.

The coach moved off, and Miss Belinda sank back into a dark corner.

"My dear," she gasped, "what will he think?"

Octavia was winding her lace scarf around her throat.

"He'll think I want him to call," she said, serenely. "And I do."

## CHAPTER XIII.

## INTENTIONS.

THE position in which Lady Theobald found herself placed, after these occurrences, was certainly a difficult and unpleasant one. It was Mr. Francis Barold's caprice, for the time being, to develop an intimacy with Mr. Burmestone. He had, it seemed, chosen to become interested in him during their sojourn at Broadoaks. He had discovered him to be a desirable companion, and a clever, amiable fellow. This much he condescended to explain incidentally to her ladyship's self.

"I can't say I expected to meet a nice fellow or a companionable fellow," he remarked, "and I was agreeably surprised to find him both. Never says too much or too little. Never bores a man."

To this Lady Theobald could make no reply. Singularly enough, she had discovered early in their acquaintance that her wonted weapons were likely to dull their edges upon the steely coldness of Mr. Francis Barold's impassibility. In the presence of this fortunate young man, before whom his world had bowed the knee from his tenderest infancy, she lost the majesty of her demeanor. He refused to be affected by it; he was even implacable enough to show openly that it bored him, and to insinuate by his manner that he did not intend to submit to it. He entirely ignored the claim of relationship, and acted according to the promptings of his own moods. He did not feel it at all incumbent upon him to remain at Oldclough Hall, and subject himself to the time-honored customs there in vogue. He preferred to accept Mr. Burmestone's invitation to become his guest at the handsome house he had just completed, in which he lived in bachelor splendor. Accordingly he installed himself there, and thereby complicated matters greatly.

Slowbridge found itself in a position as difficult, and far more delicate, than Lady Theobald's. The tea-drinkings in honor of that troublesome young person, Miss Octavia Bassett, having been inaugurated by her ladyship, must go the social rounds, according to ancient custom. But what, in dis-

cretion's name, was to be done concerning Mr. Francis Barold? There was no doubt whatever that he must not be ignored; and, in that case, what difficulties presented themselves!

The mamma of the two Misses Egerton, who was a nervous and easily subjugated person, was so excited and overwrought by the prospect before her that, in contemplating it when she wrote her invitations, she was affected to tears.

"I can assure you, Lydia," she said, "that I have not slept for three nights, I have been so harassed. Here, on one hand, is Mr. Francis Barold, who must be invited, and on the other is Mr. Burmestone, whom we cannot pass over, and here is Lady Theobald, who will turn to stone the moment she sees him—though, goodness knows, I am sure he seems a very quiet, respectable man, and said some of the most complimentary things about your playing. And here is that dreadful girl, who is enough to give one cold chills, and who may do all sorts of dreadful things, and is certainly a living example to all respectable, well-educated girls. And the blindest of the blind could see that nothing would offend Lady Theobald more fatally than to let her be thrown with Francis Barold; and how one is to invite them into the same room, and keep them apart, I'm sure I don't know. Lady Theobald herself could not do it, and how can we be expected to? And the refreshments on my mind, too, and Forbes failing on her tea-cakes, and bringing up Sally Lunn's like lead."

That these misgivings were equally shared by each entertainer in prospective might be adduced from the fact that the same afternoon Mrs. Burnham and Miss Pilcher appeared upon the scene, to consult with Mrs. Egerton upon the subject.

Miss Lydia and Miss Violet being dismissed upstairs to their practicing, the three ladies sat in the darkened parlor, and talked the matter over in solemn conclave.

"I have consulted Miss Pilcher, and mentioned the affair to Mrs. Gibson," announced Mrs. Burnham. "And really we have not yet been able to arrive at any conclusion."

Mrs. Egerton shook her head, tearfully.

"Pray don't come to me, my dears," she said,—"don't, I beg of you! I have thought about it until my circulation has all gone wrong, and Lydia has been applying hot-water bottles to my feet all morning. I gave it up at half-past two, and set Violet to



writing invitations to one and all, let the consequences be what they may."

Miss Pilcher glanced at Mrs. Burnham, and Mrs. Burnham glanced at Miss Pilcher.

"Perhaps," Miss Pilcher suggested to her companion, "it would be as well for you to mention your impressions."

Mrs. Burnham's manner became additionally cautious. She bent forward slightly.

"My dear," she said, "has it struck you that Lady Theobald has any—intentions, so to speak?"

"Intentions!" repeated Mrs. Egerton.

"Yes," with deep significance. "So to speak. With regard to Lucia."

Mrs. Egerton looked utterly helpless.

"Dear me!" she ejaculated, plaintively.

"I have never had time to think of it. Dear me! With regard to Lucia!"

Mrs. Burnham became more significant still.

"And," she added, "Mr. Francis Barold."

Mrs. Egerton turned to Miss Pilcher, and saw confirmation of the fact in her countenance.

"Dear, dear!" she said. "That makes it worse than ever."

"It is certain," put in Miss Pilcher, "that the union would be a desirable one, and we have reason to remark that a deep interest in Mr. Francis Barold has been shown by Lady Theobald. He has been invited to make her house his home during his stay in Slowbridge, and though he has not done so, the fact that he has not is due only to some inexplicable reluctance upon his own part. And we all remember that Lady Theobald once plainly intimated that she anticipated Lucia forming, in the future, a matrimonial alliance."

"Oh!" commented Mrs. Egerton, with some slight impatience, "it is all very well for Lady Theobald to have intentions for Lucia; but if the young man has none, I really don't see that her intentions will be likely to result in anything particular. And I am sure Mr. Francis Barold is not in the mood to be influenced in that way now. He is more likely to entertain himself with Miss Octavia Bassett, who will take him out in the moonlight, and make herself agreeable to him in her American style."

Miss Pilcher and Mrs. Burnham exchanged glances again.

"My dear," said Mrs. Burnham, "he has called upon her twice since Lady Theobald's tea. They say she invites him herself, and flirts with him openly in the garden."

"Her conduct is such," said Miss Pilcher,

with a shudder, "that the blinds upon the side of the seminary which faces Miss Bassett's garden are kept closed by my orders. I have young ladies under my care whose characters are in process of formation, and whose parents repose confidence in me."

"Nothing but my friendship for Belinda Bassett," remarked Mrs. Burnham, "would induce me to invite the girl to my house." Then she turned to Mrs. Egerton. "But—ahem—have you included them *all* in your invitations?" she observed.

Mrs. Egerton became plaintive again.

"I don't see how I could be expected to do anything else," she said. "Lady Theobald herself could not invite Mr. Francis Barold from Mr. Burmestone's house, and leave Mr. Burmestone at home. And after all, I must say it is my opinion nobody would have objected to Mr. Burmestone, in the first place, if Lady Theobald had not insisted upon it."

Mrs. Burnham reflected.

"Perhaps that is true," she admitted, cautiously, at length. "And it must be confessed that a man in his position is not entirely without his advantages—particularly in a place where there are but few gentlemen, and those scarcely desirable as —"

She paused there, discreetly; but Mrs. Egerton was not so discreet.

"There are a great many young ladies in Slowbridge," she said, shaking her head. "A great many! And with five in a family, all old enough to be out of school, I am sure it is flying in the face of Providence to neglect one's opportunities."

When the two ladies took their departure, Mrs. Burnham seemed reflective. Finally she said:

"Poor Mrs. Egerton's mind is not what it was—and it never was remarkably strong. It must be admitted, too, that there is a lack of—of delicacy. Those great, plain girls of hers must be a trial to her."

As she spoke they were passing the privet hedge which surrounded Miss Bassett's house and garden; and a sound caused both to glance around. The front door had just been opened, and a gentleman was descending the steps—a young gentleman in neat clerical garb, his guileless ecclesiastical countenance suffused with mantling blushes of confusion and delight. He stopped on the gravel path to receive the last words of Miss Octavia Bassett, who stood on the threshold, smiling down upon him in the prettiest way in the world.



"Tuesday afternoon," she said. "Now don't forget, because I shall ask Mr. Barold and Miss Gaston, on purpose to play against us. Even St. James can't object to croquet."

"I—indeed I shall be *most* happy and—  
and delighted," stammered her departing guest, "if you will be so kind as to—to instruct me, and forgive my awkwardness."

"Oh! I'll instruct you," said Octavia. "I have instructed people before, and I know how."

Mrs. Burnham clutched Miss Pilcher's arm.

"Do you see who *that* is?" she demanded.

"Would you have believed it?"

Miss Pilcher preserved a stony demeanor.

"I would believe anything of Miss Octavia Bassett," she replied. "There would be nothing at all remarkable to my mind in her flirting with the Bishop himself! Why should she hesitate to endeavor to entangle the curate of St. James?"

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### A CLERICAL VISIT.

It was indeed true that the Rev. Arthur Poppleton had spent the greater part of his afternoon in Miss Belinda Bassett's front parlor, and that Octavia had entertained him in such a manner that he had been beguiled into forgetting the clerical visits he had intended to make, and had finally committed himself by a promise to return a day or two later to play croquet. His object in calling had been to request Miss Belinda's assistance in a parochial matter. His natural timorousness of nature had indeed led him to put off making the visit for as long a time as possible. The reports he had heard of Miss Octavia Bassett had inspired him with great dread. Consequently he had presented himself at Miss Belinda's front door with secret anguish.

"Will you say," he had faltered to Mary Anne, "that it is Mr. Poppleton, to see *Miss* Bassett—Miss *Belinda* Bassett?"

And then he had been handed into the parlor, the door had been closed behind him, and he had found himself shut up entirely alone in the room with Miss Octavia Bassett herself.

His first impulse was to turn, and flee precipitately; indeed, he even went so far as to turn, and clutch the handle of the door; but, somehow, a second thought

arrived in time to lead him to control himself.

This second thought came with his second glance at Octavia.

She was not at all what he had pictured her. Singularly enough, no one had told him that she was pretty, and he had thought of her as a gaunt young person with a determined and manly air. She struck him, on the contrary, as being extremely girlish and charming to look upon. She wore the pale pink gown, and as he entered he saw her give a furtive little dab to her eyes with a lace handkerchief, and hurriedly crush an open letter into her pocket. Then, seeming to dismiss her emotion with enviable facility, she rose to greet him.

"If you want to see Aunt Belinda," she said, "perhaps you had better sit down. She will be here directly."

He plucked up spirit to take a seat, suddenly feeling his terror take wing. He was amazed at his own courage.

"Th—thank you," he said. "I have the pleasure of —" There, it is true, he stopped, looked at her, blushed, and finished somewhat disjointedly. "Miss Octavia Bassett, I believe."

"Yes," she answered, and sat down near him.

When Miss Belinda descended the stairs, a short time afterward, her ears were greeted by the sound of brisk conversation, in which the Rev. Arthur Poppleton appeared to be taking part with before-unheard-of spirit. When he arose at her entrance, there was in his manner an air of mild buoyancy which astonished her beyond measure. When he reseated himself, he seemed quite to forget the object of his visit for some minutes, and was thus placed in the embarrassing position of having to refer to his note-book.

Having done so, and found that he had called to ask assistance for the family of one of his parishioners, he recovered himself somewhat. As he explained the exigencies of the case, Octavia listened.

"Well," she said, "I should think it would make you quite uncomfortable, if you see things like that often."

"I regret to say I do see such things only too frequently," he answered.

"Gracious!" she said; but that was all.

He was conscious of being slightly disappointed at her apathy, and perhaps it is to be deplored that he forgot it afterward, when Miss Belinda had bestowed her mite, and the case was dismissed for the time

being. He really did forget it, and was beguiled into making a very long call, and enjoying himself as he had never enjoyed himself before.

When, at length, he was recalled to a sense of duty by a glance at the clock, he had already before his eyes an opening vista of delights, taking the form of future calls, and games of croquet played upon Miss Belinda's neatly shaven grass-plot. He had bidden the ladies adieu in the parlor, and, having stepped into the hall, was fumbling rather excitedly in the umbrella-stand for his own especially slender clerical umbrella, when he was awakened to new rapture by hearing Miss Octavia's tone again.

He turned and saw her standing quite near him, looking at him with rather an odd expression and holding something in her hand.

"Oh!" she said. "See here! Those people."

"I—beg pardon," he hesitated. "I don't quite understand."

"Oh, yes!" she answered. "Those desperately poor wretches, you know—with fever, and leaks in their house, and all sorts of disagreeable things the matter with them. Give them this, won't you?"

"This" was a pretty silk purse, through whose meshes he saw the gleam of gold coin.

"That?" he said. "You don't mean—isn't there a good deal—I beg pardon—but really —"

"Well, if they are as poor as you say they are, it won't be too much," she replied. "I don't suppose they'll object to it, do you?"

She extended it to him as if she rather wished to get it out of her hands.

"You'd better take it," she said. "I shall spend it on something I don't need, if you don't. I'm always spending money on things I don't care for afterward."

He was filled with remorse, remembering that he had thought her apathetic.

"I—I really thought you were not interested at all," he burst forth. "Pray forgive me. This is generous indeed."

She looked down at some particularly brilliant rings on her hand, instead of looking at him.

"Oh, well," she said, "I think it must be simply horrid to have to do without things. I can't see how people live. Besides, I haven't denied myself anything. It would be worth talking about if I had, I suppose.

Oh, by the bye, never mind telling any one, will you?"

Then, without giving him time to reply, she raised her eyes to his face, and plunged into the subject of the croquet again, pursuing it until the final moment of his exit and departure, which was when Mrs. Burnham and Miss Pilcher had been scandalized at the easy freedom of her adieus.

## CHAPTER XV.

### SUPERIOR ADVANTAGES.

WHEN Mr. Francis Barold called to pay his respects to Lady Theobald, after partaking of her hospitality, Mr. Burmestone accompanied him, and, upon almost every other occasion of his presenting himself to her ladyship, Mr. Burmestone was his companion.

It may as well be explained, at the outset, that the mill-owner of Burmestone Mills was a man of decided determination of character, and that, upon the evening of Lady Theobald's tea, he had arrived at the conclusion that he would spare no effort to gain a certain end he felt it would add to his happiness to accomplish.

"I stand rather in awe of Lady Theobald, as any ordinary man would," he had said, drily, to Barold, on their return to his house. "But my awe of her is not so great yet that I shall allow it to interfere with any of my plans."

"Have you any especial plan?" inquired Barold, carelessly, after a pause.

"Yes," answered Mr. Burmestone, "several. I should like to go to Oldclough rather often."

"I feel it the civil thing to go to Oldclough oftener than I like. Go with me."

"I should like to be included in all the invitations to tea for the next six months."

"I shall be included in all the invitations so long as I remain here, and it is not likely you will be left out in the cold. After you have gone the rounds once you won't be dropped."

"Upon the whole, it appears so," said Mr. Burmestone. "Thanks."

So, at each of the tea-parties following Lady Theobald's, the two men appeared together. The small end of the wedge being inserted into the social stratum, the rest was not so difficult. Mrs. Burnham was at once surprised and overjoyed by her discoveries of the many excellencies of the

man they had so hastily determined to ignore. Mrs. Abercrombie found Mr. Burmiston's manner all that could be desired. Miss Pilcher expressed the highest appreciation of his views upon feminine education and "our duty to the young in our charge." Indeed, after Mrs. Egerton's evening, the tide of public opinion turned suddenly in his favor.

Public opinion did not change, however, as far as Octavia was concerned. Having had her anxiety set at rest by several encouraging paternal letters from Nevada, she began to make up her mind to enjoy herself, and was, it is to be regretted, betrayed by her youthful high spirits into the committing of numerous indiscretions. Upon each festal occasion, she appeared in a new and elaborate costume; she accepted the attentions of Mr. Francis Barold as if it was the most natural thing in the world that they should be offered; she joked—in what Mrs. Burnham designated "her Nevada way"—with the Rev. Arthur Poppleton, who appeared more frequently than had been his habit at the high teas. She played croquet with that gentleman and Mr. Barold day after day, upon the grass-plot, before all the eyes gazing down upon her from the neighboring windows; she managed to coerce Mr. Burmiston into joining these innocent orgies; and, in fact, to quote Miss Pilcher, there was "no limit to the shamelessness of her unfeminine conduct."

Several times much comment had been aroused by the fact that Lucia Gaston had been observed to form one of the party of players. She had indeed played with Barold, against Octavia and Mr. Poppleton, on the memorable day upon which that gentleman had taken his first lesson.

Barold had availed himself of the invitation extended to him by Octavia, upon several occasions, greatly to Miss Belinda's embarrassment. He had dropped in the evening after the curate's first call.

"Is Lady Theobald very fond of you?" Octavia had asked, in the course of this visit.

"It is very kind of her, if she is," he replied, with languid irony.

"Isn't she fond enough of you to do anything you ask her?" Octavia inquired.

"Really, I think not," he replied. "Imagine the degree of affection it requires! I am not fond enough of any one to do anything they ask me."

Octavia bestowed a long look upon him.

"Well," she remarked, after a pause, "I

believe you are not. I shouldn't think so." Barold colored very faintly.

"I say," he said, "is that an imputation, or something of that character? It sounds like it, you know."

Octavia did not reply directly. She laughed a little.

"I want you to ask Lady Theobald to do something," she said.

"I am afraid I am not in such favor as you imagine," he said, looking slightly annoyed.

"Well, I think she won't refuse you this thing," she went on. "If she didn't loathe me so I would ask her myself."

He declined to smile.

"Does she loathe you?" he inquired.

"Yes," nodding. "She would not speak to me if it wasn't for Aunt Belinda. She thinks I am fast and loud. Do *you* think I am fast and loud?"

He was taken aback, and not for the first time, either. She had startled and discomposed him several times in the course of their brief acquaintance, and he always resented it, priding himself in private, as he did, upon his coolness and immobility. He could not think of the right thing to say just now, so he was silent for a second.

"Tell me the truth," she persisted. "I shall not care—much."

"I do not think you would care at all."

"Well, perhaps I shouldn't. Go on. Do you think I am fast?"

"I am happy to say I do not find you slow."

She fixed her eyes on him, smiling faintly.

"That means I am fast," she said. "Well, no matter. Will you ask Lady Theobald what I want you to ask her?"

"I should not say you were fast at all," he said, rather stiffly. "You have not been educated as—as Lady Theobald has educated Miss Gaston, for instance."

"I should rather think not," she replied. Then she added, very deliberately: "She has had what you might call very superior advantages, I suppose."

Her expression was totally incomprehensible to him. She spoke with the utmost seriousness, and looked down at the table.

"That is derision, I suppose," he remarked, restively.

She glanced up again.

"At all events," she said, "there is nothing to laugh at in Lucia Gaston. Will you ask Lady Theobald? I want you to ask her to let Lucia Gaston come and play cro-

quet with us on Tuesday. She is to play with you against Mr. Poppleton and me."

"Who is Mr. Poppleton?" he asked with some reserve. He did not exactly fancy sharing his entertainment with any ordinary outsider. After all, there was no knowing what this little American might do.

"He is the curate of the church," she replied, undisturbed. "He is very nice, and little, and neat, and blushes all over to the toes of his boots. He came to see Aunt Belinda, and I asked him to come and be taught to play."

"Who is to teach him?"

"I am. I have taught at least twenty men in New York and San Francisco."

"I hope he appreciates your kindness."

"I mean to try if I can make him forget to be frightened," she said, with a gay laugh.

It was certainly nettling to find his air of reserve and displeasure met with such inconsequent lightness. She never seemed to recognize the subtle changes of temperature expressed in his manner. Only his sense of what was due to himself prevented his being very chilly indeed, but, as she went on with her gay chat, in utter ignorance of his mood, and indulged in some very pretty airy nonsense, he soon recovered himself, and almost forgot his private grievance.

Before going away, he promised to ask Lady Theobald's indulgence in the matter of Lucia's joining them in their game. One speech of Octavia's connected with the subject he had thought very pretty, as well as kind:

"I like Miss Gaston," she said. "I think we might be friends, if Lady Theobald would let us. Her superior advantages might do me good. They might improve me," she went on, with a little laugh, "and I suppose I need improving very much. All my advantages have been of one kind."

When he had left her, she startled Miss Belinda by saying:

"I have been asking Mr. Barold if he thought I was fast, and I believe he does—in fact, I am sure he does."

"Ah, my dear, my dear!" ejaculated Miss Belinda, "what a terrible thing to say to a gentleman! What will he think?"

Octavia smiled one of her calmest smiles.

"Isn't it queer how often you say that!" she remarked. "I think I should perish if I had to pull myself up that way as you do. I just go right on, and never worry. I don't mean to do anything queer, and I don't see why any one should think I do."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### CROQUET.

LUCIA was permitted to form one of the players in the game of croquet, being escorted to and from the scene by Francis Barold. Perhaps it occurred to Lady Theobald that the contrast of English reserve and maidenliness with the free and easy manners of young women from Nevada might lead to some good result.

"I trust your conduct will be such as to show that you at least have resided in a civilized land," she said. "The men of the present day may permit themselves to be amused by young persons whose demeanor might bring a blush to the cheek of a woman of forty, but it is not their habit to regard them with serious intentions."

Lucia reddened. She did not speak, though she wished very much for the courage to utter the words which rose to her lips. Lately she had found that now and then, at times when she was roused to anger, speeches of quite a clever and sarcastic nature presented themselves to her mind. She was never equal to uttering them aloud, but she felt that, in time, she might, because of course it was quite an advance in spirit to think them, and face, even in imagination, the probability of astounding and striking Lady Theobald dumb with their audacity.

"It ought to make me behave very well," she was saying now to herself, "to have before me the alternative of not being regarded with serious intentions. I wonder if it is Mr. Poppleton or Francis Barold who might not regard me seriously. And I wonder if they are any coarser in America than we can be in England when we try."

She enjoyed the afternoon very much, particularly the latter part of it, when Mr. Burmestone, who was passing, came in, being invited by Octavia across the privet hedge. Having paid his respects to Miss Belinda, who sat playing propriety under a laburnum tree, Mr. Burmestone crossed the grass-plot to Lucia herself. She was awaiting her "turn," and laughing at the ardent enthusiasm of Mr. Poppleton, who, under Octavia's direction, was devoting all his energies to the game; her eyes were bright, and she had lost, for the time being, her timid air of feeling herself somehow in the wrong.

"I am glad to see you here," said Mr. Burmestone.

"I am glad to be here," she answered. "It has been such a happy afternoon. Everything has seemed so bright and—and different."

"'Different' is a very good word," he said, laughing.

"It isn't a very bad one," she returned. "And it expresses a good deal."

"It does indeed," he commented.

"Look at Mr. Poppleton and Octavia —" she began.

"Have you got to 'Octavia'?" he inquired.

She looked down and blushed.

"I shall not say 'Octavia' to grand-mamma."

Then suddenly she glanced up at him.

"That is sly, isn't it?" she said. "Sometimes I think I am very sly, though I am sure it is not my nature to be so. I would rather be open and candid."

"It would be better," he remarked.

"You think so?" she asked, eagerly.

He could not help smiling.

"Do you ever tell untruths to Lady Theobald?" he inquired. "If you do, I shall begin to be alarmed."

"I act them," she said, blushing more deeply. "I really do—paltry sorts of untruths, you know; pretending to agree with her when I don't; pretending to like things a little when I hate them. I have been trying to improve myself lately, and once or twice it has made her very angry. She says I am disobedient and disrespectful. She asked me, one day, if it was my intention to emulate Miss Octavia Bassett. That was when I said I could not help feeling that I had wasted time in practicing."

She sighed softly as she ended.

In the meantime, Octavia had Mr. Poppleton and Mr. Francis Barold upon her hands, and was endeavoring to do her duty as hostess by both of them. If it had been her intention to captivate these gentlemen, she could not have complained that Mr. Poppleton was wary or difficult game. His first fears allayed, his downward path was smooth, and rapid in proportion. When he had taken his departure with the little silk purse in his keeping, he had carried under his clerical vest a warmed and thrilled heart. It was a heart which, it must be confessed, was of the most inexperienced and susceptible nature. A little man of affectionate and gentle disposition, he had been given from his earliest youth to indulging in timid dreams of mild future bliss—of bliss represented by some lovely being

whose ideals were similar to his own, and who preferred the wealth of a true affection to the glitter of the giddy throng. Upon one or two occasions, he had even worshiped from afar; but as on each of these occasions his hopes had been nipped in the bud by the union of their object with some hollow worldling, his dream had, so far, never attained very serious proportions. Since he had taken up his abode in Slowbridge, he had felt himself a little overpowered by circumstances. It had been a source of painful embarrassment to him to find his innocent presence capable of producing confusion in the breasts of young ladies who were certainly not more guileless than himself. He had been conscious that the Misses Egerton did not continue their conversation with freedom when he chanced to approach the group they graced, and he had observed the same thing in their companions—an additional circumspection of demeanor, so to speak, a touch of new decorum, whose object seemed to be to protect them from any appearance of imprudence.

"It is almost as if they were afraid of me," he had said to himself once or twice. "Dear me! I hope there is nothing in my appearance to lead them to —"

He was so much alarmed by this dreadful thought, that he had ever afterward approached any of these young ladies with a fear and trembling which had not added either to his comfort or their own; consequently, his path had not been a very smooth one.

"I respect the young ladies of Slowbridge," he remarked to Octavia, that very afternoon. "There are some very remarkable young ladies here—very remarkable, indeed. They are interested in the church, and the poor, and the schools, and indeed in everything—which is most unselfish and amiable. Young ladies have usually so much to distract their attention from such matters."

"If I stay long enough in Slowbridge," said Octavia, "I shall be interested in the church, and the poor, and the schools."

It seemed to the curate that there had never been anything so delightful in the world as her laugh and her unusual remarks. She seemed to him so beautiful, and so exhilarating, that he forgot all else but his admiration for her. He enjoyed himself so much, this afternoon, that he was almost brilliant, and excited the sarcastic comment of Mr. Francis Barold, who was not enjoying himself at all.



"Confound it!" said that gentleman to himself, as he looked on. "What did I come here for? This style of thing is just what I might have expected. She is amusing herself with that poor little cad now, and I am left in the cold. I suppose that is her habit with the young men in Nevada."

He had no intention of entering the lists with the Rev. Arthur Poppleton, or of concealing the fact that he felt that this little Nevada flirt was making a blunder. The sooner she knew it the better for herself; so he played his game as badly as possible, and with much dignity.

But Octavia was so deeply interested in Mr. Poppleton's ardent efforts to do credit to her teaching, that she was apparently unconscious of all else. She played with great cleverness, and carried her partner to the terminus, with an eager enjoyment of her skill quite pleasant to behold. She made little darts here and there, advised, directed, and controlled his movements, and was quite dramatic in a small way when he made a failure.

Mrs. Burnham, who was superintending the proceeding, seated in her own easy-chair behind her window-curtains, was roused to virtuous indignation by her energy.

"There is no repose whatever in her manner," she said. "No dignity. Is a game of croquet a matter of deep moment? It seems to me that it is almost impious to devote one's mind so wholly to a mere means of recreation."

"She seems to be enjoying it, mamma," said Miss Laura Burnham, with a faint sigh. Miss Laura had been looking on over her parent's shoulder. "They all seem to be enjoying it. See how Lucia Gaston and Mr. Burmestone are laughing. I never saw Lucia look like that before. The only one who seems a little dull is Mr. Barold."

"He is probably disgusted by a freedom of manner to which he is not accustomed," replied Mrs. Burnham. "The only wonder is that he has not been disgusted by it before."

#### CHAPTER XVII.

##### ADVANTAGES.

THE game over, Octavia deserted her partner. She walked lightly, and with the air of a victor, to where Barold was standing. She was smiling and slightly flushed,

and for a moment or so stood fanning herself with a gay Japanese fan.

"Don't you think I am a good teacher?" she asked, at length.

"I should say so," replied Barold, without enthusiasm. "I am afraid I am not a judge."

She waved her fan airily.

"I had a good pupil," she said. Then she held her fan still for a moment, and turned fully toward him. "I have done something you don't like," she said. "I knew I had."

Mr. Francis Barold retired within himself at once. In his present mood it really appeared that she was assuming that he was very much interested indeed.

"I should scarcely take the liberty upon a limited acquaintance," he began.

She looked at him steadily, fanning herself with slow, regular movements.

"Yes," she remarked. "You're mad. I knew you were."

He was so evidently disgusted by this observation that she caught at the meaning of his look, and laughed a little.

"Ah!" she said, "that's an American word, ain't it? It sounds queer to you. You say 'vexed' instead of 'mad.' Well, then, you are vexed."

"If I have been so clumsy as to appear ill-humored," he said, "I beg pardon. Certainly I have no right to exhibit such unusual interest in your conduct."

He felt that this was rather decidedly to the point, but she did not seem overpowered at all. She smiled anew.

"Anybody has a right to be mad—I mean vexed," she observed. "I should like to know how people would live if they hadn't. I am mad—I mean vexed—twenty times a day."

"Indeed?" was his sole reply.

"Well," she said, "I think it's real mean in you to be so cool about it when you remember what I told you the other day."

"I regret to say I don't remember, just now. I hope it was nothing very serious."

To his astonishment she looked down at her fan, and spoke in a slightly lowered voice.

"I told you that I wanted to be improved."

It must be confessed that he was mollified. There was a softness in her manner which amazed him. He was at once embarrassed and delighted. But, at the same time, it would not do to commit himself to too great a seriousness.



"Oh!" he answered, "that was a rather good joke, I thought."

"No, it wasn't," she said, perhaps even half a tone lower. "I was in earnest."

Then she raised her eyes.

"If you told me when I did anything wrong, I think it might be a good thing," she said.

He felt that this was quite possible, and was also struck with the idea that he might find the task of mentor—so long as he remained entirely non-committal—rather interesting. Still he could not afford to descend at once from the elevated stand he had taken.

"I am afraid you would find it rather tiresome," he remarked.

"I am afraid *you* would," she answered. "You would have to tell me of things so often."

"Do you mean seriously to tell me that you would take my advice?" he inquired.

"I mightn't take all of it," was her reply, "but I should take some—perhaps a great deal."

"Thanks," he remarked. "I scarcely think I should give you a great deal."

She simply smiled.

"I have never had any advice at all," she said. "I don't know that I should have taken it, if I had—just as likely as not I shouldn't; but I have never had any. Father spoiled me. He gave me all my own way. He said he didn't care, so long as I had a good time, and I must say I have generally had a good time. I don't see how I could help it—with all my own way, and no one to worry. I wasn't sick, and I could buy anything I liked, and all that—so I had a good time. I've read of girls, in books, wishing they had mothers to take care of them. I don't know that I ever wished for one particularly. I can take care of myself. I must say, too, that I don't think some mothers are much of an institution. I know girls who have them, and they are always worrying."

He laughed in spite of himself, and though she had been speaking with the utmost seriousness and *naïveté*, she joined him.

When they ceased, she returned suddenly to the charge.

"Now tell me what I have done, this afternoon, that isn't right," she said—"that Lucia Gaston wouldn't have done, for instance. I say that because I shouldn't mind being a little like Lucia Gaston—in some things."

"Lucia ought to feel gratified," he commented.

"She does," she answered. "We had a little talk about it, and she was as pleased as could be. I didn't think of it in that way until I saw her begin to blush. Guess what she said."

"I am afraid I can't."

"She said she saw so many things to envy in me, that she could scarcely believe I wanted to be at all like her."

"It was a very civil speech," said Barold, ironically. "I scarcely thought Lady Theobald had trained her so well."

"She meant it," said Octavia. "You mayn't believe it, but she did. I know when people mean things and when they don't."

"I wish I did," said Barold.

Octavia turned her attention to her fan.

"Well, I am waiting," she said.

"Waiting?" he repeated.

"To be told of my faults."

"But I scarcely see of what importance my opinion can be."

"It is of some importance to me—just now."

The last two words rendered him really impatient, and it may be spurred him up.

"If we are to take Lucia Gaston as a model," he said, "Lucia Gaston would possibly not have been so complaisant in her demeanor toward our clerical friend."

"Complaisant!" she exclaimed, opening her lovely eyes. "When I was actually plunging about the garden, trying to teach him to play. Well, I shouldn't call that being complaisant."

"Lucia Gaston," he replied, "would not say that she had been 'plunging' about the garden."

She gave herself a moment for reflection.

"That's true," she remarked, when it was over; "she wouldn't. When I compare myself with the Slowbridge girls, I begin to think I must say some pretty awful things."

Barold made no reply, which caused her to laugh a little again.

"You daren't tell me," she said. "Now, do I? Well, I don't think I want to know very particularly. What Lady Theobald thinks will last quite a good while. Complaisant!"

"I am sorry you object to the word," he said.

"Oh, I don't!" she answered. "I like it. It sounds so much more polite than to say I was flirting and being fast."

"Were you flirting?" he inquired, coldly.

He objected to her ready serenity very much.

She looked a little puzzled.

"You are very like Aunt Belinda," she said.

He drew himself up. He did not think there was any point of resemblance at all between Miss Belinda and himself.

She went on, without observing his movement.

"You think everything means something, or is of some importance. You said that just as Aunt Belinda says 'What will they think?' It never occurs to me that they'll think at all. Gracious! Why should they?"

"You will find they do," he said.

"Well," she said, glancing at the group gathered under the laburnum tree, "just now Aunt Belinda thinks we had better go over to her, so suppose we do it. At any rate, I found out that I was too complaisant to Mr. Poppleton."

When the party separated for the afternoon, Barold took Lucia home, and Mr. Burmestone and the curate walked down the street together.

Mr. Poppleton was indeed most agreeably exhilarated. His expressive little countenance beamed with delight.

"What a very charming person Miss Bassett is!" he exclaimed, after they had left the gate. "What a very charming person indeed!"

"Very charming," said Mr. Burmestone, with much seriousness. "A prettier young person I certainly have never seen; and those wonderful gowns of hers——"

"Oh!" interrupted Mr. Poppleton, with natural confusion. "I—I referred to Miss Belinda Bassett; though, really, what you say is very true. Miss Octavia Bassett—indeed—I think—in fact, Miss Octavia Bassett is *quite*—one might almost say even *more* charming than her aunt."

"Yes," admitted Mr. Burmestone; "perhaps one might. She is less ripe, it is true; but that is an objection time will remove."

"There is such a delightful gayety in her manner," said Mr. Poppleton; "such an ingenuous frankness; such a—a—such spirit! It—quite carries me away with it—quite."

He walked a few steps, thinking over this delightful gayety and ingenuous frankness, and then burst out afresh.

"And what a remarkable life she has had, too! She actually told me that, once in her childhood, she lived for months in a gold-

diggers' camp—the only woman there. She says the men were kind to her, and made a pet of her. She has known the most extraordinary people."

In the meantime, Francis Barold returned Lucia to Lady Theobald's safe-keeping. Having done so, he made his adieus, and left the two to themselves. Her ladyship was, it must be confessed, a little at a loss to explain to herself what she saw, or fancied she saw, in the manner and appearance of her young relative. She was persuaded that she had never seen Lucia look as she looked this afternoon. She had a brighter color in her cheeks than usual, her pretty figure seemed more erect, her eyes had a spirit in them which was quite new. She had chatted and laughed gayly with Francis Barold as she approached the house, and after his departure she moved to and fro with a freedom not habitual to her.

"He has been making himself agreeable to her," said my lady, with grim pleasure. "He can do it, if he chooses; and he is just the man to please a girl—good-looking, and with a fine, domineering air."

"How did you enjoy yourself?" she asked.

"Very much," said Lucia. "Never more, thank you."

"Oh!" ejaculated my lady. "And which of her smart New York gowns did Miss Octavia Bassett wear?"

They were at the dinner table, and instead of looking down at her soup, Lucia looked quietly and steadily across the table at her grandmother.

"She wore a very pretty one," she said. "It was pale fawn-color, and fitted her like a glove. She made me feel very old-fashioned and badly dressed."

Lady Theobald laid down her spoon.

"She made you feel old-fashioned and badly dressed—you!"

"Yes," responded Lucia. "She always does. I wonder what she thinks of the things we wear in Slowbridge." And she even went to the length of smiling a little.

"What *she* thinks of what is worn in Slowbridge!" Lady Theobald ejaculated. "She! May I ask what weight the opinion of a young woman from America—from Nevada—is supposed to have in Slowbridge?"

Lucia took a spoonful of soup in a leisurely manner.

"I don't think it is supposed to have any," she said; "but—but I don't think she

minds that. I feel as if I shouldn't if I were in her place. I have always thought her very lucky."

"You have thought her lucky!" cried my lady. "You have envied a Nevada young woman, who dresses like an actress, and loads herself with jewels like a barbarian? A girl whose conduct toward men is of a character to—to chill one's blood!"

"They admire her," said Lucia, simply. "More than they admire Lydia Egerton, and more than they admire me."

"Do you admire her?" demanded my lady.

"Yes, grandmamma," replied Lucia, courteously. "I think I do."

Never had my lady been so astounded in her life. For a moment, she could scarcely speak. When she recovered herself she pointed to the door.

"Go to your room," she commanded. "This is American freedom of speech, I suppose. Go to your room."

Lucia rose obediently. She could not help wondering what her ladyship's course would be if she had the hardihood to disregard her order. She really looked quite capable of carrying it out forcibly herself. When the girl stood at her bedroom window, a few minutes later, her cheeks were burning and her hands trembling.

"I am afraid it was very badly done," she said to herself. "I am sure it was; but—but it will be a kind of practice. I was in such a hurry to try if I was equal to it, that I didn't seem to balance things quite rightly. I ought to have waited until I had more reason to speak out. Perhaps there wasn't enough reason then, and I was more aggressive than I ought to have been. Octavia is never aggressive. I wonder if I was at all pert. I don't think Octavia ever means to be pert. I felt a little as if I meant to be pert. I must learn to balance myself, and only be cool and frank."

Then she looked out of the window, and reflected a little.

"I was not so very brave, after all," she said, rather reluctantly. "I didn't tell her Mr. Burmestone was there. I daren't have done that. I am afraid I am sly—that sounds sly, I am sure."

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

#### CONTRAST.

"LADY THEOBALD will put a stop to it," was the general remark. "It will certainly not occur again."

This was said upon the evening of the first gathering upon Miss Belinda's grass-plot, and at the same time it was prophesied that Mr. Francis Barold would soon go away.

But neither of the prophecies proved true. Mr. Francis Barold did *not* return to London, and, strange to say, Lucia was seen again and again playing croquet with Octavia Bassett, and was even known to spend evenings with her.

Perhaps it might be that an appeal made by Miss Belinda to her ladyship had caused her to allow of these things. Miss Belinda had, in fact, made a private call upon my lady, to lay her case before her.

"I feel so very timid about everything," she said, almost with tears, "and so fearful of trusting myself, that I really find it quite a trial. The dear child has such a kind heart—I assure you she has a kind heart, dear Lady Theobald—and is so innocent of any intention to do wrong—I am sure she is innocent—that it seems cruel to judge her severely. If she had had the benefit of such training as dear Lucia's, I am convinced that her conduct would have been most exemplary. She sees herself that she has faults—I am sure she does. She said to me, only last night, in that odd way of hers—she had been sitting, evidently thinking deeply, for some minutes—and she said: 'I wonder if I shouldn't be nicer if I was more like Lucia Gaston.' You see what turn her mind must have taken. She admires Lucia so much."

"Yesterday evening, at dinner," said Lady Theobald, severely, "Lucia informed me that *she* admired your niece. The feeling seems to be mutual."

Miss Belinda colored, and brightened visibly.

"Did she, indeed?" she exclaimed. "How pleased Octavia will be to hear it. Did she, indeed?" Then, warned by a chilliness and lack of response in her ladyship's manner, she modified her delight, and became apologetic again. "These young people are more—are less critical than we are," she sighed. "Octavia's great prettiness——"

"I think," Lady Theobald interposed, "that Lucia has been taught to feel that the body is corruptible, and subject to decay, and that mere beauty is of small moment."

Miss Belinda sighed again.

"That is very true," she admitted, depreciatingly; "very true, indeed."

"It is to be hoped that Octavia's stay in Slowbridge will prove beneficial to her," said her ladyship, in her most judicial manner. "The atmosphere is wholly unlike that which has surrounded her during her previous life."

"I am sure it will prove beneficial to her," said Miss Belinda, eagerly. "The companionship of well-trained and refined young people cannot fail to be of use to her. Such a companion as Lucia would be, if you would kindly permit her to spend an evening with us now and then, would certainly improve and modify her greatly. Mr. Francis Barold is—is, I think, of the same opinion—at least, I fancied I gathered as much from a few words he let fall."

"Francis Barold?" repeated Lady Theobald. "And what did Francis Barold say?"

"Of course, it was very little," hesitated Miss Belinda; "but—but I could not help seeing that he was drawing comparisons, as it were. Octavia was teaching Mr. Poppleton to play croquet, and she was rather exhilarated, and perhaps exhibited more—freedom of manner, in an innocent way—quite in an innocent, thoughtless way—than is exactly customary, and I saw Mr. Barold glance from her to Lucia, who stood near; and when I said, 'You are thinking of the contrast between them,' he answered, 'Yes, they differ very greatly, it is true'; and of course I knew that my poor Octavia could not have the advantage in his eyes. She feels this herself, I know. She shocked me, the other day, beyond expression by telling me that she had asked him if he thought she was really fast, and that she was sure he did. Poor child; she evidently did not comprehend the dreadful significance of such terms."

"A man like Francis Barold does understand their significance," said Lady Theobald, "and it is to be deplored that your niece cannot be taught what her position in society will be if such a reputation attaches itself to her. The men of the present day fight shy of such characters."

This dread clause so impressed poor Miss Belinda by its solemnity that she could not forbear repeating it to Octavia afterward, though it is to be regretted that it did not produce the effect she had hoped.

"Well, I must say," she observed, "that if some men fought a little shyer than they do, I shouldn't mind it. You always *do* have about half a dozen dangling around, who only bore you, and who will keep asking you to go to places, and sending you bouquets, and asking you to dance when they can't dance

at all, and only tear your dress, and stand on your feet. If they would 'fight shy,' it would be splendid."

To Miss Belinda, who certainly had never been guilty of the indecorum of having any member of the stronger sex "dangling about" at all, this was very trying.

"My dear," she said, "don't say 'you always have'; it—it really seems to make it so personal."

Octavia turned around and fixed her eyes wonderingly upon her blushing countenance. For a moment she made no remark, a marvelous thought shaping itself slowly in her mind.

"Aunt Belinda," she said, at length, "did nobody ever —?"

"Ah, no, my dear. No, no, I assure you!" cried Miss Belinda, in the greatest possible trepidation. "Ah, dear, no! Such—such things rarely—very rarely happen in—in Slowbridge—and besides, I couldn't possibly have thought of it. I couldn't, indeed!"

She was so overwhelmed with maidenly confusion at the appalling thought, that she did not recover herself for half an hour at least. Octavia, feeling that it would not be safe to pursue the subject, only uttered one word of comment:

"Gracious!"

#### CHAPTER XIX.

#### AN EXPERIMENT.

MUCH to her own astonishment, Lucia found herself allowed new liberty. She was permitted to spend the afternoon frequently with Octavia, and, on several occasions, that young lady and Miss Bassett were invited to partake of tea at Oldclough in company with no other guest than Francis Barold.

"I don't know what it means, and I think it must mean something," said Lucia to Octavia, "but it is very pleasant. I never was allowed to be so intimate with any one before."

"Perhaps," suggested Octavia, sagely, "she thinks that, if you see me often enough, you will get sick of me, and it will be a lesson to you."

"The more I see of you," answered Lucia, with a serious little air, "the fonder I am of you. I understand you better. You are not at all like what I thought you at first, Octavia."

"But I don't know that there's much to understand in me."

"There is a great deal to understand in you," she replied. "You are a puzzle to me often. You seem so frank, and yet one knows so little about you, after all. For instance," Lucia went on, "who would imagine that you are so affectionate?"

"Am I affectionate?" she asked.

"Yes," answered Lucia, "I am sure you are very affectionate. I have found it out gradually. You would suffer things for any one you loved."

Octavia thought the matter over.

"Yes," she said, at length, "I would."

"You are very fond of Miss Bassett," proceeded Lucia, as if arraigning her at the bar of justice. "You are *very* fond of your father, and I am sure there are other people you are very fond of—*very* fond of, indeed."

Octavia pondered seriously again.

"Yes, there are," she remarked; "but no one would care about them here—and so I'm not going to make a fuss. You don't want to make a fuss over people you like."

"You don't," said Lucia. "You are like Francis Barold, in one way—but you are altogether different, in another. Francis Barold does not wish to show emotion, and he is so determined to hedge himself around that one can't help suspecting that he is always guarding himself against one. He seems always to be resenting any interference; but you do not appear to care at all, and so it is not natural that one should suspect you. I did not suspect you."

"What do you suspect me of now?"

"Of thinking a great deal," answered Lucia, affectionately. "And of being very clever and very good."

Octavia was silent for a few moments.

"I think," she said, after the pause, "I think you'll find out that it's a mistake."

"No, I shall not," returned Lucia, quite glowing with enthusiasm. "And I know I shall learn a great deal from you."

This was such a startling proposition that Octavia felt decidedly uncomfortable. She flushed rosy red.

"I'm the one who ought to learn things. I think," she said. "I'm always doing things that frighten Aunt Belinda, and you know how the rest regard me."

"Octavia," said Lucia, very naively indeed, "suppose we try to help each other. If you will tell me when I am wrong, I will try to—to have the courage to tell you. That will be good practice for me. What I want most is courage and frankness, and I am sure it will take courage to make up

my mind to tell you of your—of your mistakes."

Octavia regarded her with mingled admiration and respect.

"I think that's a splendid idea," she said.

"Are you sure," faltered Lucia, "are you sure you won't mind the things I may have to say? Really, they are quite little things in themselves—hardly worth mentioning—"

"Tell me one of them, right now," said Octavia, point-blank.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Lucia, starting.

"I'd rather not—just now."

"Well," commented Octavia, "that sounds as if they must be pretty unpleasant. Why don't you want to? They will be quite as bad to-morrow. And to refuse to tell me one is a bad beginning. It looks as if you were frightened, and it isn't good practice for you to be frightened at such a little thing."

Lucia felt convicted. She made an effort to regain her composure.

"No, it is not," she said. "But that is always the way. I am continually telling myself that I *will* be courageous and candid, and the first time anything happens, I fail. I *will* tell you one thing."

She stopped short here, and looked at Octavia guiltily.

"It is something—I think I would do if—if I were in your place," Lucia stammered. "A very little thing indeed."

"Well?" remarked Octavia, anxiously.

Lucia lost her breath, caught it again, and proceeded cautiously, and with blushes at her own daring.

"If I were in your place," she said, "I think—that, perhaps—only perhaps, you know—I would not wear—my hair—*quite* so low down—over my forehead."

Octavia sprang from her seat, and ran to the pier glass over the mantel. She glanced at the reflection of her own startled, pretty face, and then, putting her hand up to the soft blonde "bang" which met her brows, turned to Lucia.

"Isn't it becoming?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Oh, yes!" Lucia answered. "Very."

Octavia started.

"Then why wouldn't you wear it?" she cried. "What do you mean?"

Lucia felt her position truly a delicate one. She locked her hands, and braced herself; but she blushed vividly.

"It may sound rather silly when I tell you why, Octavia," she said; "but I really do



think it is a sort of reason. You know, in those absurd pictures of actresses, bangs always seem to be the principal feature. I saw some in the shop windows, when I went to Harriford with grandmamma. And they were such dreadful women—some of them—and had so very few clothes on, that I can't help thinking I shouldn't like to look like them, and —”

“Does it make me look like them?”

“Oh, very little!” answered Lucia; “very little indeed, of course; but —”

“But it's the same thing, after all,” put in Octavia. “That's what you mean.”

“It is so very little,” faltered Lucia, “that—that perhaps it isn't a reason.”

Octavia looked at herself in the glass again.

“It isn't a very good reason,” she remarked, “but I suppose it will do.”

She paused, and looked Lucia in the face.

“I don't think that's a little thing,” she said. “To be told you look like an *opéra bouffe* actress.”

“I did not mean to say so,” cried Lucia, filled with the most poignant distress. “I beg your pardon, indeed—I—oh dear! I was afraid you wouldn't like it. I felt that it was taking a great liberty.”

“I don't like it,” answered Octavia; “but that can't be helped. I didn't exactly suppose I should. But I wasn't going to say anything about *your* hair when *I* began,” glancing at poor Lucia's *coiffure*, “though I suppose I might.”

“You might say a thousand things about it!” cried Lucia, piteously. “I know that mine is not only in bad taste, but it is ugly and unbecoming.”

“Yes,” said Octavia, cruelly, “it is.”

“And yours is neither the one nor the other,” protested Lucia. “You know I told you it was pretty, Octavia.”

Octavia walked over to the table, upon which stood Miss Belinda's work-basket, and took therefrom a small and gleaming pair of scissors, returning to the mantel glass with them.

“How short shall I cut it?” she demanded.

“Oh!” exclaimed Lucia, “don't—don't.”

For answer, Octavia raised the scissors, and gave a snip. It was a savage snip, and half the length and width of her love-locks fell on the mantel; then she gave another snip, and the other half fell.

Lucia scarcely dared to breathe.

For a moment, Octavia stood gazing at herself, with pale face and dilated eyes. Then suddenly the folly of the deed she had done seemed to reveal itself to her.

“Oh!” she cried out. “Oh, how diabolical it looks!”

She turned upon Lucia.

“Why did you make me do it?” she exclaimed. “It's all your fault—every bit of it;” and flinging the scissors to the other end of the room, she threw herself into a chair, and burst into tears.

Lucia's anguish of mind was almost more than she could bear. For at least three minutes, she felt herself a criminal of the deepest dye; after the three minutes had elapsed, however, she began to reason, and called to mind the fact that she was failing as usual under her crisis.

“This is being a coward again,” she said to herself. “It is worse than to have said nothing. It is true that she will look more refined, now one can see a little of her forehead, and it is cowardly to be afraid to stand firm when I really think so. I—yes, I will say something to her.”

“Octavia,” she began, aloud, “I am sure you are making a mistake again.” This as decidedly as possible, which was not very decidedly. “You—you look very much—nicer.”

“I look *ghastly*!” said Octavia, who began to feel rather absurd.

“You do not. Your forehead—you have the prettiest forehead I ever saw, Octavia,” said Lucia, eagerly, “and your eyebrows are perfect. I—wish you would look at yourself again.”

Rather to her surprise, Octavia began to laugh under cover of her handkerchief; reaction had set in, and, though the laugh was a trifle hysterical, it was still a laugh. Next she gave her eyes a final little dab, and rose to go to the glass again. She looked at herself, touched up the short, waving fringe left on her forehead, and turned to Lucia, with a resigned expression.

“Do you think that any one who was used to seeing it the other way would—would think I looked horrid?” she inquired, anxiously.

“They would think you prettier—a great deal,” Lucia answered, earnestly. “Don't you know, Octavia, that nothing could be really unbecoming to you? You have that kind of face.”

For a few seconds, Octavia seemed to lose herself in thought of a speculative nature.

“Jack always said so,” she remarked, at length.

“Jack!” repeated Lucia, timidly.

Octavia roused herself, and smiled with candid sweetness.

"He is some one I knew in Nevada," she explained. "He worked in father's mine once."

"You must have known him very well," suggested Lucia, somewhat awed.

"I did," she replied calmly. "Very well."

She tucked away her pocket-handkerchief in the jaunty pocket at the back of her

basque, and returned to her chair. Then she turned again to Lucia.

"Well," she said, "I think you have found out that you *were* mistaken, haven't you, dear? Suppose you tell me of something else."

Lucia colored.

"No," she answered, "that is enough for to-day."

(To be continued.)

## PROTESTANTISM IN ITALY.

It is but a little more than a score of years since the dream of Italian unity began to be fulfilled—in the treaties of Villafranca and Zurich that added Lombardy to the kingdom of Victor Emmanuel; in the voluntary annexation of central Italy, and in the gift to the King of Naples and Sicily by the hand of Garibaldi. It was in 1861 that Victor first ventured to call himself King of Italy; in 1865 that the royal residence was removed from Turin to Florence; in 1871 that the throne of the brave King was set up in the Quirinal.

During the first part of this period, religious liberty had gained a footing in northern Italy. Cavour's motto, "A free church in a free state," was not a mere sentiment. It was incorporated into the constitution of Sardinia, and, in spite of the difficulties arising out of the customs and prejudices of the people, Christians of all names were generally protected in their worship.

The Rev. William Arthur, an English Wesleyan minister who made the tour of Italy in the spring of 1860, reported that in Turin, at that time, no sensible restraint existed upon religious liberty. "There," he says, "the Protestant churches are as free as Romish or Greek ones are with us. The Bible is everywhere hawked and sold, Bible schools are taught, the press issues whatever books any one may please to print, and the spirit of the constitution has free way. Throughout the great provincial cities the same state of things exists, in the main, though now and then the courts of Genoa may be heard pronouncing a sentence that reads much more like Naples than like Sardinia. But in country places irritating obstructions are often thrown in the way of religious liberty, and statesmen are slow to interfere effectually."\*

As fast as Sardinia became Italy, by re-

peated conquest and gradual annexation, this liberty was extended southward, and, at length, when the French troops were withdrawn from Rome nine years ago, the free constitution became the law of the whole peninsula, and nowhere in Italy could any man be legally restrained from worshipping God according to his own conscience.

That this legal right was then and is still dimly apprehended and feebly held in many obscure portions of Italy is not disputed. The traditions of centuries are not uprooted in a decade; but so far as the power of the Italian Government can reach, religion is as free to-day in Rome as in Boston, in Italy as in New England.

This change, to an Italian of middle age whose youth and early manhood were passed under the rigors of the Papal rule, must seem bewildering. The spectacle of Protestants setting up their churches under the shadow of the Vatican, worshipping by their own simple rites in their own hired houses or consecrated temples in all parts of Italy, must fill him with amazement. This is not the manner to which he was born and brought up.

It is only twenty-four years ago that the famous edict of Loretto, adopted by a convention of cardinals and prelates, was republished by authority of the Pope. By this edict all persons guilty of blasphemy, non-observance of holy days, or violations of fasts, were threatened with arrest and punishment, the fine authorized ranging from fifty cents to three dollars, and the imprisonment from two to twelve days. On a second offense the penalty could be doubled, and half of the fine in each case went to the informer or the police.

\* "Italy in Transition," p. 60.

These penalties were, of course, not merely for professed Catholics, but for all citizens. Any person failing to keep the fasts and holy days of the Roman Catholic Church was an offender against ecclesiastical law, and subject to fine and imprisonment.

How it fared with those who were known to be heretics may be inferred from the decree of an inquisitor general, published in Pesaro, in 1841, in which he commands "every person, of whatever state, grade, or dignity," to "reveal and judicially notify to him" the names of "all heretics, or persons suspected or reported to be heretics, or who have favored, or defended, or described, or explained heresies"; of "those who have composed satires or divulged writings against the High Priest, the Sacred College, superiors, ecclesiastics, or against the regular orders"; of "those who, without license, retain writings and prints which contain heresies, or the books of heretics"; or of "those who, without necessity or license, have eaten, or given to others to eat, meat, eggs, *latticini* (the products of milk), on forbidden days, in contempt of the precepts of the church." \*

Whoever failed to denounce to the Holy Inquisition such heretics and offenders as these suffered the "greater excommunication," by which he was entirely excluded from the sacraments and services of the church, and the faithful were forbidden all intercourse with him.

This decree was ordered to be hung up in the sacristies of all the churches, and in all "printing-houses, book-shops, custom-houses, gates, inns, lodging-houses, and shops," that thus good Catholics might be apprised of their duty to watch and denounce every appearance of heresy, and admonished that the gates of hell stood open to receive them if they neglected to do it. And this decree had still the force of law when Victor Emmanuel entered Rome in 1871.

With such a system of penal law for the correction of heresies and ecclesiastical irregularities, the methods of judicial administration perfectly agreed. The old mediæval expedients of scourging and torture were still freely resorted to; men were arrested on suspicion, beaten unmercifully to make them confess offenses of which they were not guilty, and punished, sometimes, because they could not be convicted. Here,

for example, are one or two specimen cases from the records of Roman courts:

"In view of the present report, and the *absence of proof* on which to proceed equitably in a judicial process in the case of Giovanni Ricci, it is ordered that the arrested shall be retained in prison for correction for eight days, with the usual prison fare, and one day he shall have only bread and water." \*

Another document, to which a cardinal's name is signed, sets forth that a certain man had been accused of having injured a soldier, but the offense "not having been proved," the authorities had "benignantly deigned to condescend to release him from prison," straitly threatening him, however, that if he ever should be convicted of any offense in the future, a penalty of five years of public labor would be added, on account of this accusation, to the lawful penalty of that offense.

With such laws, such penalties, such judicial methods, and such judges, it would seem that heretics must have had an anxious time of it within the Papal dominions. It is only repeating history to say that these laws were by no means a dead letter, and that a Jew or a Protestant who could not claim the protection of some other strong government found life in Italy scarcely worth living.

No Protestant church was allowed within the limits of the city of Rome. Just outside the Porto del Popolo, the English Episcopalians held religious services; but this was never authorized by the Papal Government; it was simply winked at. The Romans could not live without the money which the English spend in Rome every winter, and, therefore, they permitted these services outside their gates. But the English were not allowed to refashion the old warehouse in which they worshiped, so that it should look like a church; police were always stationed outside its doors to keep the Romans from entering; and nowhere within the walls of the city was any Protestant religious service tolerated, save those which were held in the apartments of the ambassadors of other nations.

This was the way the Romans did nine years ago. I have sketched the conditions of the Papal rule somewhat carefully, that the reader may see at a glance the contrast between Rome under Pius the Ninth and Rome under Humbert the First. Not only

\* "Inner Rome," by the Rev. C. M. Butler, pp. 17, 18.

\* "Inner Rome," pp. 121, 122.

are all forms of religious worship tolerated now throughout the whole of Italy; not only are worshipers of all faiths protected in their worship; but the King has shown himself a cordial friend to the invading Protestants.

This full measure of religious liberty has been allowed in Italy for almost a decade. What are the fruits of it? How much has been lost by the Papacy, and how much has been gained by Protestantism during this period? It was hoped by many ardent Protestants that the destruction of the temporal power would open the way for a great secession from the Papal church, and a great advance of Protestantism in Italy. Has this hope been realized?

That the losses of the Roman church have been serious can hardly be disputed. Between the Holy See and the governing classes of Italy the breach is wide; the loss of prestige that the Pope has suffered is altogether irreparable. It was a curious commentary upon the decree of the Vatican Council proclaiming the supremacy of the Pope to see Victor Emmanuel marching into Rome within a twelvemonth, and taking the scepter out of the hands of the supreme pontiff. Few Italians outside of the clerical orders failed to applaud when the Holy Father was thus despoiled of his realm; their patriotism triumphed over their devotion to the head of the church. The Pope was thus put in a sorry plight in the eyes of those who still wished to be good Catholics; his complaints and oburgations might excite their pity, but did not convince their judgment. And when they found themselves wishing that His Holiness would make less fuss about his imprisonment, they must have experienced some misgivings concerning his supremacy and his infallibility.

That the minds of many fairly intelligent Italians, who had hitherto been loyal to the church, were thus affected is certain; and as time has passed, and the rule of the King has brought to the country not only liberty, but peace and order and prosperity greater than it ever had enjoyed under the rule of the Pope, their misgivings have been strengthened, and the hold of the Papacy upon them has been visibly relaxed.

But those who, in the struggle between the old church and the new Italy, have been detached from the church, have not all become Protestants. Unfortunately, the tendency of those who break with authority in religion is to proceed at once to the extreme of unbelief if not of irreligion.

Moreover, the majority of those who had been the leaders in the emancipation and unification of Italy were either men who had small care for religion, or else men who, by their long warfare with the Roman church, had become the foes of religion.

When Father Gavazzi was first in America, he declared that the educated people of Italy, the clergy excepted, were nearly all infidels. That statement would need some explanation, perhaps; but there is no doubt that it embodied a substantial truth. When Italy was made free, large numbers of educated men and women had already abandoned the church of their fathers. And many of those who were still outwardly subservient to the church were destitute of faith in its doctrines, and of respect for its authority; the new liberty broke a bond that long had galled them. The ranks of unbelief have thus been rapidly recruited during the last decade by those who have departed from the Roman church.

These unbelievers are not all of one class. The materialistic theories have their students and propagandists; for the Italians, in common with all other civilized peoples, are engaged in the enthusiastic pursuit of the physical sciences. Jacob Moleschott, the Dutchman whose philosophy was too rank for the Lowlands, who defines man as "the sum of his parents and his wet-nurse, of time and place, of wind and weather, of sound and light, of food and clothing": who is the author of the famous saying: "Thought consists in the motion of matter; it is a translocation of the cerebral substance; without phosphorus there can be no thought; and consciousness itself is nothing but an attribute of matter"—this Jacob Moleschott, who stands with Vogt and Büchner among the most extreme materialists, has been occupying a chair in the University of Turin; and native Italians of eminence, such as Ferrari, Bonavino, and Tommasi, have made the mind of young Italy familiar with the assumptions of positivism and agnosticism.

But we may safely conclude that the unbelief of Italy does not all proceed to this extent. A well-informed Italian gentleman testifies that of those who have departed from the Roman church, there are many who still hold fast to the cardinal truths of theism,—who believe in God and duty, in rewards and punishments, and in the life hereafter; who are only strenuous in their rejection of the sacerdotalism of the system in which they were reared. It would seem

that such men might find a refuge in Protestantism, if Protestantism were fairly represented to them. Up to this time, however, the Roman church has lost of such material as this far more than the Protestant churches have gained. Multitudes have forsaken the faith of their fathers, but not many of them are found in the congregations of the reformers.

Doubtless something of this sort could easily have been prophesied. If revolutions never go backward, reactions do, and that mightily. It is not strange that in revolting from the tyranny of Rome men have shaken themselves loose from everything that bears the name of Christianity.

The same law of human nature explains another fact in the recent history of religion in Italy. The new faith which was soonest in the field, and which made the most notable gains under the new *régime*, is that type of Protestantism which is taught by the Plymouth Brethren. These zealous disciples had gained a footing in northern Italy before the kingdom was consolidated, and in some of the large cities they have gathered large congregations. Their success has not been of a solid or permanent nature. Their congregations have fluctuated greatly, and in some places where they once were strong their assemblies are no longer held; but they had great hopes and fair prospects at the first of gathering a great harvest in Italy.

To the people who were sick of a rigid ecclesiasticism, this form of religion made a strong appeal. The Roman Catholic Church had oppressed them by its organization; the Plymouth Brethren offered them an assembly destitute of organization, with neither creeds nor rules of order. The priesthood had become intolerable to them, and among the Plymouth Brethren were neither priests nor parsons. None of the other Protestant sects could show them so complete a contrast to the system which they were casting off. That religion which was outwardly most unlike Romanism was the kind of religion they were looking for.

There was another reason for the success of the Plymouth Brethren. The Italians had learned to hate the power of the Roman church, but they had not learned to perceive the deepest truths of spiritual religion. The religion which consists in a voluntary and steadfast choice of righteousness, maintained by a personal faith in a personal Saviour, they could not at once comprehend. The sacramentarian theories

in which they had been trained had not qualified them for such a *cultus* as this. If, without resort to a priest, they could find something in the nature of an *opus operatum*—that would come nearer to satisfying their religious notions. Something of this sort the Plymouth Brethren brought them. The substitutionary theories of atonement and of justification held by these teachers are not in principle very different from the sacramentarian theories of the Romanists. The salvation provided for in them is a transaction; when it is done, that is the end of it. After conversion, the believer is not greatly burdened with responsibility for moral progress, or even for conduct. One of their writers, speaking of the regenerated man, says: "He is thus a complex being, for in becoming a child of God he does not cease to be a child of Adam. The two natures exist in him unchanged. His old nature is not modified or ameliorated by the new, nor does the new nature become soiled or contaminated by reason of its co-existence in the same being with the old. They remain the same. There is no blending or amalgamation. They are essentially and eternally distinct. The old nature is unalterably and incurably corrupt, while the new nature is divinely pure in its essence." Another of their notions is that the "standing" of the believer is something entirely apart from his moral state. The "standing" in Christ is attained by a single act of faith, and is a great and decisive fact. The moral state is of comparatively little moment, as it does not and cannot affect the "standing." If a man perform a single act of faith in Christ as his substitute, he is saved at once and forever; and the "standing" which this act gives him can never be damaged by anything that he may do. However deeply stained with vice the believer may be, he never for a moment loses his "standing" in Christ; because by imputation he is as holy as Jesus Christ: God beholds him only in Christ.

It is easy to see that such a system as this would recommend itself to the natural man; and perhaps the mind trained in the functional religion of Rome would take to it more kindly than to the system which declines to distinguish so broadly between the Christian's moral state and his religious standing, and which makes him responsible, even after conversion, for the deeds of the "old nature."

Both by their loose organization and by



their mechanical theories of religion, the Plymouth Brethren were well equipped for missionary work among the Italians as they were casting off the cords of the Papal domination; but it became evident before long, to the soberest of them, that this form of religion was lacking in some important elements. The brilliant prospects of its prime have not been realized. It looks as though the brethren had seen their best days in Italy.

Out of the movement begun by these Christians has sprung the "Free Christian Church of Italy." This organization was effected at Milan, in June, 1876. The "declaration of principles," which forms its basis, is remarkably simple and sensible. There is nothing in it to which an orthodox Congregationalist, or Presbyterian, or Baptist, or Methodist, or even Episcopalian, would object; and none of them would venture to assert that any truth essential to salvation is excluded from it. There are traces in it of the influence of the Plymouth Brethren; it is evident that the assembly that framed it did not wish to alienate sincere believers who had hitherto acted with that body. "Believers," says the sixth article, "regenerated in Christ, form the church, which cannot perish or apostatize, being the body of the Lord Jesus."

This is the doctrine of the Plymouth Brethren. They refuse to define the church in any narrower sense than this. "In addition to the universal priesthood of believers," says the seventh article, "God himself has established in the church various special ministries for the perfecting of the church and the edifying of the body of Christ, which ministries ought to be recognized by the church itself." A good Plymouthite could hardly deny that, albeit he might suspect a lurking purpose of setting up a priesthood.

But these conciliatory sentences, which are found among the "principles" of the Free Christian Church of Italy, are not likely to be criticised by evangelical Christians in America. The great majority of Congregationalists and Baptists, and many in the other communions, will accept them as the substantial truth respecting the Christian ministry; and when they are interpreted in the light of the actual organization, it is seen at once that they do not authorize the extreme notions of the Plymouthites respecting polity.

In many respects this declaration of principles is remarkably judicious. The first

article is as follows: "God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost has manifested His will in revelation, which is the Bible, the alone perfect and immutable rule of faith and conduct." If all the other Protestant sects would content themselves with defining the Trinity and the inspiration of the Scriptures in these simple words, they would prove their wisdom.

The article which treats of sin refrains from juridical philosophizing, but recites the fact that men have followed Adam in sinning, and represents his relation to us as parental rather than federal, and our sinfulness as hereditary rather than judicial. The nearest that this declaration comes to affirming endless punishment is in the following article: "God does not desire the death of the sinner, but that he should come to the knowledge of the truth and be saved." It is not likely that the Free Christians of Italy are Universalists; but they have not chosen to rank a belief in the endless duration of punishment among their cardinal principles.

The government of the Free Christian Church of Italy may be described as Presbyterian. It is substantially the same system that a school of modern Congregationalists are seeking to erect over the American Congregational churches. Over its own domestic affairs each church has the supreme control; but "fellowship" is regulated by a General Assembly and an Evangelization Committee. The General Assembly is composed of deputies from the several churches, and the Evangelization Committee is chosen by the General Assembly. This committee is practically the ruling body in the Free Church. The ministers of the several churches are really missionaries, appointed and supported mainly by this committee. The president of the committee, and the most conspicuous figure of the Free Italian Church, is the celebrated Father Gavazzi; though the management of its affairs is largely in the hands of the Rev. John R. McDougall, a minister of the Scotch Church, residing at Florence, and acting as the treasurer and foreign secretary. The funds for the support of this organization come principally from abroad, though the people gathered into the churches are taught self-support, and generally contribute out of their poverty as much as they are able.

The last Evangelization report shows that this organization includes thirty-six churches, large and small, and thirty-five out-stations, more or less frequently visited, fifteen

ordained ministers, fifteen evangelists, eighteen hundred communicants, two hundred and sixty-five catechumens, and seven hundred and twenty-four Sunday-school scholars. There is a college at Rome, in a fine building near the Vatican, owned by the Evangelization Committee, in the preparatory department of which there are seven students, and in the theological department ten. The Free Church is hopeful of great success in the near future; but for the present the results of its labors are not large.

But the Free Christian Church of Italy is not the only Protestant organization existing in that country. The story of the Vaudois or Waldenses needs no repetition here. Since the year 1848, when full liberty was first granted to them, they have been prosecuting their missionary operations, keeping pace with the extension of liberty southward, until their congregations are now found in all parts of the United Kingdom.

Within their native valleys of Piedmont the Waldenses number about twenty thousand; outside of the valleys, in other parts of Italy, they had in 1876 forty settled congregations, ten missionary stations, with fifty outposts, twenty ordained ministers, and two thousand one hundred and forty communicants. They, too, have a college, which was formerly in Turin, but which has been removed to Florence.

In doctrine and polity the Waldenses are Presbyterians of a mild type; between this church and the Free Church of Italy there is no important difference. Numerically the Waldensian church is a little stronger than the Free Church; but their congregations are made up largely of their own people, who have emigrated from the valleys, and who are now found in all parts of Italy. There are not among them so many converted Romanists as may be found among the members of the Free Church.

The division of the native Protestants into these two rival organizations is a deplorable fact; but it is by no means the worst feature of the case under consideration. For the Protestant sects of the other countries have rushed into Italy, and are setting up their rival gospel-shops in all the chief cities. Thus in Rome, beside the English chapel there is a Methodist mission of the English Wesleyans and another of the American Methodist Episcopal Church; and a mission of the English Baptists and another of the Southern (American) Baptists, and so on; and the same sight is witnessed

in many other places. Where there are only a hundred or two of Protestants, there will be five or six different Protestant organizations: a Waldensian church and a Free Italian church, and two kinds of Methodists and two kinds of Baptists—a little band broken into factions, whose professions of unity but poorly disguise the real rivalry into which the circumstances force them. These sectarian missions have had but small success; the most prosperous of them numbers but a few hundred communicants in all Italy.

Is there any need of further questioning as to the reasons why Protestantism has not made more progress in Italy during the past nine years? Other reasons there may be, but this is reason enough; and until this miserable and wicked sectarianism is purged away, no substantial progress will be made in the evangelization of Italy.

It is said, in extenuation of this state of things, that inasmuch as sectarian divisions prevail throughout Christendom, it is natural to expect that these divisions will be extended to all missionary fields. The answer is that this scandal has generally been avoided in mission fields. In some cases, it is true,—and pity 'tis 'tis true,—the rival sects have come to close quarters on heathen ground; but generally they have had the grace or the decency to keep out of one another's way. And if there is any country in the world where, for simply prudential reasons, such a collision should be avoided by evangelistic workers, that country is Italy. If there is any people to whom the exhibition of this miserable disunity must be discouraging and harmful, it is the Italian people. How good a text this state of things has afforded to the Roman priests, and how well they have handled it, may be easily conjectured.

The thing that ought to be done is evident enough. The two native Protestant churches ought to unite; the other Protestant sects ought to turn over their congregations and their property to the United Italian Church, take themselves out of Italy, and devote themselves to the vigorous support of the native Protestants. To say that this cannot be done is to say, in stronger language than any reactionary controversialist has ever ventured to use, that Protestantism is a failure. If the Protestant sects of Great Britain and America, in full sight of the problem of Italian evangelization as it now presents itself to them, cannot come to an understanding by which this work

can be successfully promoted, they may as well cease from their cheap sentimentalism about Christian union.

That Italy presents at this time a most promising field for earnest preachers of a pure gospel I most heartily believe. What is said of France in the words that follow, by an intelligent Presbyterian minister,\* now for several years resident in Paris, is scarcely less true of Italy. "The religious regeneration of France," he says, "is not only demanded by the exigencies of her condition, but is prophesied by the march of events. Alongside of and underneath the tendency to free thought, to indifference, to infidelity, to atheism, is a counter-current of religious thought, and feeling, and aspiration. There are opportunities for preaching the gospel such as have not before existed for centuries. The masses are disposed to listen to Protestant teachers. The religious question has entered largely into politics. Anti-clericalism is popular. The education of the masses on a broad and national basis occupies the attention of the Government. The syllabus, with its profane dogma of Papal infallibility, has opened a gulf between the Church of Rome and thinking, patriotic, and conscientious men which can never be filled up or bridged over. The religious regeneration of France is prophesied as well as demanded, and it may be looked for, as it should be prayed for and toiled for."

Such is the work to be done in Italy, not less than in France. Now mark what is said respecting the forces by which it must be done:

"This regeneration, so far as human agency is concerned, will be brought about chiefly through the native churches, reënforced from other Christian lands and rebaptized with 'the Holy Ghost and with fire.' They alone are competent to deal with the masses of the French people, and lead them out of their spiritual bondage. Especially when, as not unfrequently occurs, the half of a village or commune, under the inspiration of some political leader, break away from the Romish church in which they were born and seek an alliance with the Protestant church because they must have some religion, this popular movement must be organized and directed by the native church, by men conversant with the language, tastes, prejudices, and genius of the people."

All this is just as true of Italy as it is of France. If Italy is to be evangelized it must be done by Italians, and if the Italian Protestants are to evangelize Italy they must unite. The squabbles into which their rivalry forces them, and which have resulted already in accusations and recriminations and controversial pamphlets, must cease. The longer these two bodies are separated the harder it will be to bring them together.

What are the obstacles that now hinder the consolidation of the Waldenses and the Free Christian Church of Italy into one organization?

The first, and one of the most serious, will be the unwillingness of a few of the leaders and agents of the several bodies to vacate their places. The final cause of the creation and the perpetuation of many sectarian divisions is leadership. The more sects the more officials. It is not wise to mince words about this; no consolidation of two such organizations was ever effected without opposition arising from this source. Some excellent and godly men yield, more or less, without knowing it, to motives of this nature. They cannot be convinced, they cannot even convince themselves that such is the fact, but it is the fact, nevertheless. Hence, in all the discussions of this question, this familiar trait of human nature will need to be kept constantly in mind: the personal equation must, in such matters, be carefully considered.

It is natural for both of these religious bodies to wish to maintain intact its own organization. The Free Church has an honorable history, brief as it is; it is proud of its name, which is borrowed from Cavour's famous maxim, and which embodies the aspirations of so many Italian patriots. The Waldenses, on their part, have still stronger reasons for wishing to perpetuate their name and their corporate life. Even if their claims of the highest antiquity are not all conceded, it is certain that for more than seven centuries they have maintained in their native valleys a pure worship, for which they have suffered persecution and exile; and the record of their fidelity and heroism is one of the most thrilling chapters of Christian history.

It is to be feared that members of the Free Church sometimes seek to make a point against the Waldensians, by representing the latter as not genuine Italians, and their church as a foreign church. It is true that in the early days the Waldenses occupied valleys on the western or French

\* The Rev. E. W. Hitchcock, D. D.

side of the Cottian Alps, as well as on the eastern or Italian side; and when they were persecuted on the one side they sometimes fled to the other; but the hand of the French rulers proved heavier, in the end, than the hand of the Italian princes, and the Waldenses on the French side were nearly exterminated. The three valleys to which these people have for a long time been chiefly confined—the valleys of Perosa, San Martino, and Lucerna—are in Piedmont, and belong to the dominion of King Humbert. It is true, also, that the French language has long been spoken in the valleys, partly, perhaps, because, after the plague in 1630, fifteen pastors came to them from Geneva. But the Italian, which is their native tongue, is also spoken; and in 1873, three of the four newspapers of the valley were printed in Italian. None of the people of Italy are more thoroughly identified with the interests of the nation than the Waldenses; and it is not quite fair to discredit them on patriotic grounds.

It is not, however, from the native members of these Italian churches that opposition to this union is likely to arise. If they are kept apart, it will be done by influences originating outside of Italy. Whenever the Christians of Great Britain and America, by whose contributions the evangelistic work of these two churches is

chiefly carried on, shall temperately but firmly, and in the name of our common Master, demand that these twain shall become one, the union will speedily be consummated. Ways of agreeing and combining will easily be found when once the end is resolved upon. The desirableness of such a union is not disputed by those who are working on the ground. The Rev. Professor Henderson, of the Scotch Church, who is now a professor in the college of the Free Church at Rome, in his inaugural address, looks forward to this result. "Let there be rivalry," he says, "only in well-doing. Should that course be adopted, as I earnestly pray it will, we may at no distant day see the two churches enter into an incorporating union, and constitute a church which, better than either, will meet the wants and satisfy the aspirations of the Italian people. \* \* \* It seems to me that one thing to be aimed at is, that the two properly native churches of Italy—the Waldensian and the Free Italian—should constitute themselves one church, keeping the good elements which may be found in each, and casting the bad away."

For this result all good Christians in every land will wish and work; and the sooner it is gained, the sooner the gospel can be preached in Italy with some hope of the blessing of God upon it.

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#### AT SUNSET.

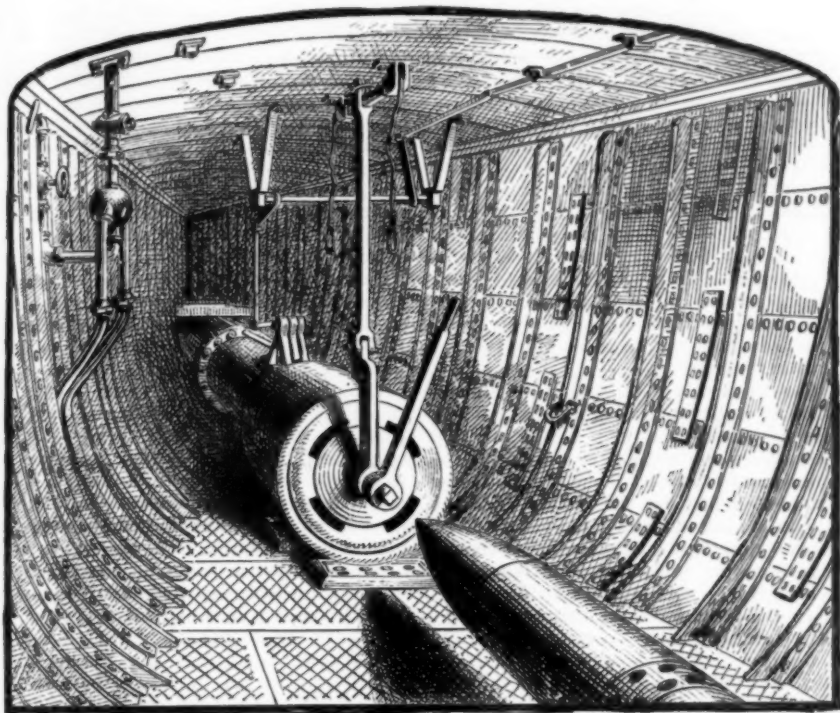
WHEN life's low sun is sinking slow and sad,  
How cold and sharp the lengthened shadows fall!  
They lie projected on the straightened path,  
Whose narrow point—a grave—must end it all.

So slight a thing—a wavering look, a doubt,  
Some small and slender fear—impedes the light;  
And yet it is enough to darken heaven,  
And fill the soul with terror and with night.

There is no time for youth's divinest rage,  
Hours of recall, that knit the chain anew;  
The flower may be reset, and live; the tree  
Uprooted once, must perish where it grew.

O Life! so grudging in your gifts, redeem  
By one great boon the losses of the past.  
Give me a full, imperishable faith,  
And let the light be with me to the last.

## ERICSSON'S "DESTROYER," AND HER NEW GUN.



FORESHORTENED VIEW OF THE GUN AND PART OF THE EXPLOSIVE PROJECTILE.

It is the desire of the American people to be at peace with all the world. Conscious that the nation is the army, that we are abundantly able to repel any land force that might ever be sent against us, thinking no ill, and intent only on things that make for peace, we have refused, since the War for the Union, to spend more on the army or navy than seemed necessary for mere police duty. But the beginnings of a war are often farcical or unforeseen. As a people, we may think no ill, and even be ready at any time to make honorable amends for international slights; but suppose some little power should feel aggrieved, and refused to be comforted. We might view its wrath with contempt, till it could raise enough to build an iron-clad, armed with hundred-ton guns. Suppose such a ship should steam along Nantasket Beach, and pitch shells into Boston, or anchor off Coney Island and

throw its shot into Wall street: the West and the South might think it hard to be forced to pay a large indemnity to the little power with a navy of one ship; but for all that, from sheer inability to drive away one iron-clad, we might be compelled to pay.

Not many years ago, there began in Europe a mighty rivalry,—a race between ships and guns. Armor-plates of great thickness were made only to be penetrated by new projectiles, fired from new guns. Science was called in on both sides; armor-plating grew thicker, and guns grew larger. Finally, as the outcome of it all, the navies of Europe are now largely made up of vessels of enormous size and prodigious power, and armed with the new guns,—*Inflexibles* and *Duilios*. They could cross the ocean, resist in safety any guns we have, and from the sea could lay all New York below Canal street in ruins,—not, perhaps, with the



guns of the *Duilio* herself, but certainly with those of lighter ships under her protection. The provocation to war may be some ridiculous little riot at Fortune Bay, or a supposed affront to the dignity of some Spanish gun-boat captain, yet the iron-clads might come, and what could we do about it?

The American theory seems to be that, as we intend no harm, there is no need to be ready to inflict any. Should war be forced upon us, no doubt we should find some happy way out of it, or be able to invent some new method of repelling these *Duili*os and *Inflexibles*. That this is the unspoken thought of our people is evident from the fact that we have neglected to build either ships or guns, and have trusted wholly to our torpedo service and our inventors. Are we wise in this? Shall we build these great iron-clads and hundred-ton guns, or do something else?

The effect of the torpedo is two-fold—practical and moral. The fact that an unseen torpedo may sink the largest ship takes the nerve out of any sailor, be he commodore or bo's'n. On the open sea he is a great fighter, but this running your ship into an innocent-looking bay, only to find a dozen earthquakes bursting under your keel with scientific precision, is disheartening. For defending harbors, the torpedo service, if supplemented with shore batteries to keep off the enemy's small boats that may seek to destroy the torpedo, is every way admirable. But we have an enormous coast lined with cities; the torpedo service cannot be everywhere, cannot defend every mile of shore. Suppose a single iron-clad to escape past the torpedoes into Long Island Sound, or to make her way up the Potomac or the Mississippi. The enemy could afford to lose a few ships for the chance of passing Sandy Hook, and at such places as Newport, or Portland, Maine, would have nothing to do but stand in deep water and destroy them at leisure.

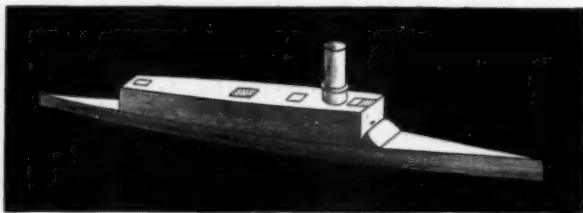
We have wisely waited while England was spending her millions in experimenting with

guns and armor. We have the results without the cost, and it now becomes us to decide what we shall do. Shall we imitate her, or look to our inventors for new weapons, new ships, and new methods of fighting? We have made the ground torpedo an instrument of wonderful precision. We have the Lay torpedo, swimming under water and guided and fired from the shore. In the torpedo-boat *Alarm*, we have one of the most remarkable American marine inventions.\* These things are admirable, and we should have more of them, supplemented by heavy shore batteries; but they are not enough. We want something aggressive, like the *Alarm*. To defend ably is not all of warfare: we must have the moral aid that springs from the ability to attack; we must be able to go out and sink these *Duili*os and *Inflexibles* before they come within range of a single beach hotel.

Happily, we are not without resource. In one of our greatest inventors, Captain John Ericsson, we have a man who has constructed, at his own expense, perhaps the most novel arm of precision ever invented—a gun of appalling power and destructiveness, in an aggressive torpedo-boat aptly named the *Destroyer*.

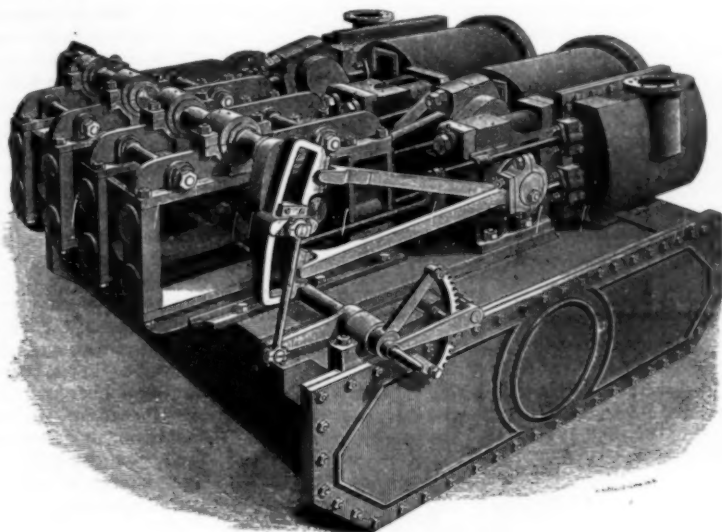
Precisely as, in building the *Monitor*, Captain Ericsson departed utterly from all previous ideas concerning marine construction, so in the *Destroyer* he turns aside from beaten paths and tries the wholly new. The boat and her gun have been made the subject of long and costly experiment. The Navy Department has seconded Captain Ericsson in his researches, both with men and materials, and the outcome of it all is here for the first time illustrated and described for the general reader, from personal observation, and with the approval of the inventor.

The *Destroyer* is properly an instrument of precision, self-contained, armored, self-moving, and submerged in the water. It consists essentially of three parts—the iron-clad boat and its motive power, the gun, and its explosive projectile. The cut of the foreshortened outline of the upper part of the vessel gives her exact geometrical proportions. The vessel is wholly of iron, one hun-



OUTLINE OF THE UPPER PART OF THE "DESTROYER."

\* For description, see page 637, volume xix. of this magazine.



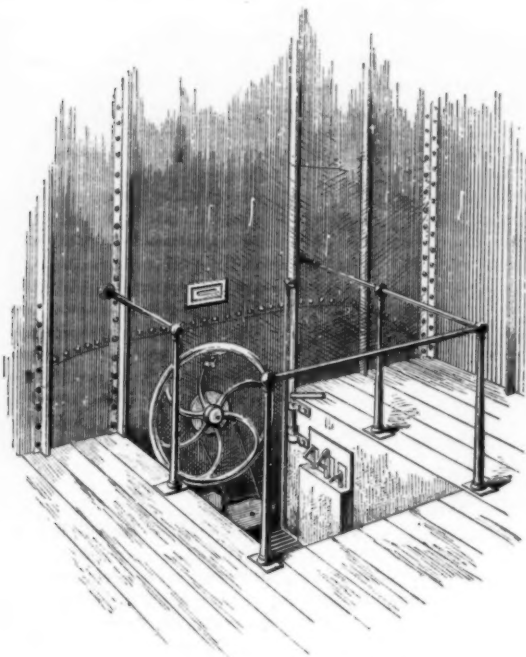
THE ENGINE OF THE "DESTROYER."

dred and thirty feet long, eleven feet deep, and twelve wide. These unusual proportions are designed to give her a high speed, while her lines, which are exactly alike in both directions, enable her to go ahead or astern with equal facility. This deep and narrow hull is divided by an intermediate iron-clad deck of plate-iron. The space between the two decks is partially filled with cork and with bags inflated with atmospheric air. When equipped and ready for action, the boat is nearly submerged, the deck being only a few inches out of water, and it is thus really an armored boat, capable of resisting any guns afloat. In addition to the armored deck is an extra and very massive armor-plate, backed with four feet of wood-work, situated forward of the engine, and placed at an angle of forty-five degrees. This makes a shield or guard to resist shot fired from the front. The top of this inclined shield is shown in the second drawing, in front of the house on deck. This house is only temporary, and is merely an iron shelter for the crew, and in action might be destroyed by the enemy's fire. Its total destruction would make no difference to the crew, and during conflict the shot that might strike the inclined shield in front would glance and pass through the upper portion of the house and smoke-stack. The damage would not in any way interfere with the handling of the boat.

The rudder is pivoted to a stern-post that stands erect on a prolongation of the keel. The post is not, however, connected with the hull, and both the post and the rudder are entirely submerged, the top of the rudder being four feet under water. To control the rudder, hydraulic cylinders are placed outside the boat on each side of the keel, with the piston-rods connected with the rudder, and by the aid of a pump and the proper connection, this steering gear is governed by the wheel. There are three openings in the deck—one forward to the gun-room, one to the engine-room, and one for admission of air to the blowing and ventilating engine. Space forbids a detailed description of the motive power of the boat, and it is sufficient to say that it consists of a simple horizontal engine, with two cylinders twenty-four inches in diameter, and with a stroke of twenty-two inches. The entire engine rests on the surface condenser, and is only a trifle over eight feet square, though of 1000 horse-power. Two boilers placed close to the engine amidship supply the steam, while the coal is stored between the two decks.

The accompanying illustration shows the steering-hatch just behind the inclined shield. All the bells for the engine are in reach at the right of the helmsman. The steering-wheel is in front, just below the glass-covered peep-hole. In reach is the

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PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE STEERING-HATCH AND WHEEL.

electric firing apparatus for discharging the gun, while the mechanism for controlling the valve that closes the muzzle of the submerged gun is located below.

Immediately below the opening in which the steersman stands is the torpedo-room, of which our first picture is an exact representation. On the floor of this room, just above the keel, is the new submerged gun. This remarkable piece of ordnance is of gun metal, cast in three pieces, the rear or breech section being reinforced by a number of heavy steel rings shrunk on. The different sections are securely bolted together, and the whole piece is thirty feet long, with a bore of sixteen inches. In the illustration the breech and lock are clearly shown, resting on the floor and nearly filling the space between the sides of the boat. The muzzle of the gun is at the stem, the sides being slightly enlarged to embrace the gun, the opening being closed by a hinged valve. This valve is controlled by the mechanism before referred to. The action of this system of levers and rods is clearly indicated in the illustration. The breech-block

of the gun is operated by the upright handle behind the gun, and to open it the handle is moved one side, when the entire block may be brought backward out of the breech by means of the traveling crane overhead, to which it is suspended. This crane has also a lateral motion, so that the block may be easily drawn to the right and secured to the side of the boat. In the foreground is shown a portion of one of the missiles or aggressive torpedoes used in this gun. It is twenty-five feet six inches long and sixteen inches in diameter, and weighs one thousand five hundred pounds, including the firing charge of two hundred and fifty pounds of explosive, placed in the forward end. This terrible weapon, or submerged shell, is placed in the gun and the cartridge is placed behind it. The block is then closed, and the wires are connected with the electric firing apparatus. The sea-valve is opened and when ready the gun is fired, throwing the

torpedo directly through the water at the enemy's ship. It leaves no disturbance on the water (as does the Whitehead torpedo) and it can neither be seen nor avoided; no netting nor "crinoline" hung about a ship can keep it away, for it moves at the rate of three hundred and ten feet for the first three seconds, and will travel from four to seven hundred feet, rending its way through nets or shields till it strikes the ship, and sends her in frightful ruin to the bottom, be she *Inflexible* or *Duilio*. The sea-valve is closed immediately after the firing, and the small quantity of water that may get into the gun is allowed to run out at the breech and fall through the grating into the bilge. It is then pumped out by aid of a steam siphon, which is shown in the cut.

It may be objected that a gun charged with gunpowder can only be fired into solid water ten feet under the surface with great danger and difficulty. Such is not the case on the *Destroyer*. How the difficulties have been surmounted cannot be described, as the details of the torpedo and

its method of handling are, necessarily, the secrets of the inventor.

Here, then, is the American idea: an armor-clad boat with a submerged gun firing a shell, or torpedo, of greater power than any yet made, and before which the iron-clad fleets of Europe are helpless. The *Destroyer* can outrun any iron-clad afloat, she is invulnerable, fights bows on, rushes up to within a few hundred feet of her enemy, fires shot after shot in rapid succession without warning, and without noise or sign upon the water. As a duelist she is more than a match for the *Duilio*. Forty *Destroyers* can be built in this city in ninety days, at the cost of one *Inflexible*, and, protected by a dozen, New York har-

bor is secure against any hostile fleet. With a fleet of *Destroyers* in our navy, we can defy the iron-clad ships of the world. Moreover, the submarine gun, with its appalling aggressive torpedo, can be fitted to any ship. In emergency, they could be placed within forty days on a hundred steam-boats of any size or shape, and were an iron-clad fleet to attempt to enter our port, we might dispatch a strange fleet, armed with invisible guns, to meet it. But the true aim is to make the boat for the gun, which shall be iron-clad, with enormous engine-power and high speed, for it is the union of these that makes the new arm so valuable. But it is not alone the offensive power of a fleet of *Destroyers* that will help us—it is their moral influence.

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“IN VAIN OUR WISTFUL HEARTS WOULD GRASP.”

In vain our wistful hearts would grasp  
A moment from the fairest day;  
Scarce has it met our longing clasp,  
When 'tis forever passed away!

The fragrance of the rarest flower  
That opens to the summer sun  
Swift passes with the passing hour,  
And dies,—its little service done!

The music of the sweetest lay—  
Scarce has it met the waiting ear,  
When the loved strain has died away,  
Nor left one lingering echo here!

Yet what though still the restless tide  
Maintain its endless ebb and flow,  
If only in our souls abide  
The fountain whence its waters flow;

If but we feel, within the soul,  
The brooding Spirit from above,—  
The moving impulse of the whole,—  
The Infinite Source of Life and Love!

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CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.\*

THE “*Essays of Elia*,” the work by which Lamb has been and will continue to be known, were not written until comparatively late in his literary career. They are the expression of the completed man, and contain a summary of the qualities of his head and heart. His leading qualities were chiefly a whimsical and charming humor, and a very pure devotion to literature. This latter is, to our mind, one of his most attractive traits. He was a great admirer of early English literature; in this, in his own time, among persons who had been educated by the literature of the eighteenth

century, he was considered somewhat affected. Indeed, it was his way to admire out-of-the-way and forgotten authors. He will quote such a couplet as this:

“Queens drop away while blue-legged Maukin  
thrives,  
And courtly Mildred dies while country Madge  
survives”;

and will stop in his story to tell you parenthetically, with a kind of glee, that this is from old Quarles. Of the poetry of Sir Philip Sidney he was a great admirer, but

\* “Charles Lamb’s Complete Works, including *Elia* and *Eliana*, with a sketch of his life by Thomas Noon Talfourd.” In three volumes. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

“Mary and Charles Lamb: Poems, Letters, and Remains.” By W. Carew Hazlitt. London: Chatto & Windus.

he was in truth an admirer of all sorts of books. In his essay, "Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading," he tells us: "I have no repugnances. Shaftesbury is not too genteel for me, nor Jonathan Wild too low. I can read anything which I call a *book*. There are things in that shape which I cannot allow for such." This essay is in Lamb's best style. It slides pleasantly into the mind. It has a quiet enthusiasm and charming way of touching upon the names of familiar books. If, when you have read it, you are asked what truths you have learned, you may be at a loss what to answer, but you know that you have been amused and profited, and have been in good company; you pass on to the next paper with zest and relish. As they say of walnuts, Charles Lamb's essays are fascinating.

The quality to which Lamb owed a large part of his literary success was charity. It is hard for the world to resist a man who is without a trace of envy, malice, or suspicion. Lamb abounded in charity. He was a man who liked all the world, but, we are told, liked particularly eccentric and out-of-the-way characters—those, in a word, who have the greatest need of charity. It was these he delighted in having about him on his Wednesday evenings at the Temple. He loved the unsuccessful, admired the odd, and has even written an essay in praise of folly. The following, from the essay on "All-Fool's Day," is, to our mind, one of his most charming passages:

"I love a *Fool*—as naturally as if I were of kith and kin to him. When a child, with child-like apprehensions that dived not below the surface of the matter, I read those *Parables*,—not guessing at the involved wisdom,—I had more yearnings toward that simple architect that built his house upon the sand than I entertained for his more cautious neighbor. I grudged at the hard censure pronounced upon the quiet soul that kept his talent; and—prizing their simplicity beyond the more provident, and, to my apprehension, somewhat *unfeminine* wariness of their competitors—I felt a kindliness, that almost amounted to a *tendre*, for those five thoughtless virgins. I have never made an acquaintance since that lasted, or a friendship that answered, with any that had not some tincture of the absurd in their characters. I venerate an honest obliquity of understanding. The more laughable blunders a man shall commit in your company, the more tests he giveth you that he will not betray or overreach you. I love the safety which a palpable hallucination warrants—the security which a word out of season ratifies. And take my word for this, reader, and say a fool told it you, if you please, that he who hath not a dram of folly in his mixture, hath pounds of much worse matter in his composition."

His works abound in indications of his charity and unselfishness. We see these qualities in his treatment of the question of gentility. He was himself a man of low birth, but he professed to a whimsical admiration for ancestry. He has described this in his essay entitled "Blakesmoor in H—shire." Blakesmoor was an old house in Hertfordshire, where Lamb lived for some time as a child with an old aunt, who was the housekeeper. The house was not lived in by its owner, so that little Charles Lamb had the run of the ancient and endless rooms and of the old garden upon which his memory dwells in this essay. It was a deserted old place, and a little past its best days, but the furniture was still there, and the place appeared to Lamb cheerful as well as splendid. Lamb tells us that he mused over the halls and pathways of this ancient house till, "every dreg of peasantry purging off, he received into himself Very Gentility."

Another pleasant instance of his generosity, as well as of that enthusiasm for poetry of which I have spoken, is to be found in the well-known story of his infatuation with Landor's verses "Rose Aylmer," beginning

"Ah, what avails the sceptered race."

Crabbe Robinson wrote to Landor, October 20, 1831: "I found your poems lying before Lamb; both tipsy and sober he is ever muttering 'Rose Aylmer.'" It is pleasant to think of an old fellow so full of poetry and romance. Not long after this, Landor came to England and had his first and last interview with Lamb. They saw each other for an hour only, but we are told that they parted old friends. Landor has left a memorial of this interview in the following lines:

"Once, and once only, have I seen thy face,  
Elia! once only has thy tripping tongue  
Run o'er my breast, yet never has been left  
Impression on it stronger or more sweet.  
Cordial old man! what youth was in thy years,  
What wisdom in thy levity, what truth  
In every utterance of that purest soul!  
Few are the spirits of the glorified  
I'd spring to earlier at the gate of Heaven!"

To this irresistible charity and unselfishness of Lamb is due in part the fact that the reader is so ready to hear him talk about himself, his history and his childhood. The world does not invite most people to talk about themselves, and is particularly unwilling to hear them talk about their



infancy. Thackeray says, somewhere, that the people to whom a man's childhood is a matter of interest are very few; that it is a matter of the deepest interest first of all and chiefly to himself, and then to his wife and daughters, and perhaps a few very kind friends, but that he must not talk to many persons on this subject. Now, we are never tired of hearing Lamb talk of his infancy and boyhood. The warm window at Blakesmoor House where, as a very young child, he used to sit all day and read Cowley, the story of his first visit to a play, the incidents of his life at Christ's Hospital, the reader takes scarcely less interest in than in Lamb himself. Lamb has gathered his memories of Christ's Hospital into two essays—"Recollections of Christ's Hospital" and "Christ's Hospital Five-and-thirty Years Ago." The first of these is tender and laudatory; in the second he tells the other side of the story. Writing as Elia, he says that the author of the first of these papers saw only the pleasant side of the school. He then proceeds to tell the experience of a poor friendless boy in the same school. No doubt both pictures are true. The school was unquestionably ancient and poetical; some Latin and Greek was learnt there; but no doubt the boys were starved and cruelly flogged. The Christ's Hospital boys, hatless, and in their quaint dress, are yet among the prettiest features of a London landscape; we are glad to know that they are happier than their predecessors were in Lamb's time. One often sees them on their half-holidays, running about the streets and parks of London on some such errand, perhaps, as that of Charles Lamb when one afternoon he started out to discover the source of New River.

Besides the "Essays of Elia," Lamb wrote some beautiful poems and one story, which is to our mind the most beautiful of all his works. This is "Rosamund Gray." "Rosamund Gray" is a little story which can be read through in an hour or two. It is written in odd little broken paragraphs, and with a simplicity so extreme as to seem almost affected. I remember that when I read it as a boy, so obtuse is the juvenile mind to any delicate pathetic sentiment, I was half inclined to think it was a burlesque. I read it again but a few months ago, and think it one of the sweetest tales I know. It is an exquisite story of village virtue and suffering. It is as far removed from guilt and worldliness as if these qualities had no existence on our planet. There is wicked-

ness in the story, but it is of a kind so extreme and strange as to make all the more marked the beautiful isolation of the scene. I hardly know what to liken "Rosamund Gray" to, except to say that it has the purity of your old grandmother's garden.

It is said that the scene of "Rosamund Gray" was laid at Blenheims, where Rosamund's cottage is still shown. It stands about two miles from Blakesmoor House. The name was evidently derived from a poem by Lamb's friend, Charles Lloyd, the first stanza of which runs thus:

"Let the pander of vice and the minion of power  
Claim the blasphemous boon of a verse;  
Let the poet who sings for the infamous dower  
Ambition's mad actions rehearse;  
The child of misfortune, who's bent to the earth,  
Shall live in my incondite lay;  
I'll boast the intuitive feelings of worth—  
The virtues of Rosamund Gray."

Of Lamb's poems, the best is "Hester." Hester was a Quaker girl, whom Lamb knew at one time, and who died while very young. The poem is a beautiful sketch of character. There are other good poems, such as "The Old Familiar Faces," but none except this which are likely to be widely known or long kept in memory. Lamb also wrote several plays, none of which ever obtained a place on the stage. One of them, "Mr. H——; a Farce," has obtained, from the celebrity of its author, and the fact of its having been "damned," a fame to which very few successful plays come. This piece, like everything of Lamb's, is delicately written, and is amusing. The fault was that it had not a sufficiently substantial *dénouement*. The scene was laid at Bath; the subject was the attempts of the society of that watering-place to find out who Mr. H—— was. It was only known that his name began with H. The piece describes the importance which the mystery gave the gentleman in the eyes of the curious ladies of Bath. They debate whether it is Howard or Harcourt or Hargrave. It turns out that the name is Hogsflesh. So fragile a whim as this is very well to try upon a solitary reader, but would never do with a large audience, and in a great, palpable theater. The crowd hissed the piece off the stage, and Lamb, who sat in the front row, joined energetically in the uproar, and hissed and hooted as loud as any.

The name of Mary Lamb is joined inseparably with that of her brother. She wrote, herself, stories and poems. I have

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read some of these, but do not see that they would, of themselves, be considered remarkable. That she had many fine mental and moral qualities is evident, both from her letters and what we know of her life. There is an interesting series of letters which she wrote to Miss Sarah Stoddart, who afterward became the wife of Hazlitt. In one of these letters, Miss Lamb is giving her friend good advice, which she prefaces by telling her that she does not wish her to change the essential parts of her character. The following is interesting: "When you leave your mother, and say, if you never shall see her again, you shall feel no remorse, and when you make a *Jewish* bargain with your *lover*, all this gives me no offense, because it is your nature, and your temper, and I do not expect or want you to be otherwise than you are. I love you for the good that is in you, and look for no change."

But it is, of course, on account of Miss Lamb's relationship to her brother that her letters and herself are of interest. That relationship was singularly intimate. The events of her life controlled and shaped his. Lamb was about twenty years of age when the accident occurred which may be said to have decided his life for him. This was the killing of Lamb's mother by Mary Lamb while in a fit of insanity. From this time, Lamb devoted himself to the care of his sister. He gave up the idea of marriage. There is a story that about this time he was in love with a certain Alice W——. It is not known who this girl was, nor is it certain what was her name. Lamb's relationship with her is not quite understood. But whatever it was, there is no doubt he gave it up to devote himself to the painful task of supporting the miseries of his sister's existence. She, on her part, was deeply devoted to Lamb. Although older than Lamb, she survived him by many years, and, indeed, survived the loss of her own faculties. In her very old age it was her habit, so Mr. Carew Hazlitt remembers, to visit the houses of her friends with three or four snuff-boxes, which she brought empty and carried away full. She bought also several large silk pocket-handkerchiefs, one of which became the receptacle of some article from the table to which she took a fancy, and this she carried home with her. Mr. Hazlitt tells us that it was the custom to humor the old lady's whims.

For many years the Lambs' house appears to have been the center to which the

most distinguished poets and literary men resorted. In the Temple, in Great Russell street, and Islington, they had their Wednesday evenings, which were attended by Coleridge, Hazlitt, Hunt, and a number of lesser literary celebrities. Mr. Talfourd, in his "Life of Lamb," has drawn an interesting parallel between Holland House and the Lambs' evenings at the Temple. To the first of these came the great world, or rather the clever and brilliant part of the great world,—statesmen, diplomates, and such authors as had been accepted by fashion. At the Lambs' it was very different. Lamb, as has been said, affected the society of the quaint and the unsuccessful. The truth seems to be, from what has been written about Lamb's society and from some of his own confessions, that his house must have been the resort of a lot of people who were scarcely presentable. He had besides, however, his own life-long literary friends, who were among the most famous personages of the time. Hazlitt came and inveighed most eloquently against the persecution of his idol, Napoleon. Coleridge recited, in what is said to have been a singularly beautiful manner:

"A damsel with a dulcimer  
In a vision once I saw:  
It was an Abyssinian maid,  
And on her dulcimer she played,  
Singing of Mont Abora."

Godwin, Haydon, and other distinguished people came, and there was a great deal of good talk. But the wittiest and deepest things, we are told by Hazlitt, were always said by Lamb himself.

In closing this brief sketch, one should remark that Lamb had a very perfect genius. He is one of those writers whom we would not have changed in the least degree—whom, indeed, we cannot conceive of being changed. Had he been greater in certain directions than he was, he would have been, as a whole, less perfect. For instance, he was not possessed of very profound perceptions, but had he been a man of greater penetration than he was, his mind might have been marked by a difficulty and painful gravity from which he was altogether free; facility and lightness were essential parts of his character, as we now know him. Then, Lamb had a mind that was very fully flowered out. There is nothing in his character to demand or to reward a painstaking inquiry. For this reason, perhaps, he is less attractive to the critic than many other less perfect and less



MARY AND CHARLES LAMB.

distinguished characters. But most readers are not critics. They read for amusement, and not for the pleasure of investigation. To them, therefore, the fact that they can

understand Lamb at a glance, and that he is almost as familiar to them as one of their own family, is the cause of their liking to read him.

[EDWARD R. HUGHES, Esq., a young English portrait-painter of reputation, nephew of the artist Arthur Hughes, lately came into possession of an oil-painting of interest to the literary world,—namely, Cary's portraits from life of Charles and Mary Lamb. In this picture Charles is seated and Mary is standing by his side; the figures are full-length and about half life-size. In copying the portraits for our engraver, Mr. Hughes has imitated Mr. Cary's work very closely, giving not only the likeness but the handling as well. In order, however, that the heads should not be too small on our page, he has copied these only, and has placed them side by side. Lithographs from these heads appear in "Charles Lamb, A Memoir, by Barry Cornwall." Mr. Cary is still living, and we are permitted to print a letter written by him to Robert Bateman, Esq., who was once his pupil.—ED. S. M.]

ABINGER, DORKING, 7th December, 1878.

DEAR BATEMAN: I commenced the portraits of Charles and Mary Lamb, which were painted entirely from life, at my studio in Hart street, Bloomsbury, in the summer of 1834. There had been for some time an engagement that they should dine with us at my father's residence, in the British Museum, on the third Wednesday of each month. My father wishing me to paint their portraits, it was arranged that one or other of them should give me a sitting every Thursday, before their return home to Edmonton, where they then resided, and this continued up to the time of his death, in December, 1834. I suppose you are aware that H. C. Robinson mentions in his diary having gone, with Mr. Scharf, the director of the National Portrait-Gallery, to look at a portrait by me of C. Lamb, and that he condemns it as being not the least like. I do not know what picture that was or where he saw it; he certainly did not see the picture of C. Lamb and his sister which Mr. Hughes possesses, it not having been out of my studio until many years after he wrote his criticism. I can only suppose it was a copy of the figure of C. Lamb which I commenced after his death, my father wishing me not to touch the original portraits, although they were, as you see, not finished. I was unsuccessful in this attempt, and the canvas was sent away as useless. Probably this is what Robinson saw. It would be well if Mr. Hughes would call on Mr. Scharf and ask him what picture he saw. Until H. C. Robinson's diary was published, nobody doubted the resemblance of my portraits of C. Lamb and his sister. You will find a very good description of the personal appearance of C. Lamb in Fitzgerald's work, vol. I., pages 7, 75, 282. My health has been so bad the last four years that I seldom leave home, or I should have had much pleasure in calling to see you and the "Lambs" and Mr. Hughes.

Yours very truly,

F. S. CARY.]

## STRIPED BASS.



GOING TO THE SURF STANDS.

TO THE lover of rod and reel, the striped bass, or rock-fish, as he is called south of Philadelphia, is the most important of all our sea fish. His habitat is so extended and his stay with us so constant; he is so eagerly sought for by anglers of all classes and conditions of life; he affords such sport in the various stages of his growth, from the puny half-pounder found almost everywhere on our Atlantic coast, to the enormous "green-head" who makes his home in the break of the surf; he brings into play such a variety of tackle, from the pin-hook of the urchin fishing from the city docks to the jewel-mounted rods and reels of the crack bass-fisherman,—that he well merits the title which is sometimes bestowed on him of the game fish *par excellence* of the sea—the fish for the million and the millionaire.

A bright August morning found the writer, in company with a member of the Cuttyhunk Club, steaming down the bay from New Bedford, bound for a trip to the Elizabeth Islands and Martha's Vineyard, and for a bout with the large bass which frequent the rocky shores of those favored regions.

Arriving at the mouth of the harbor, as our little craft steams around Clark's Point and enters Buzzard's Bay, the whole range

of the Elizabeth Islands comes into full view, and we find ourselves trying to repeat the old verse by which our ancestors remembered their uncouth Indian names:

"Naushon, Nonamesset,  
Uncatema and Wepecket,  
Nashawena, Pasquinese,  
Cuttyhunk and Penikese."

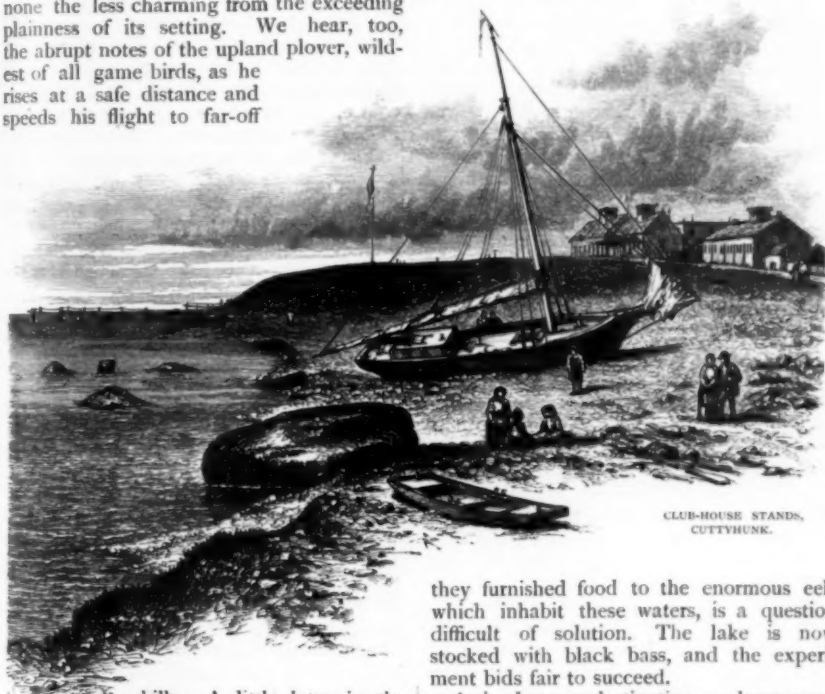
There is a mysterious influence at work in these regions which seems to gather the sea-fogs and hold them suspended around the islands, shutting them in completely, while all about the atmosphere is clear. As we approach the land we observe this phenomenon and are soon lost in its dense vapors. We steam along slowly, our fog-whistle shrieking at intervals, and every eye strained forward for rocks or vessels which may be in the way, until presently we hear a distant fog-horn answering us, and following it we find ourselves among a fleet of sword-fishermen anchored for the night in Cuttyhunk Bay. More music by the steam-whistle and an answering shout from the shore, and in a few moments the stroke of oars is heard upon the water. A skiff gropes its way toward us through the fog, we gather our baggage together, and are landed on the shingly beach, where, after a

short walk, we find ourselves safe under the comfortable roof of the club-house.

As the tide does not serve until late, we breakfast at the usual hour and, having tested our line and seen that everything is in order, with a good supply of spare hooks, we start for a brisk walk over the hills, preceded by Perry, our "chummer," bearing a basket full of lobsters and menhaden for bait.

Bleak and uninteresting as these hills appear when seen from the water, every now and then we come unexpectedly on some little gem of picturesque beauty, which is none the less charming from the exceeding plainness of its setting. We hear, too, the abrupt notes of the upland plover, wildest of all game birds, as he rises at a safe distance and speeds his flight to far-off

tion which seems as though it might harbor sufficient insect life to feed millions of fish, while in the shallows water-lilies grow in profusion, their dark-green leaves crowding each other on the surface, leaving scant room for the snowy petals to shoot up and unfold themselves. Some years ago the club placed several thousand young trout in the lake, but they did not appear to thrive, or, rather, they disappeared mysteriously; whether they escaped through some under-ground outlet to the sea, or whether



CLUB-HOUSE STANDS,  
CUTTYHUNK.

hills. A little later in the season, large flocks of golden plover will stop on their way south and make it lively for the grasshoppers, which now rise before us in clouds at every step and scatter away in uncertain flight before the wind.

Our brisk walk soon brings us to the edge of a little fresh-water lake, separated from the sea by a narrow shingle beach, where we take a skiff and row over water as clear as crystal itself to the landing at the other end. The bottom of this lake is covered with a growth of aquatic vegeta-

tion which seems as though it might harbor sufficient insect life to feed millions of fish, while in the shallows water-lilies grow in profusion, their dark-green leaves crowding each other on the surface, leaving scant room for the snowy petals to shoot up and unfold themselves. Some years ago the club placed several thousand young trout in the lake, but they did not appear to thrive, or, rather, they disappeared mysteriously; whether they escaped through some under-ground outlet to the sea, or whether

they furnished food to the enormous eels which inhabit these waters, is a question difficult of solution. The lake is now stocked with black bass, and the experiment bids fair to succeed.

Arrived at our destination,—a large granite boulder, known as Bass Rock, which stands out some distance from the shore and is connected with it by a narrow planking supported on iron rods,—we occupy the seat at the end of the jetty while our chummer, standing behind us, baits the hook with a lobster-tail, and we cast out toward two or three rocks where the waters are swirling with the incoming and receding waves.

The chummer is an important man in his way. He is generally a native of the island, and has done much fishing in his



life-time and seen much more. His office is no sinecure; besides keeping four or five baits peeled ready for use, he breaks up the bodies and claws of the lobsters, and chops the head and shoulders of the menhaden into small bits, and throws them out upon the water with an odd-looking wood-and-tin ladle called a "chum-spoon." Without the chum you might catch an occasional straggler, but there is nothing to attract the attention of the fish, and it is only by accident, as it were, that they happen upon the solitary bait with which you are fishing.

But stop! that fellow takes hold as though he meant it, and is laying his course straight for Newport; we must try and stop him short of that. The line whizzes out from the reel, and our thumb would be blistered in a moment were it not for the double worsted thumb-stall which protects it. Perry says he's a twenty-pounder, at least, and he feels like it, for the rod is bent to the curve so beautiful in the eyes of an angler, and the line is strained to the utmost tension. There! he stops and breaks on the surface. How broad his tail looks as he lashes the water in impotent wrath! The worst of his run is over; reel him in carefully, keeping the killing strain on him all the time. He will make two or three more short dashes, and then you may lead him as gentle as a kitten to where Perry stands, with his gaff-hook, ready to reach down and take him in out of the wet. It is a pity to strike the cruel steel into his silvery sides, but it would be dangerous to attempt to land him among the rocks in-shore.

It is true that chumming attracts other less desirable fish. Your blue-fish has an insatiable appetite and a keen nose for a free lunch. We say this ruefully, as we reel in and put on a fresh hook to replace the one just carried away. Egad! that fellow struck like a forty-pound bass, and cut the line as clean as though he had carried a pair of scissors! What a game fish he is! He fights to the very last, and only comes in when he fears that the struggle is becoming monotonous.

What's that—another blue-fish? No, his pull is too steady; it's a bass, surely! This one strikes off in another direction; he lays his course as though he were bound for Pasque Island. There, he has taken the line around that rock; better to give him slack and risk his unhooking himself than have the line frayed and perhaps

parted against the sharp granite edges. Now he's off again; handle him tenderly; there's no knowing what damage that rub may have done to the slender line—*phew!* how cold the water is! That wave struck flat against the rock which supports the seat, and nearly drenched us.

There is no royal road to this heavy surf-fishing; with all the appliances for comfort which experience can suggest, there is a certain amount of hard work to be done and exposure to be borne as a part of the price of success. Father Neptune is no respecter of persons, and spatters his royal favors so lavishly and so impartially on the just and the unjust that, unless you are a believer in the 'long-shore theory that "salt water never hurts nobody," and can take a thorough soaking philosophically and as a matter of course, you had better give up all thought of being a bass-fisherman. It is somewhat trying to the nerves to have a barrel of salt water dashed unexpectedly in your face, sousing you in an instant from head to foot, and at times, when there is a heavy sea running, it is dangerous. Cases are upon record where anglers have been washed from the rocks, and have narrowly escaped with their lives. Even on these stands it is not always safe, although they are supposed to be above high-water mark. Sometimes, during the spring-tides, when the wind has lashed the sea into a fury, or a distant storm is lending additional force to the breakers, the fisherman will sit securely on his perch and see the white waters breaking angrily among the rocks under his feet. The tide rises higher, but he gives little heed to it, as in such perturbed waters he expects to meet with his greatest success,—perhaps catch the fish which shall make him "high-hook" for the year. The caps of the higher waves sweep over the sag of the narrow plank which connects him with the shore, while the crests of one or two bolder than the rest have lapped his feet with their icy tongues; still he continues to cast, encouraged by the taking of one or two fish, or by the strike of some monster of unknown size, until he is wet to the knees, though the tide cannot be more than three-quarters high. An exclamation from his chummer causes him to look up, and a sight meets his eye which, for a moment, appalls him—an enormous, unbroken roller, stretching the length of the coast, and coming on at race-horse speed, followed by two others equally formidable,—for your big fellows generally travel in threes. Escape is impossible, and

his only recourse is to hold on tight and take his ducking with what equanimity he can command, when, if he be sensible, he will watch his opportunity and make for the shore, a wetter and a wiser man. Seth Green got caught in this way, on this very rock from which we are now fishing, and retired drenched to the skin, but only for a time; the bass were biting freely, and the "great father of fishes," procuring a rope, lashed himself to the seat, and, in spite of the warnings and remonstrances of his friends, continued his sport, with the waves occasionally making a break clear over his head. Perry tells us this story in the intervals between chopping and chumming, and we notice that the pluck of the old man elicits from him an admiration which no amount of piscicultural skill could have commanded.

Another strike! This fellow betrays himself at the very start, for we see the cloven hoof, or rather the forked tail, which denotes that pirate of the deep, blue sea—the blue-fish, and we bring him to gaff as soon as possible, using him rather roughly, for he is seldom alone, and his companions in iniquity are apt to cut him loose by striking at any bit of bait that may have run up on the line, or even at the line itself as it cuts rapidly through the water.

Perry opens this fish and brings us his paunch to examine; in it, besides many pieces of chum, are three hooks—one of them, with the bait still on and a bit of the line attached, we identify as our property, which he feloniously purloined and converted to his own use this morning; the others, of strange make and corroded by the strong gastric juices, are evidently much older acquisitions.

But the bass have ceased biting, our stock of bait is reduced to a few shreds and patches, and the inner man calls loudly for repairs, so our chummer starts on ahead with the heavy load of fish, while we linger for a few minutes at the light-house, built on the rising ground between the lake and the sea, to have a chat with the keeper.

Truly, this is classic ground. Lying almost within a stone's-throw of us, snugly nestled in the bosom of the black-bass pond, is the little island called after Bartholomew Gosnold, that mighty navigator whose name has come down to us in a blaze of posthumous glory as the discoverer of Cape Cod.

The first duty of your chummer, on returning from the stand, is to see that the

bass are weighed on a pair of scales hanging at the corner of the piazza. This is done in the presence of two members of the club, to avoid—mistakes, the result being entered on a blank slip which is retained until evening, when the score of each member for the whole day is duly entered opposite his name on the records. Our score for the morning's work shows three bass, weighing eighteen and one-half, sixteen and one-half, and nine pounds. Glancing over the leaves of the record-book, we find some interesting items, which we copy—premiering that the season in each year lasts but four months, extending from the middle of June to the middle of October. The honorary title of "high-hook" is conferred on the member taking the largest fish of the season.

Year.	Weight of bass caught.	High-hook for the year.	Largest fish.
1876	5,862	W. R. Renwick . . . . .	51 lbs.
1877	3,311	W. McGrorty . . . . .	51 ½ "
1878	5,444	T. W. Van Valkenburgh. .	51 "
1879	4,841	H. D. Polhemus. . . . .	49 "
1880	3,619	Andrew Dougherty . . . .	50 ¼ "

On the following morning we leave our hospitable friends, our destination being Gay Head. We can see its many-colored cliffs from the club-house, across the Vineyard Sound, only eight miles away; but the wind is contrary and the water too rough for the small boat at our disposal, so we conclude to return to New Bedford by the more tranquil waters of Buzzard's Bay, and take the steamer thence to Martha's Vineyard. We make an early start, and, as the weather is fair, get a good view of the island of Punc, or Penikese, and its elegant buildings (the Anderson School of Natural History superintended by Professor Agassiz), which the fog had hidden from sight when we arrived. Skirting along the coast of Nashawena, and giving Quick's Hole a wide berth on account of its strong currents, we come to the island of Pasque, or Pask, as the natives call it, and, rounding its easterly point into Robinson's Hole, we drop anchor in front of the Pasque Island club-house. Some of the members of this club are old friends, and we avail ourselves of a long-standing invitation to drop in upon them and see what they are doing with the bass.

Pasque Island does not differ in its general features from Cuttyhunk. Here there are the same bleak-looking hills, bare of trees, with the exception of a little clump of locusts, named, after the aboriginal owner of the island, "Wamsutta's Grove." Early accounts, which represent these islands as

covered with a growth of beech and cedars, would be incredible, in view of their present cheerless aspect, were it not that stumps of those trees are occasionally unearthed at the present day. Besides the club-houses, there is but one building on the island, and this dates so far back in the dim past that the accounts of its origin are but legendary. We should like to pin our faith to the story that it was erected by some straggler from Gosnold's band, which would make it the oldest building in New England; but we fear that this claim rests on the same airy basis, and must be placed in the same category, as that which carries the windmill at Newport back to the time of the Norsemen. The club owns the whole island, consisting of about one thousand acres, and has in its possession the original deed, dated 1667, from the Indian sachem Tsowoarum, better known as Wamsutta, conveying Pasca-

mentioned, and it seems at times to have formed the main food-supply of the forefathers when other sources had failed them.

"Thomas Morton, of Clifford's Inn, gent.," gives a glowing description of their abundance in "New English Canaan, or New Canaan; an abstract of New England, composed in three bookes. The Natural Indowments of the Countrey, and What Staple Commodities it Yeeldeth. Printed by Charles Green, 1632." He writes:

"The Basse is an excellent Fish, both fresh & salt, one hundred whereof, salted at market, have yielded five p. They are so large the head of one will give a good eater a dinner, and for daintinesse of diet they excell the Marybones of Beefe. There are such multitudes that I have scene stopped into the river close adjoining to my howse, with a sand at one tide, so many as will loade a ship of one hundred tonnes."

A pretty good fish-story; it reads like



THE LIGHT-HOUSE AT GAY HEAD.

chanest, and another island whose name is illegible—probably a little one thrown into the bargain as a make-weight—islands were cheap in those days—"to Daniell Wilcocks, of the town of Dartmouth, in the jurisdiction of New Plymouth," for the sum of twelve pounds.

Before bidding our friends adieu and continuing our journey, we gather the following statistics from the club records:

	High-hook.	Largest fish.
1876....	Peter Balen*.....	50 lbs.
1877....	A. F. Higgins.....	47 "
1878....	F. O. Herring.....	60½ "
1879....	J. D. Barrett.....	51 "
1880....	W. Dunning.....	49 "

In the early accounts of the settlement of New England, the striped bass is frequently

the prospectus of a land association—as it probably was. Here is another, antedating it by two years, from "New England's Plantation; or, A Short and True Description of the Commodities and Discommodities of that Countrey. Written by a Reuerend Divine (Mr. Higginson), now there resident. London, 1630":

"Of these fish (the basse) our fishers take many hundreds together, which I have seen lying on the shore to my admiration; yea, their nets ordinarily take more than they are able to hale to land, and for want of Boats and men they are constrained to let a many goe after they have taken them, and yet sometimes they fill two boates at a time with them."

Captain John Smith, the most famous of his name, "sometime Governor of Virginia & Admiral of New England," writes as follows in a little book entitled "Advertise-

\* Clarum et venerabile nomen.

ments for the Inexperienced Planters of New England, or Anywhere; or, The Pathway to Experience to Erect a Plantation. London, 1631":

"The seven and thirty passengers, miscarrying twice upon the coast of England, came so ill-provided they only relied upon the poore company they found, that had lived two yeares by their naked industry and what the country naturally afforded. It is true, at first there hath beene taken a thousand Bayes at a draught, and more than twelve hog-heads of Herrings in a night."

Sturdy John Josselyn, gent., who never hesitated to use a word because of its strength, writes, in his "Account of Two Voyages to New England in 1675":

"The Basse is a salt-water fish, too, but most an end (*sic*) taken in Rivers, where they spawn; there hath been three thousand Basse taken at a set. One writes that the fat in the bone of a Basse's head is his brains, which is a lie."

In a curious poetical description of the colony, entitled "Good News from Nevv England, with an exact relation of the First Planting that Countrey," printed in London, 1648, these lines occur:

"At end of March begins the Spring by Sol's new elivion,  
Stealing away the Earth's white robe dropping  
with sweat's vexation,  
The Codfish, Holybut, and Basse do sport the  
rivers in,  
And Allewives with their crowding sholes in every  
creek do swim."

Truly, our ancestors must have had glorious opportunities for sport, though it may be considered doubtful whether those stern-visaged men, whose features had grown grim in facing the hard realities of their pioneer-life,—sickness, starvation, and an ever-present and treacherous foe,—found time to "go a-angling," except as a means of warding off famine from their wives and little ones.

There is something very pathetic in the accounts of their fishing trips, as given in Bradford's "History of Plymouth Plantation." It presents the reverse of the rose-colored pictures of Morton and Higginson:

"They having but one boat left, and she not well fitted, they were divided into severall small companies, six or seven to a gangg or company, and so wente out with a nett they had bought to take bass & such like fish, by course, every company knowing their turne. No sooner was ye boate discharged of what she brought, but ye next company tooke her and wente out with her. Neither did they returne till they had caught something, though it

were five or six days before, for they knew there was nothing at home, and to goe home emptie would be a great discouragemente to ye rest."

From these varying accounts, it appears that there were good seasons and bad in the old days, over two centuries ago, as well as at the present time.

At New Bedford, we take the steamer for Oak Bluffs, and sail down across Buzzard's Bay and through the narrow strait called Wood's Hole, whose troubled waters bear a close resemblance to those of Hell Gate. Rare bass-fishing there must be in these circling eddies, and we half mature a plan to stop on the way home and have a day at them. Emerging from the Hole into the Vineyard Sound, we steam away for the headlands of Martha's Vineyard, visible in the distance, and in due time haul up at the wharf of that marvelous city of cottages, and take the stage to commence a tedious journey the full length of the island, some twenty-two miles.

As the stage route does not extend beyond Chilmark, we are transferred at Tisbury to a buggy, with a bright school-boy of some thirteen summers as a driver, whom we ply with questions as to the names of localities passed on the route, and when he gives some particularly uncouth Indian name, we drop down on him suddenly and drive him to the verge of despair by asking him to spell it.

"That," says our young Jehu, pointing with his whip, "is Quabsquie Cliff."

We gravely take out pencil and notebook and ask him to repeat the name.

"Quabsquie Cliff."

We hold the pencil suspended for a moment, as though in doubt as to a letter.

"How do you spell it?"

"Q-u," he starts off bravely, but breaks down at the third letter. "I don't know—I never saw it in print."

"Well, spell it as it is pronounced."

"Q-u-o—no, a-b-s-k—no, q-u-i-e."

And so we go on to the next, when the same process is repeated.

We cross some noble trout-streams on the way; on one of them notices are posted against trespassers, the fishing privilege being hired by two or three gentlemen from Boston. These streams look enticing, being full of deep holes overshadowed by scrubby alders—the lurking-place of many a large trout, if we may believe our young guide. The trout should be full of game and fine-flavored in these streams—pink-fleshed, vig-

orous fellows, such as we find in the tide-water creeks of Long Island and Cape Cod, who take the fly with a rush that sends the heart jumping into the throat.

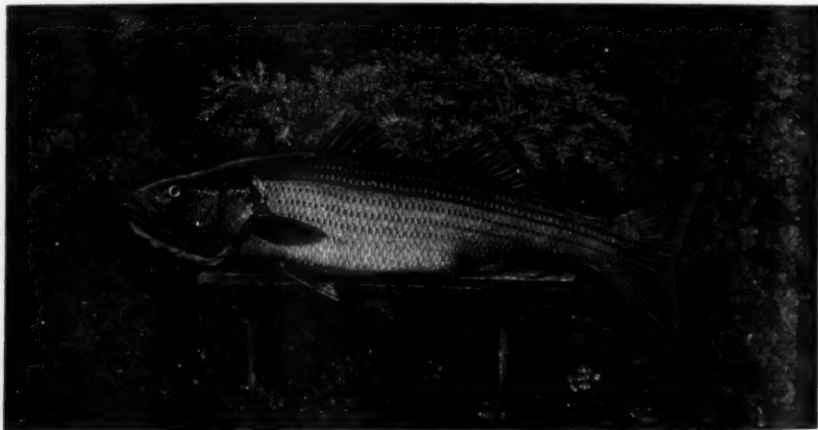
It is dark when we reach Gay Head, and as we drive up to the door of the keeper's house, which adjoins the light-house, a voice from some unknown region cheerily invites us to enter. We look around for the owner, but see no one to whom the voice could belong. Overhead, long, slanting bars of white-and-red light flash through the powerful Fresnel lenses in every direction, looking like bands of bright ribbon, cut bias against the darkness of the sky beyond, while millions of insects dance in the broad rays, holding high carnival in the almost midday glare. The mysterious voice repeats the invitation, and without more ado we gather our baggage together and enter a cozy sitting-room, where we proceed to make ourselves very much at home. Here we find Mr. Pease, the keeper of the light, who has descended from his lantern since he accosted us outside, and a gentleman from New Bedford, who gives but poor encouragement in regard to the fishing. He has been here for a week past, and has not caught a solitary bass in all that time; but he tells us such soul-stirring yarns of fish caught on previous visits, and all told with a modesty which attests their truth, that our spirits are restored at once.

The inhabitants of the town of Gay Head, with the exception of the light-keeper's family, are of somewhat mixed blood. They are called Gay Head Indians, but their

features betoken a liberal intercourse with a darker complexioned race; there is a flatness of the nose and an inclination to curliness in the hair, which denote anything but an uninterrupted descent from the warlike tribe that Bartholomew Gosnold found in possession of these islands. The last one among them who could build a wigwam died some years ago, and with him died this invaluable secret.

Here there is room for the moralist to make some wise reflections on the vanity and evanescence of all human greatness, and to draw the parallel between this people's present peaceful occupations of farming and berry-picking (we even saw a young squaw who was engaged in a family as seamstress), and the Puritan-roasting, scalp-raising, and other cheerful and innocent diversions which obtained among their ancestors. But we confess we would rather go fishing than point morals, any day, and our acquaintance with this people is confined to the young brave of some twelve summers whom we engaged in the morning as our henchman, to procure and cut up bait and do other like chores.

The cliffs at Gay Head are interesting alike to the artist and the geologist, and possess still another interest for the angler, who has to carry fifty pounds of striped bass up their steep and slippery incline. They are of clay formation, broken and striated by the washings of centuries, and when lighted up by the sun present a brilliantly variegated appearance, which undoubtedly gave the promontory its name. Black, red, yellow, blue, and white are the



THE STRIPED BASS OR ROCK-FISH.





FISHING FROM THE STAND.

colors represented, all strongly defined, and on a clear day discernible at a great distance. Down their steep sides, our feet sticking and sliding in the clay, moist with the tricklings of hidden springs, we pick our way slowly, bearing our rod and gaff-hook, while our little Indian staggers under a basket load of chicken-lobsters, purchased of the neighboring fishermen at the extravagant rate of one dollar and fifty cents per hundred.

At the bottom of the cliffs we skirt along the beach, stopping now and then to pick up bunches of Irish moss, with which the shore is plentifully lined, until we come to three or four large granite boulders lying at the edge of the water, and offering such attractions as a resting-place, that we stop and survey the field to select our fishing-ground.

Across the Vineyard Sound, about eight miles away, and stretching out far to the eastward, are Cuttyhunk, Nashawena, and Pasque Islands, and about the same distance to the south-westward the little island of No Man's Land is plainly visible in the clear atmosphere—even to the fishermen's huts with which it is studded. It is a notable place for large bass, and wonderful stories are told of the catches made there—how, on one occasion, when the fish were in a particularly good humor, three rods caught twelve hundred and seventy-five pounds of striped bass in a day and a half. Only a short time since, Mr. Butler, who lives on the island, caught and sent to New Bedford a striped bass weighing sixty-four pounds.

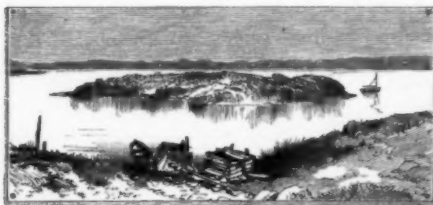
Looking out seaward some thirty or forty yards, we see three rocks heavily fringed with sea-weed, which rises and spreads out like tentacles with the swell of the incoming tide, and clings to the parent rocks like a wet bathing-dress as the water recedes and leaves them bare. We like the appearance of this spot—it looks as though it might be the prowling-ground of large fish; and we adjust our tackle rapidly and commence the assault.

Into the triangle formed by these rocks we cast our bait again and again, while our attendant crushes the bodies and claws of the lobsters into a pulp beneath his heel, and throws handfuls of the mess out as far as his strength will allow. He appears to have inherited some of the taciturnity of his red ancestors, for not a superfluous word do we get out of him all day long; all efforts to lead him into conversation are met by monosyllabic answers, so that after many discouraging attempts we imitate his reticence and are surprised to find with how few words we can get along. A nod of the head toward the sea brings him into immediate action, and he commences to throw out chum vigorously, like a skillfully made automaton; a nod of another significance, and he brings three or four fresh baits and deposits them silently on the rock at our feet.

Thus we fish faithfully all the morning, buoyed up by the hope which "springs eternal" in the breast of the angler, but

without other encouragement of any kind. Many nibblers visit our bait and pick it into shreds, requiring constant attention to keep the hook covered, while rock-crabs cling to it viciously as we reel in, and drop off just as we are about to lay violent hands on them.

The flood-tide, which had commenced to make when we arrived, is now running fast, and has risen so as to cover the rocks on our fishing-ground, leaving nothing visible but dark masses of sea-weed floated to the surface by its air-cells, and waving mysteriously to and fro. The surf has risen with the tide, the water is somewhat turbid and

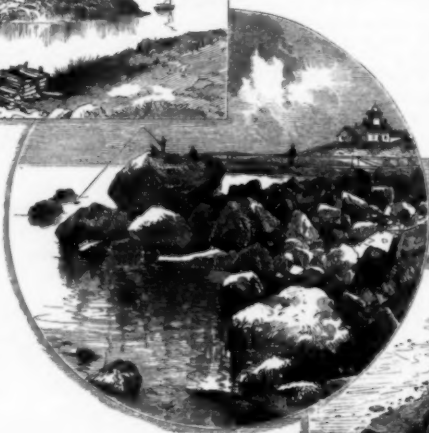


filled with small floating particles of kelp or sea-salad, which attach themselves to the line and cause it to look, when straightened out, like a miniature clothes-line. Occasionally a wave will dash up against the shelving rock on which we stand and, breaking into fine

spray, sprinkle us liberally, and as salt water dries but slowly, we are gradually but none the less surely drenched to the skin.

Suddenly, without the slightest indication of the presence of game-fish, our line straightens out, we strike quick and hard to fix the hook well in, the reel revolves with fearful rapidity and the taut line cuts through the waves like a knife, as a large bass dashes away in his first mad run, fear and rage lending him a strength apparently much beyond his weight. Of course, under the circumstances, the strain on the fish is graduated, but the weight of line alone which he has to draw through the water would be sufficient to exhaust even a fifty-pounder, and he soon tires sufficiently to enable us to turn his head toward land. As

we pilot him nearer to the shore, he acts like a wayward child, making for every rock which happens in the way, and as there are many of them it requires no little care to guide him past the danger; presently, however, the steady strain tells on him, his struggles grow weaker, his efforts to escape become convulsive and aimless, and we lead him into the undertow, where he rests for a moment, until a wave catches him and rolls him up, apparently dead, on the shelving sand. As he lies stranded by the receding water, the hook, which has worked loose in his lip, springs back to our feet. Our little Indian sees the danger and rushes forward to gaff him, with a whoop suggestive of war-paint and feathers; but we push him aside hurriedly—no steel shall mar the round and perfect beauty of the glittering sides—and, rushing down upon him, regardless of the wetting, we thrust a hand into the fish's mouth and thus bear him



GOSNOLD'S ISLAND, BASS ROCK, AND DOWN THE CLIFFS, MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

safely from the returning waves; then we sit down on the rock for a minute, breathless with the exertion, our prize lying gasping at our feet, our nerves still quivering with excitement, but filled with such a glow of exulting pride as we verily believe no one but the successful angler ever experiences, and he only in the first flush of his hard-won victory.

But there is no time to gloat over our

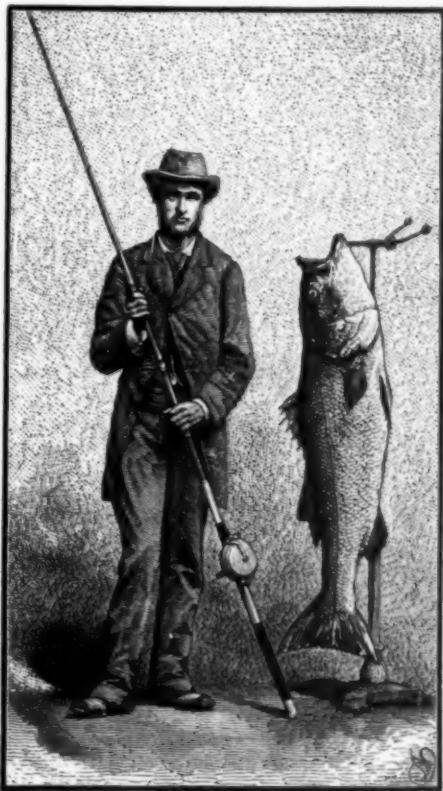
prey—bass must be taken while they are in the humor, and our chummer is already in the field, throwing out large handfuls of the uninviting-looking mixture; so we adjust a fresh bait and commence casting again, as though nothing had happened to disturb our serenity, only once in a while allowing our eyes to wander to the little hillock of sea-weed and moss under which our twenty-five pound beauty lies sheltered from the sun and wind.

Another strike, another game struggle, and we land a mere minnow of fifteen pounds. And this is all that we catch; the succeeding two hours fail to bring us any encouragement, so we reel in, and painfully make our way up the cliffs, bearing our prizes with us.

We are eager for another day at the bass, but a difficulty presents itself: fish are perishable in warm weather, the bass in a less degree than many others, but still perishable, and we have no ice, nor is any to be purchased nearer than Vineyard Haven—which for our purpose might as well be in the Arctic regions. But we bethink us that we have friends at the Squibnocket Club, some five or six miles away, on the south-west corner of the island, and in the afternoon we persuade Mr. Pease to drive us over there.

The comfortable little club-house is built facing and adjacent to the water, and after supper, as we sit chatting over a cigar on the piazza, we look out upon the wildest water we have as yet seen. The shore is exposed to the direct action of the ocean, without any intervening land to break the force of the sea, and the white breakers follow each other in rapid succession, lashing themselves against the rocks into a foamy suds, which looks as though it might be the chosen home of large bass—as, indeed, they say it is. Over this broken water some half-dozen of the club-stands are erected, in full view of the house. And although the sun has gone down, two or three enthusiastic anglers are still at their posts, trying to add to their score for the day.

The following day is almost a repetition of the first—a long, profitless morning spent in fruitless casting, a sudden strike when we least expect it, and then the catching of three fish within an hour and a half. This capricious habit of the bass is very striking at times. Sometimes, day after day, they will bite at a certain hour and at no other time. Whether it is that they have set times to visit different localities, and only arrive at



"68½ LBS., SIR!"

the fishing-ground at the appointed hour, or, whether they are there all the time and only come to their appetites as the sun indicates lunch-time, we cannot say.

Our trip is over, and we pack our things to return home. Stored in a box, carefully packed with broken ice, are five bass,—we take no account of two blue-fish of eight and ten pounds,—which weigh respectively twenty-five, fifteen, twenty-eight, twenty-one, ten pounds. This constitutes our score for two days' fishing at Gay Head.

If the reader should wish to enjoy this noble sport, the better plan by far is to purchase a share in one of the great bassing clubs, as at their comfortable quarters you can always be certain of bait, skillful chummers, and ice to preserve the fish when caught; and, moreover, a good meal and a comfortable bed after a hard day's work, or play, as you choose to call it, are desiderata not always to be obtained at the country



FISHING, A. D. 1496. (FROM WALTON'S "COMPLETE ANGLER.")

tavern where your lines may be cast. But should the intention be to fish only occasionally, then equally good sport may be had in the summer and early autumn months at Montauk Point, Point Judith, Newport, Cohasset Narrows, and many places along shore, where other anglers will be found, many of them bearing names familiar in the artistic, literary, and financial worlds, intent on the same pursuit, and eager to measure their trained skill against any amount of avoirdupois which their striped antagonists may bring against them.

Forty-seven pounds is the heaviest bass that has fallen to the lot of the writer, and it has been the subject of the most poignant regret, not to say remorse, that he was allowed to weigh so little, when a few old sinkers thrust into his gullet would have

brought his record up to the even half-hundred. A seventy-two-pounder, caught by a gentleman of New York, is probably the heaviest bass that has yet been landed with rod and reel, and when it is considered that the line used would not sustain much more than one-third that amount of dead weight, and that every ounce of that seventy-two pounds was "fighting weight," some conception may be formed of the skill and patience required in its capture.

Verily there is nothing new under the sun. As I pen these lines regarding the capture of large fish with light tackle, there comes to mind the memory of a screed written in the long, long ago, and I step to the book-shelf, take down the volume, and transcribe for your delectation, O reader, the quaint advice given by that sainted patroness of the angle, Dame Juliana Berners, nearly four hundred years ago. There is a flavor of mold about the fine old English, but it contains the sum and essence of all scientific angling. Here it is, crisp and fresh as when it was first written, though the hand that penned it has long since crumbled into dust, and the generation for whose "dysporte" it was "empryntyd" by Wynkyn de Worde have been casting their flies from the further bank of the Styx this many a long year:

"And yf it fortune you to smyte a gret fish with a small harnaps, thenne ye must lede hym in the towater and labour hym there till he be drownd and overcome; thenne take hym as well as ye can or maye, and euer be waar that ye holde not ouer the strengthe of your lyne, and as moche as ye may lete hym not come out of your lyne's ende strenghte from you; but kepe him euer vnder the rodde, and euermore hold hym strenghte, so that your lyne may be susteyne and beere his lepps and his plunges wth the helpe of your cropp and of your honde."

## SIMPLICITY.

(WRITTEN ON A FLY-LEAF OF THEOCRITUS.)

THOSE were good times, in olden days,  
Of which the poet has his dreams,  
When gods beset the woodland ways,  
And lay in wait by all the streams.

One could be sure of something then  
Severely simple, simply grand,  
Or keenly, subtly sweet, as when  
Venus and Love went hand in hand.

Now I would give (such is my need)  
All the world's store of rhythm and rhyme,  
To see Pan fluting on a reed,  
And with his goat-hoof keeping time!

## PETER THE GREAT AS RULER AND REFORMER.\* V.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE FOUNDING OF ST. PETERSBURG.

IMMEDIATELY after the capture of Nyenskans, a council of war was convened to

consider the question of defending and utilizing the mouth of the Neva, and whether it would be better to strengthen the little fort which had just been taken, or to seek a fit site for a commercial town nearer the sea. The latter course was decided upon.

Near its mouth the Neva takes a sharp



turn and divides into three or four branches, which by subsequent redivision form a number of islands, large and small. These marshy islands, overgrown with forests and thickets, and liable to be covered with water during the westerly winds, were inhabited by a few Finnish fishermen, who were accustomed to abandon their mud huts at the approach of high water, and seek a refuge on the higher ground beyond.

It was on the first of these islands, called by the Finns Yanni-Saari, or Hare Island,

many carpenters and masons were sent from the district of Nóvgorod, who were aided by the soldiers. Wheelbarrows were unknown (they are still little used in Russia), and in default of better implements the men scraped up the earth with their hands, and carried it to the ramparts on pieces of matting or in their shirts. Peter wrote to Ramodanófsky, asking him to send the next summer at least two thousand thieves and criminals destined for Siberia, to do the heavy work under the direction of the Nóv-



AUGUSTUS II., KING OF POLAND.

where the river was still broad and deep, that Peter laid the foundation of a fortress and a city, named after his patron St. Petersburg. Of the six bastions of the fortress, one was built under the personal superintendence of the Tsar himself, and the other five were given into the charge of Menshikóf, Golovin, Zotof, Trubetskóy, and Cyril Naryshkin. These bastions were at first built of wood; three years afterward they were reconstructed in stone. For this work

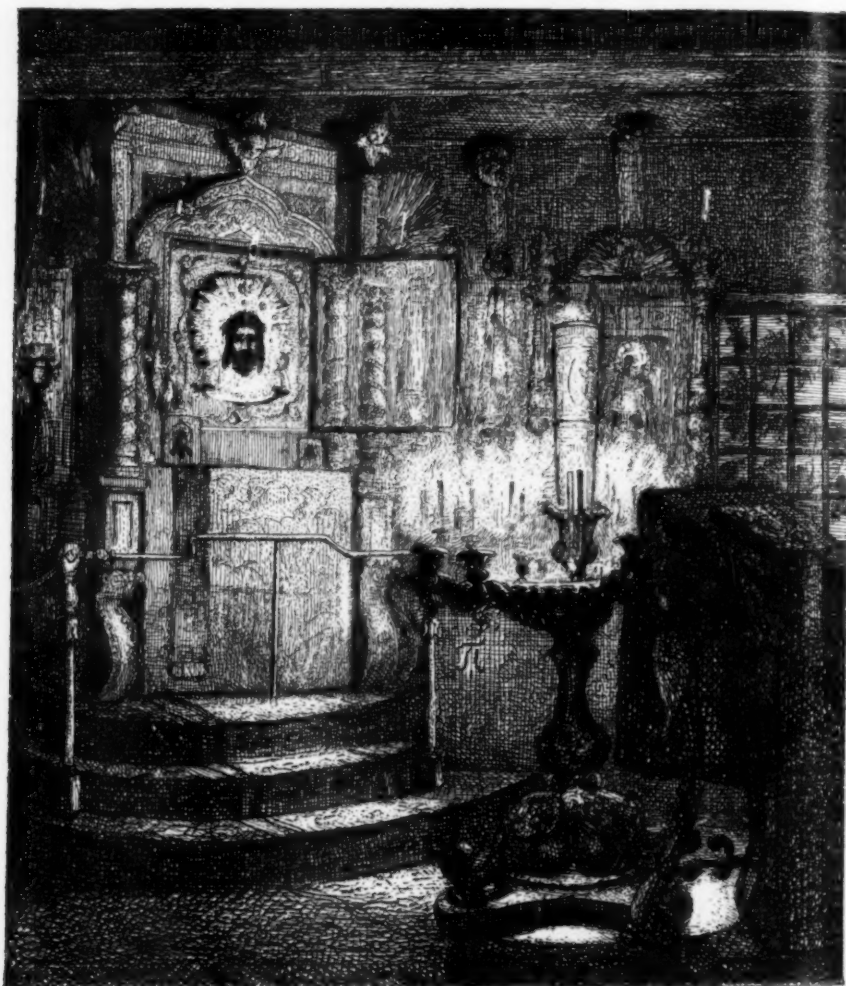
gorod carpenters. At the same time with the construction of the bastions, a church was built in the fortress and dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul. It was finished by the next spring, and although small was said by foreigners to be rather pretty, being covered inside with yellow stucco in imitation of marble. It contained a chime of bells tuned to play a piece. The cathedral, with its lofty, slender spire, which now occupies its site was begun in 1714, ten years later,



CHARLES XII. AT CRACOW. [SEE PAGE 718.]

by the Italian architect Tressini. By the side of the orthodox church arose the Lutheran church of St. Anne. Just outside of the fortress Peter built for himself a small hut, which he called his palace. It was about fifty-five feet long by twenty wide, built of logs roofed with shingles, and contained only three rooms, lighted by little windows set in leaden frames. In respect

for this, his earliest residence in St. Petersburg, Peter subsequently had another building erected outside of it to preserve it from the weather, and in this state it still remains, an object of pilgrimage to the curious and devout. Numerous relics of Peter are kept here, and his bedroom is now turned into a chapel, in which prayers are frequently recited before the miraculous image which



PETER'S FORMER BEDROOM, NOW USED AS AN ORATORY.

accompanied the Tsar through his campaigns, and was present at the battle of Poltava. Near this stood the larger cabin of Menshikóf, the governor-general, where foreign envoys were received and entertainments given; then the residences of the court; and beyond them, on the banks of the river, the huts of the workmen. Close by the bridge leading to the fortress was a drinking-house, for many years a place of general resort, where wine, beer, tobacco, and cards were sold. Its name, The Osteria, and

subsequently The Triumphal Osteria of the Four Frigates, shows an Italian influence on some who surrounded Peter.

In spite of disease and mortality among the men, in spite of the floods, which even in the first year covered nearly the whole place and drowned some who were too ill to move, the work went on. But in its infancy St. Petersburg was constantly in danger from the Swedes, both by sea and land. During 1703, it was threatened from the side of Finland by General Kronhjort, who

was encamped with a large force on the banks of the river Sestra, and Vice-Admiral Nummers, with nine ships, lay at anchor all the summer off the mouth of the Neva. Kronhjort was repulsed, and Peter then devoted all his attention to getting down some ships which he was building on the river Svir, between Lake Ládoga and Lake Onéga. He went there himself, and for a long time personally superintended their construction. Finally, after great difficulty from the dangerous navigation on Lake Ládoga, he succeeded in getting the frigate *Standard* and a few transports into the Neva. When the cold weather came, Nummers withdrew with his fleet to a Finnish port, and Peter, on his yacht, attended by a galliot, went out into the gulf to explore. In spite of the floating ice, he went as far as Retusaari, or Kotlin Island, as it was called by the Russians, and himself measured the depth of the channel. North of this island, which was about eighteen miles from the mouth of the Neva, the water was so shallow and the navigation so difficult that there was no danger. But to protect the southern passage he resolved to fortify the island in the place now occupied by the city and fort of Cronstadt, and at a cannon-shot from the shore began a fort in the water. With much hard work in sinking stone for the submarine foundation, the fort was completed during that winter, and received the name of Kronsnot. Golovin wrote to Matvéïf, at London, of the foundation of Kronsnot, and, greatly exaggerating the Russian naval force, said that the Tsar could in a very short time bring into the Baltic Sea twenty ships and frigates, together with seventy-eight full galleys, and one hundred brigantines. This was to entice merchant ships to come to St. Petersburg.

The first ship arrived—almost by accident—in November, 1703. On the news of its approach, Peter went to meet it at the bar, and himself piloted it to port. The astonishment of the skipper, Auke Wybes, at being afterward presented to his illustrious pilot, was equaled by that of Peter on learning that the ship had been freighted by his old friend Cornelis Calf, of Zaandam. The cargo of salt and wine was welcome. The skipper was feasted by Menshikóf and given a reward of five hundred ducats; each sailor received thirty thalers, and the ship, which was henceforth named the *St. Petersburg*, was given exemption forever from all tolls and dues. A second Dutch ship and

an English ship arriving that year received similar rewards.

The work of ship-building went on during the whole of 1704, but it was not until late in the autumn that additional ships could reach the Neva. The north winds and storms on Lake Ládoga rendered the crossing of the lake very difficult, and placed the ships in constant danger of going ashore on the southern coast. These difficulties, of which Peter had several times personal experience, led him to lay the foundations of the Admiralty in St. Petersburg, and also subsequently to begin the construction of the canal around the southern end of Lake Ládoga, which is now one of the links connecting the waters of the Volga and the Neva. The attacks of de Prou against Kronsnot, and of Maidel against St. Petersburg, in 1704, were easily repulsed, as was also an attempt of Maidel to surprise Kronsnot in the winter by marching over the ice. But in 1705 the Swedish fleet, under Admiral Anckarstjerna, made a far more serious attempt. The Russians tried to protect their small fleet by planting stakes in the channel, between Kronsnot and the Kotlin Island, and binding them together. These tall stakes and poles the Swedes took to be the masts of a numerous fleet, and became more cautious. They held off at such a distance that their bombardment was ineffectual, and two landings on the island were repulsed after a sharp contest. After another vain attempt, the Swedish fleet withdrew. Maidel, who had taken up a position on the north bank of the Neva,\* and at times held some of the further islands, was unsuccessful both in an attempt against St. Petersburg, and in another against Schlüsselburg. After this, the Swedes did not again disquiet St. Petersburg until 1708. Nevertheless, in May, 1706, Peter himself had an opportunity of seeing the enemy's squadron, which sailed up toward Kronsnot, but soon withdrew. He had gone a long distance down the gulf on an exploring expedition, and when he saw the Swedish squadron he immediately returned and signaled by cannon-shot to Vice-Admiral Cruys, who refused to believe the news, even when Peter reported in person, and was only convinced when the Swedes appeared within sight. Peter's own words on this

\* It is from this period, when the Swedes occasionally appeared on the Neva, that the northern or right bank became known as the "Viborgside," an appellation it bears to-day, in distinction from the St. Petersburg side.

subject are amusing. Some months afterward, Cruys, in making a report on other matters, spoke of the general insubordination and ignorance of the naval officers, and added, "His Majesty, with his skill, knows the importance of perfect subordination." The Tsar wrote on the back of the report: "The vice-admiral is himself to blame for the want of skill of the naval officers, as he himself engaged nearly all of them; there is no one then for him to reproach."

\* \* \* As concerns my skill, mentioned here, this compliment is not on a very firm footing. Here I am called skilled, but not long ago, when I went to sea and saw the enemy's ships from my yacht, and signaled according to custom the number of ships, it was thought only to be amusement or the salute for a toast, and even when I myself came on board to the vice-admiral, he was unwilling to believe until his sailors had seen them from the mast-head. I must, therefore, beg him either to omit my name from the list of those whom he judges skilled, or in future cease from such raillery."

The foundation of St. Petersburg called out various expressions of feeling in Sweden. Some members of the Council of State prophesied that the growth of St. Petersburg would bring the loss of Finland. Others thought that storm and sea would soon destroy the fortifications of Kronsloot and the new town. Jests were made on the name of the island—Yanni-Saari, Hare Island—on which the town was begun, and a Swedish poet proposed in Latin verse that the new city should be called, not Petropolis but Leporopolis, which would suit quite as well whether the island were peopled with hares or with Russians. This was a reminiscence of the first battle of Narva. When the news of the foundation of the town was brought to Charles, he said: "Let the Tsar tire himself with founding new towns; we will keep for ourselves the honor of taking them later."

St. Petersburg was the apple of Peter's eye. It was his "paradise," as he often calls it in his letters. It was always an obstacle, and sometimes the sole obstacle, to the conclusion of peace. Peter was willing to give up all he had conquered of Livonia and Esthonia, and even Narva, but he would not yield the mouth of the Neva. Nevertheless, until the war with Sweden had been practically decided by the battle of Poltava, and the position of St. Petersburg had been thus secured, although it had a certain importance as a commercial

port, and as the fortress which commanded the mouth of the Neva, it remained but a village. The walls of the fortress were finally laid with stone, but the houses were built of logs at the best, and for many years, in spite of the marshy soil, the streets remained unpaved. If fate had compelled the surrender of the city, there would not have been much to regret. Gradually the idea came to Peter to make it his capital. In 1704 the Senate was transported thither from Moscow, but wars and foreign enterprises occupied the Tsar's attention, and it was not until 1718 that the colleges or ministries were fully installed there, and St. Petersburg became in fact the capital of the Empire.

Vockerodt, who lived for many years in Russia at this epoch, and was subsequently for a long time Prussian Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg, says that Peter was actuated partly by his love for the sea, partly by the great desire of perpetuating his memory by the foundation of a new capital, in imitation of Alexander and Constantine, and partly by the hatred he had to the city of Moscow, which he would willingly have seen ruined. As proof of the last, he mentions that in 1715, under the pretext that all the masons were necessary in St. Petersburg, an edict was issued forbidding, under heavy penalty, the least repairs to any stone buildings in Moscow.

It would have been comparatively easy to make St. Petersburg into a beautiful and regular town, but the present arrangement of the city—leaving out of view the embellishments made by succeeding monarchs—is owing partly to chance and partly to Peter's constant changes of plan. At first, the main-land was destined for the Admiralty only and the uses of the marine. All the nobility, and even the commercial classes, were obliged to build their residences in the neighborhood of the fortress, near the small house which Peter first erected for himself. Here, also, up to 1720, were placed all the government buildings. Then the idea came to Peter that trade would flourish better if all the commercial establishments were placed in Cronstadt; each province was therefore ordered to put up large stone buildings on that island for the reception of merchandise,—buildings many of which were never used, and all of which fell rapidly into decay, for immediately after this there was a project of placing the city higher up the river, where the more elevated ground would protect it



against inundations. At last Peter decided on the island now, and for a century before that time, called Vassily Östrof. Here a regular town was laid out in the Dutch fashion, with canals through all the streets. The danger of inundation on this low ground, the difficulties during the autumn and spring, when the floating ice in the river cut off this island from all communication with the main-land, had not the slightest weight with the Tsar, and again the nobility were compelled to build on this island large and expensive houses, proportionate to the size of their estates. Since Peter's time the fashionable quarter and the governmental offices have been transferred to the main-land, but Vassily Östrof still remains the center of commerce. The canals on the island, and many of those on the main-land, have been filled up; but their places can be recognized by the curious designation of the sides of the streets as "lines."

The city of Peter, except in plan, bears little resemblance to the capital we see to-day. The splendid granite quays, with their rows of palaces, the monumental buildings, the churches, the statues and columns which now adorn the town, are all the work of Peter's successors. Few date farther back than the reign of Catherine II.

The only prominent buildings of Peter's time still left are parts of the University and the neighboring palace of Menshikóf, now converted into a school of cadets. Peter's taste in architecture was not good. He loved small and low rooms. A roomy and high apartment embarrassed him, and when, in building his winter palace, in order to equal the other houses in the row, he found it necessary to make the stories a little higher than he was accustomed to, he had a double ceiling put in the rooms he expected to inhabit, so as to make them lower. Neither his winter nor his summer palaces were fine buildings. The Winter Palace, which was built of brick, was only about two hundred and fifty feet wide, joined on one side to a private house, with nothing to distinguish it from the other houses on the quay except a portal ornamented with pilasters and surmounted by a naval crown, and two wings which had not the least relation to the principal façade. The Summer Palace, in St. Petersburg, consisted of three separate and unsymmetrical buildings, erected at different times, which had no proportion whatever to one another, and were placed at irregular angles. The country palaces were no better.

The nobility hated St. Petersburg. Even Prince Gregory Dolgorúky, one of the active men of the time, could not help writing in 1717 to Shaffroff: "Although the governors have a hard time (and where now can one be without trouble?), yet I think not one of them would leave his province and be willing to come and live in Petersburg." Probably all were of the same opinion, and the Princess Mary, the half-sister of the Tsar, went even further, and in conversation with her intimate friends said: "Petersburg will not endure after our time. May it remain a desert!" The reasons of this dislike were very simple. The nobility were accustomed to an easy life in Moscow, where they had large houses, where they had plenty of servants and good horses, and where nearly all their provisions were brought from their own estates or else bought very cheaply in the Moscow market. In St. Petersburg they were obliged to build new houses at great expense; they no longer could easily send to their estates for provisions and additional servants; everything had to come an immense distance; the cost of living was very great, and more than that, the climate was very unhealthy. They had none of the comforts, none of the amusements of Moscow. They did not care for boats or for sailing, and they could not even leave town for a country place, because St. Petersburg was surrounded by nothing but woods and bogs.

The frequent inundations, the bad climate, and the marshy soil all produced disease, and the mortality among the workmen employed in building the town was frightful. At the same time, even with the cold, the damp, and the dysentery, it is impossible to trust the statement current abroad soon afterward, that as many as two hundred thousand men lost their lives in building the city, which would be at the rate of ten thousand a year for twenty years. At the same time, we must remember that even now St. Petersburg is a deadly city, and one of the few in the world where the death rate always exceeds the birth rate. It is only kept in existence by immigrations from the country.

The building of St. Petersburg seems almost like a freak. Its construction became a passion with Peter, and no obstacles could be found great enough to prevent his carrying out his design, and yet it was nothing but a very costly and an almost useless toy. The fortress on which so much money and so much life were spent, then, as now, pro-

tected nothing. Its guns could never reach the enemy, unless the town had been previously taken. It now protects nothing but the Mint, and the cathedral containing the imperial tombs. During the reign of Peter's successors, its walls were used as a suitable background for fire-works and illuminations, and its casemates have always been found convenient for the reception of political prisoners. Strategically it was necessary to protect the mouth of the Neva, but this was done by Cronstadt. Commercially, St. Petersburg was of importance as being a sea-port, but the conquest, soon after, of Reval and Riga gave to Russia new and better ports, and the high price of living at St. Petersburg added burdens to the commerce there which nearly equalized the advantages. Even then, Riga was almost as near Moscow as was St. Petersburg, and had a good straight road been constructed, commerce would have quickly taken that channel. This was not done, and the great *détour* necessary sent commerce to St. Petersburg. At the present time, with the railways to Riga, Reval, and other points on the Baltic, the commerce of St. Petersburg, proportionally with other places, is declining. The receipts from duties on foreign goods are fully as great at Moscow as at St. Petersburg. The commerce of Riga, Reval, Libau, and Baltic Port is constantly increasing, while Königsberg and other Prussian ports receive a great quantity of Russian trade.

St. Petersburg may once have been what Count Algarotti called it in 1769—a great window for Russia to look out at Europe, but it is so no longer. The traveler from London or Paris can go as easily and as quickly to Moscow as to St. Petersburg. The European ideas, and customs, and fashions which came to St. Petersburg turned it, even in Peter's time, into a thoroughly European town, and such it has always remained; but the ideas of Europe took a long time to pass over the four hundred miles of desolate country stretching between the capital and Moscow, and, in the same way, the provinces found great difficulty in making their complaints, their wants, and their situation known at St. Petersburg. Until most recent times, there was only one road leading from the interior to St. Petersburg, and communication was difficult and easily interrupted. The government of the country was, indeed, always carried on, but, as far as regarded its sympathy with the population, its knowledge of their

needs and wants, it might as well have been on a distant island. This was felt even in the last century, and Vockerodt, writing in 1737, says: "As concerns the common weal, the residence of the court at St. Petersburg seems likewise to be more harmful than advantageous, and it is still the great question whether the sovereign of Russia does not in this way stand in his own light, and prejudice his own power. All affairs relating to justice and the internal government of the country can be much more promptly cared for at Moscow, in the middle of the country; and the Russian commandants, who are so very much inclined to stealing, will be much better held in check from Moscow than from St. Petersburg, which lies quite at one end of the Empire." He adds that "no advantage has been obtained by the country from St. Petersburg which would not have been had in far greater measure at Moscow, had the government been left there. What sort of a difference this makes was shown by the experience of the government of Peter II., and in the first years of the present Empress [Anne]. When the court went to Moscow, in 1728, not only were all the public chests empty, but also money was so rare among private persons that interest rose to twelve and fifteen per cent. Two years afterward, about the time when Peter II. died, interest fell to eight and six per cent. All the public chests were again filled, so that the astonishing expenses which the court made at the beginning of the present reign caused no lack of money. But after the court had come back for a few years to St. Petersburg, the whole country (although no new imposts had been placed on it except the recruiting of men and horses for the army) came to a very wretched condition, and a lack of ready money is only too plainly shown."

Even now, with all the pleasures, the comforts, and the luxuries of St. Petersburg, with its agreeable society, its intellectual culture, and its political interest, the foreigner living there for a time feels as if he were out of the world. It is not so much the great distance which separates him from Berlin and Vienna, or even Warsaw and Moscow, as the fact that, except the small collection of villas along the gulf and near Tsárskoe Seló, the country is flat, desolate, marshy, and almost entirely uninhabited for many miles around. The railways which leave the capital pass, for much of their length, over a desolate-looking plain or through cheerless forests. The true Russia is far away.

St. Petersburg derives its whole importance from the fact of its being the capital. It is curious to look at a large place and see how very many of the buildings are owned by the government. Take away the court and the army of government officials, and St. Petersburg would soon sink to a third-rate town.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## CHARLES XII. IN POLAND.

1702-1705.

WE left King Charles, after his defeat of the Poles on the Düna, determined to inflict a severe chastisement on King Augustus, even although in so doing he gave the Russians a clear field. The petitions of the inhabitants of Riga, the representations of the Swedish Diet, the advice of the foreign ambassadors, were all rejected with scorn. Charles refused to listen to any propositions of treating with King Augustus, and would be satisfied with nothing less than his dethronement. To the Diet he replied that he considered it "derogatory to himself and to his honor to have the slightest dealings with a man who had acted in such a dishonorable and shameful way"; and to the King of France he wrote that "the conduct of King Augustus was so shameful and base that it deserved the vengeance of God and the contempt of all right-thinking men." General Spens said of the king: "He believes that he is an agent of God on earth, sent to punish every act of faithlessness."

Whether a Swedish invasion of Russia would have been successful or not, whether Charles could have captured Moscow or not, at all events he could have prevented the Russians from establishing themselves on the Neva, and from taking Dorpat and Narva. But he was then too much occupied with his vengeance on King Augustus, and was far away on the banks of the Vistula. It might be that the Russian check would have been temporary and not permanent, but it certainly would have been many years before the Swedes would have been driven from the south of the Baltic. It has been often said that an inevitable necessity led Russia to the shore of the Finnish gulf, and that Sweden must sooner or later have yielded to the pressure. Oscar II., the present king of Sweden, who is the ablest and the most careful critic of his great predecessor, says in reply to this:

"There is a certain degree of truth in this view. The stream of emigration has always been from the East to the West, and it is doubtful whether even to-day it has entirely ceased. The discovery of the New World and the beginning of the colonization of the North American continent occurred during the next period after the emigration from Asia to Europe, just spoken of, seemed to have reached its end. In that way its continuation was favored. Can one not say, with good reason, that the Slavonic race, with its fresh, youthful elasticity, visible in so many of the phenomena of its life, like a gigantic air-pump continually sucking, always prepares the necessary vacuum for the steam? Much that has happened and is still happening can be explained in such wise. But although man cannot succeed in stopping the path of the history of the world, and the general development of the fate of nations, yet every one who claims to be called a statesman must not only not favor, but even must work with all his power against, what is evidently harmful to his country. This is a duty to which he can, perhaps, fall a victim, but the right understanding and fulfillment of it separate him from the common herd which listens to the enticing siren voice of the instant, and follows the many-colored standard of fortune wherever it may be raised. The application to Charles XII., and his manner of action, is easily made. His want of perception in treating the northern seat of war as a side issue is so much the more to be deplored, as it was probably then still possible to stop for a long time the conquests of Russia at our cost."

After the victory on the Düna, Charles took up his winter quarters in Kurland, which he wished to punish as being a fief of Poland. He refused to make any distinction between the Polish Republic, which had not declared war, and King Augustus, who had been in the field against him. A feud which had existed for generations between the two great Lithuanian families of Sapieha and Oginski, gave him an excellent pretext for interference. One of the Sapieha family had supported the claims of the Prince de Conti to the Polish throne in opposition to Augustus, and that monarch had, therefore, espoused the cause of Oginski. Charles, under pretext of assisting the Sapieha and putting down the Oginski party, found means of making incursions into Lithuania, and supporting his troops on the country. Meanwhile, the Cardinal Primate, Radziejowski, who, we remember, was one of the parties taken into the confidence of Patkul, Augustus, and the Russians, and who, for a considerable bribe, had promised to secure the consent of the Polish Diet to the war, was intriguing against Augustus. He sent word to Charles that the Polish Republic had nothing whatever to do with the war against him, which the King had made without their consent. Charles replied that the only way for Poland to secure peace was to call a Diet, declare

that Augustus had forfeited the crown by making war without the consent of Poland, and elect a new king. In vain did Augustus sue for peace. He even sent his mistress, the beautiful Countess Aurora von Königs-mark, to Charles's winter quarters, but she returned without even having seen the King, except in the street, and her misadventure was made the pretext for a satirical medal, with subject and legend taken from the story of Samson and Delilah. The chamberlain, Von Vitzthum, fared still worse, for his dispatches were taken from him. The Swedes took pains to spread the story that King Augustus had proposed a division of Poland between himself and the King of Sweden, so as to destroy the Republic and create an absolute monarchy in its stead. To the Polish deputations coming to sue for peace, and demand that their rights should be respected, Charles replied, after long delays, that he would answer them when he arrived at Warsaw, at the same time saying that he had come to restore the ancient liberties of Poland, and to protect them from the attempts of Augustus to establish the absolute rule of his own dynasty. These words certainly sounded strange in the mouth of the absolute Charles XII., and there were many Poles who saw through the thin veil which covered his warlike intentions. In some of the published replies there were sharp criticisms on his conduct, and one of them said: "These Swedes, who, in their own home, are slaves to the whims of an absolute lord, now come hither, as they say, to defend our liberties, although they have not been able to keep their own."

Leaving 8000 men to protect Lithuania, Charles set out in April, 1702, with 16,000 men, for Warsaw, in spite of the advice of Rehnskjöld, Liewen, and Stenbock, the last of whom even questioned the legality of the invasion. Warsaw was occupied without opposition, and a heavy contribution was laid on the inhabitants, for, as Charles said, "The Swedes cannot live on air and water, and the Poles must care for them, as they themselves have invited them."

Augustus had summoned the nobility of the kingdom to his aid. Some responded, but many hesitated, and others flatly refused, believing the rumor so carefully spread by the Swedes of negotiations begun by the King for the partition of the country. He finally got together a force of 20,000 men. Charles could not at this time oppose more than 12,000 troops, and it was necessary to

leave part behind in Warsaw to keep down that city. He therefore waited two months with great impatience for reinforcements, rode out himself to meet them when he heard of their approach, and immediately began to march toward Cracow. At Klissow, on the anniversary of the battle on the Düna, the army of King Augustus was totally defeated, although the Saxon troops stood their ground well. The walls of Cracow were in bad condition, but the citadel was strong. Stenbock, with three hundred men, arrived in the suburb and found the gate closed. He demanded entrance, but the answer was that the keys were not there. He then asked to see Wielopolski, the commandant, who immediately appeared, but refused to allow the Swedes to enter. During the parley, Charles suddenly appeared, and shouted in a loud voice, "*Ouvrez la porte!*" Wielopolski, hearing this commanding tone, had the curiosity to open the gate a little to see who had spoken. Charles immediately gave him a violent cut in the face with his riding-whip, the Swedes forced the gate open, and reached the citadel even before the commandant. For the delay in yielding, a heavy contribution was exacted from Cracow under the direction of Stenbock, who was made governor, or, as he himself expresses it in a letter to his wife: "I am now commissary, and governor, and the devil of the town." In three weeks he got from Cracow 130,000 thalers, 10,000 pairs of shoes, 10,000 lbs. of tobacco, 160,000 lbs. of meat, 60,000 lbs. of bread, 12,000 lbs. of ham, etc.

Augustus retired to Sandomir, where he convoked the Diet. The attendance was small, but the disputes were violent, and Lipski, the Voievode of Kalisz, was cut to pieces in one of the quarrels, having been accused of bringing about the Swedish invasion. The King could not prevail upon the Diet to declare war. The Poles preferred still to use all their efforts at negotiation, in order to persuade the Swedes to withdraw and to leave the Republic in peace. Charles refused to receive the deputation, on the ground that the whole of Poland was not represented, and declared his unalterable resolution to dethrone Augustus. Propositions of mediation from Austria and France were likewise rejected. Nothing would satisfy him but the deposition of Augustus in Poland, and he even demanded his abdication in Saxony. Even still more than the Poles and the partisans of Augustus, did the Swedes themselves beg their king to



come to terms with Augustus, and continue the war against Russia. The Duchess Hedwiga Sophia, Charles's favorite sister, herself intervened, but could make no change in her brother's plans. Just at this time came the news of Schlippenbach's defeats, and of the terrible devastation of Livonia. The army was excited by this news, and at a council of war the generals unanimously made a representation to the King, expressing their desire to leave Poland and rescue the Livonian provinces from the Tsar. Charles replied shortly: "My honor, my conscience, and the security of my kingdom do not allow me to fulfill your wishes"; and it is said that he added: "Even if I should have to remain here fifty years, I would not leave the country until Augustus is dethroned."

In hastening out one day to see the exercise of some Polish troops who had been collected by Stenbock, the horse of the King stumbled over a tent-rope, and Charles broke his left leg above the knee. His physicians feared grave consequences if he remained in the tent, and he was taken to a house in the suburbs of Cracow, where he lay for many weeks. The news of his accident was kept as secret as possible, but his sudden disappearance excited much comment, and rumors of his death were, for a long time, current. As soon as he was able to mount his horse again, he took up his winter quarters in the neighborhood of San-dimir.

The promises which Charles had made on entering Poland—that he should demand only the contributions necessary for the subsistence of his army, that churches should not be plundered, and that the property of the nobility should be respected—were kept for only three months. Such complaints reached him from Sweden of the want of money, and the scarcity of every kind prevailing there, that, after the battle of Klissow, everything was changed. Charles resolved that his army should be supported by the Poles. Contributions of all kinds were levied, and the money demands were, in many cases, doubled. If objections were made to payment, estates, villages, and towns were burnt to the ground. During the winter, Stenbock, with 2500 men, was sent into Galicia and Volynia to obtain money, forage, and provisions, and with orders to destroy the estates of all who refused to join the Swedes.

Although the ravages committed by Stenbock's troops and the contributions levied

were very great, the general did not carry out to their full extent the instructions of the King, who says in one of his letters that "the Poles must either be annihilated or forced to join us"; and in another: "All the Poles that you get hold of you must force to follow us, *volens volens*, or ruin them so that they will long remember the visit of Master He-goat. Use your best endeavors to squeeze out, pick out, and get together the most you can."

In the spring of 1703, Charles defeated another army, which Augustus had got together from Lithuania, at Pultusk on the Narewa, to the north of Warsaw, and then advanced to Thorn, which he besieged for five months.

Meanwhile, in June, Augustus assembled a Diet at Lublin. To the general astonishment, Cardinal Radziejowski appeared, and asked private audience of the King. A private audience was not granted, but the cardinal was received publicly, when the accusations against him of introducing the Swedish troops were so strong that he was allowed to say nothing in his defense, but was compelled to kneel down and swear publicly before all that he had not introduced the Swedes, or supported them, or intrigued against the King, and to promise, on his honor, faithful service to his country. Although the Diet still wished to employ negotiations and peaceful measures, yet it resolved to increase the crown army to 36,000 men, and the Lithuanian army to 12,000, and gave the King permission to make whatever treaties with foreign powers might seem desirable. The deputies of the provinces of Kalisz and Posen were not admitted to this Diet, as those provinces were occupied by the Swedes, and it was said their votes would not be free. They, therefore, formed a confederation at Schroed, which was joined by the nobility of several provinces; declared their dissatisfaction with the results of the Diet of Lublin, and took the side of Sweden. Prince Lubomirski, who commanded the Polish crown army, was jealous of the young Prince Wicnowiecki, who commanded the Lithuanians, sacrificed his patriotism to the feeling of revenge, wasted time in petty disputes, and remained an inactive spectator. Nor even could the rest of the army work together. Steinau, who commanded the Saxons, refused to coöperate with Wicnowiecki; Oginski, angry at losing some place he had desired, sowed rebellion among the Lithuanians, and before anything could be done,



the Swedish reinforcements arrived from Danzig, and Thorn was taken.

During the siege of Thorn, requests were again made to Charles to conclude peace. England, Austria, and Holland all intervened. They had, it is true, a selfish interest, for they desired the assistance of the Swedish troops against the French. The war of the Spanish succession had broken out in 1702. Robinson, one of the last English ecclesiastical diplomats, later Bishop of Bristol, but then Dean of Windsor, and Minister at Stockholm, went to Charles's head-quarters in order to impress upon him the discontent and want prevailing in Sweden, and to urge him to peace. An audience was for a long time denied him, but he finally, half through surprise, succeeded in having a conversation with Charles in the open road. His efforts were without success, and his colleagues of Austria and Holland were unable to express their advice. Piper, too, made another attempt, and added, as a new and pressing reason for peace, that the Russians had now occupied Ingria, and had got a harbor on the Baltic. "These events have for Sweden a much more important significance than who occupies the Polish throne." Charles remained obstinate, and the minister could only say: "*Dixi et levavi animam meam.*" During the course of the summer a treaty was made with Holland, by which Charles promised auxiliary troops against France after the conclusion of peace. This made Holland so desirous that peace should be concluded, that, together with Austria and England, the States-General made a new representation to Charles, this time in writing. A brief answer was returned, that nothing could be done until the Polish Republic showed in what manner it was ready to restore peace. By the advice of Raphael Leczynski, Charles now no longer stated openly his intention of dethroning Augustus, but referred simply to his previous conditions, so as not to excite too much the pride and obstinacy of the Polish nobles, who, much as they disliked Augustus, felt themselves bound in honor to retain him on the throne. While so many powers were desirous of peace, two, at least, were glad of the war—Denmark and France;—the latter because it preferred that the King of Sweden should be occupied in Poland rather than turn his arms against her,\*

\* Colonel Lenk, a secret agent of France, wrote to the French Cabinet: "As far as I am able to see through the King of Sweden, I am sure that he will

while Denmark saw with pleasure the great military strength of Sweden wasted in such adventures. Prussia hoped to get something for herself out of the troubles of others, and King Frederick offered Charles 20,000 men to assist him in putting down Poland, provided he could annex West Prussia, while the Swedes should take Polish Livonia and part of Lithuania. In that way he thought the Poles could always be kept down, and that there would be no necessity for dethroning Augustus. This, however, did not fall in with Charles's views, and the negotiations were discontinued.

Charles took the confederation of Schrod, or Great Poland, under his protection, and the sum of 200,000 thalers which Stenbock used in bribes gave him hopes of soon being able to accomplish his idea, so that in December, 1703, he addressed an open letter to the Republic, in which he proposed Prince Jacob Sobieski for the future King of Poland, and promised, if he were elected, to support him until he should obtain quiet possession of the throne. This excited Austria, England, and Holland, and not only did Queen Anne send an autograph letter to Charles, but Robinson again did his best to dissuade him from compelling the Polish nation to depose the king whom they had themselves freely chosen, and urged him not to set such a bad example to the world. Charles replied: "I wonder greatly to hear such remarks from the minister of a state which carried its boldness so far as to cut off the head of its king." The powers desisted from further action, fearing greatly lest Charles should get so angry as openly to support the cause of France.

In January, 1704, the Primate Radziejowski called a Diet at Warsaw, under the pretext of making peace with the King of Sweden, who had declared that he wished to treat with the Republic, and not with King Augustus. In spite of the efforts of Radziejowski and of Horn, who with a large Swedish force protected and influenced the Diet, and at the same time prevented undecided members from running away, the feeling was so strong against foreign interference in the concerns of the country that there was much hesitation and delay; and it was not until April, after the Swedes had brought up proofs of the intention of Augustus to make peace with Charles by dividing Poland, that the Diet

not cease this war till he has ruined his own country. For, if he does not entirely change his character, he will continue to wage war as long as he lives."

declared the throne vacant. Meantime, Augustus had succeeded in seizing Jacob Sobieski and his brother in Silesia, although in so doing he had invaded Austrian territory. He himself was weary of the contest, and ready to make peace by resigning the Polish crown; but the French and Danes still counseled him to resistance. It was necessary now to find another candidate, and when Alexander Sobieski refused to allow his name to be used, Charles, passing over the ambitious Lubomirski and Radziejewski, selected Stanislas Leczynski. There was still another period of hesitation; and finally, when Horn's patience was entirely exhausted, a small meeting of electors was held in the field of Wola, near Warsaw, surrounded by Swedish troops, in the absence of the magnates of the kingdom, and in a manner so contrary to all the prescriptions of the laws that even some of his own supporters drew back, Leczynski was proclaimed Stanislas I., King of Poland. This was in July, 1704.

Now that Augustus had been deposed—regularly or irregularly—and a new king elected, many supposed and hoped that Charles would at last leave Poland, and turn his arms against Russia, in order to free those provinces which had already been occupied by the Tsar. The Swedish King, however, had promised to stand by his candidate until his crown was secure, and the manner of the election of Stanislas diminished the number of his supporters and increased again the party of Augustus. There was enough to do in Poland for a long time.

So long as Augustus could make some opposition to the Swede, Peter could go on with his aims in Russia without doing more in Poland than simply fulfilling his obligations in furnishing money and troops. But now it was necessary to aid Augustus more actively in order to prevent a Swedish invasion. Patkul was therefore sent with one hundred thousand thalers to Denmark, in order to bring that kingdom to acts of open hostility toward Sweden, and had succeeded in winning over the Countess Viereck, the King's mistress, when her death prevented the success of his plan. The Saxon ministers, too, needed presents and promises to render them more vigorous in carrying on the war. Meantime, envoys from Augustus himself, from the Grand Duchy of Lithuania, and even one of the Oginski family, had gone to Russia asking for active assistance. In July, 1703, a treaty was concluded with the envoys of Lithuania, to take

effect as soon as the Republic of Poland had espoused the Russian side. The next year Thomas Dzialynski, the Voievode of Chelm, went to Russia on the part of the Polish Republic, and found the Tsar in front of Narva. Two months afterward, and ten days after the storming of Narva, the 30th of August, 1704, an offensive and defensive alliance against Sweden was concluded between Russia and Poland. Both powers bound themselves to carry on the war actively, and to make no separate treaties. Russia promised to 'compel the Cossack Paléi to restore the towns which he had taken from Poland in the Ukraine, to give up to Poland at the end of the war all his conquests in Livonia, to furnish a contingent of twelve thousand men, well armed, with sufficient ammunition and supplies, and for the next year, 1705, to give the King two hundred thousand rubles for the support of his army, and to make similar annual payments for every year the war lasted.

Immediately after this, Prince Reppin, with twelve regiments of infantry and cavalry, was sent toward Polótsk to act under the Polish orders, but with strict instructions not to assist in any general engagement. Peter felt sure that the Poles would be beaten in a general battle, and wished to harass the enemy by small attacks. Field-Marshal Sheremetief was also ordered to Polótsk, in order to make an attack on the troops of Lewenhaupt in Kurland, during the winter, when the rivers were frozen. By means of Mazeppa, the Cossack Paléi was enticed to Moscow and exiled to Siberia. His private property was confiscated, and the towns which he had seized were restored to the Poles.

The war in Poland had been going on with varying success. While Charles had marched upon Lemberg in Galicia, which he had captured with great booty, Augustus had plucked up courage, and with an accession of troops had surprised Warsaw, nearly capturing his rival, Stanislas. General Arvid Horn, the Swedish commander, was not so lucky, and after a two days' siege in the Warsaw citadel was obliged to surrender. Some of Stanislas's family were captured, as well as the Bishop of Posen, who had declared him king. The latter was sent to Rome for judgment. The Primate Radziejewski succeeded in escaping to Thorn, where he died within a year.

Augustus was joined in Warsaw by eleven Russian regiments, as well as by the Saxon troops under Field-Marshal Schulenburg;

but although he had now forty thousand troops, he did not feel strong enough to attack Charles, and, finding that the Swedes were proceeding toward Warsaw by forced marches, he abandoned his capital, took refuge first in Cracow and then in Dresden, while his army dispersed. Patkul was ordered to abandon the siege of Posen some hours before the time he had fixed for storming it. Charles, after occupying Warsaw, rapidly followed up Schulenburg, who had joined Patkul, and defeated him near Punitz. Four Russian regiments defended themselves with great vigor against Wellingk. They refused the capitulation which the Swedes offered them; they resolved to defend themselves to the last man in the village which they occupied; and the most of them either were killed or perished in the flames. The Swedish soldiers had an opportunity of seeing the difference between the Russian soldiers of Narva, in 1700, and those of 1704.

After having thoroughly cleared Poland of Russians and Saxons, the Swedish army took up their winter quarters along the boundary of Silesia, where, in the town of Rawicz, Charles passed the whole winter and the greater part of the summer of 1705.

#### CHAPTER XX.

##### THE CAMPAIGN IN KURLAND.

THE five years between the capture of Narva and Dorpat and the battle of Poltava were for Peter years of anxiety and distress. The burden of the war came upon Russia; its issue was always uncertain. Rebellions in Astrakhan, among the Bashkirs, and among the Cossacks of the Don, added to the dangers and difficulties arising from the universally prevailing discontent. At intervals Peter suffered greatly in health, and even his domestic happiness, as we have already seen, was alloyed with regrets and presentiments.

At the end of December, 1705, Peter went from Narva to Moscow, which he entered with a triumphal procession, in which the Swedish prisoners took part, and many of the guns of Narva were shown. On the 1st of March he went to Vorónezh, where he staid two months, occupying himself still with building new ships and planning new dock-yards. While there he was alarmed by a report that the Swedes were contemplating an invasion of Lithuania. Fortunately it turned out to be false, as

Charles, with all his troops, was then in winter quarters at Rawicz. Nevertheless, Peter wished to join the army, but, as we know, was detained for more than a month by a fever at the country-house of Theodore Golovin. Menshikóf, we remember, came to Moscow, full of anxiety, to see him, but Peter had already recovered, and, after passing his birthday at Preobrazhénsky, was able, about the middle of June, to start for the front by the way of Smolénsk and Vitébsk. We learn from the Austrian agent that, on his departure, orders were given that during the whole time of his absence prayers should be said in the churches on every Wednesday and Friday, and that business on those days should absolutely cease. This may have fallen in with the feelings of the pious Russians of that time, but it must have been disastrous to the commercial interests of the country.\*

At Polótsk he found waiting for him a numerous and well-disciplined army, composed of 40,000 infantry and 20,000 cavalry, "all in such good order that no German troops are better mounted, exercised, and armed." This Peter owed to the experienced General Ogilvy, who, on the recommendation of Patkul, had left the Austrian to enter the Russian service. Although Peter had generally followed Ogilvy's advice as to re-organizing the army, and had given him the rank of field-marshal, yet he refused to make him the general-in-chief, preferring to reserve this post for a Russian. Ogilvy was liked by the soldiers, but found it difficult to get on with the Russian officers. Although he may have known some other Slav language, he was ignorant of Russian; was compelled to treat with the other generals through an interpreter, and, as a foreigner, was disliked and suspected by them. It had been arranged in the contract with Ogilvy that he was always to have a separate command, and we have seen that he was actually the commander-in-chief during the siege of Narva. Ogilvy had difficulty in acting in harmony, not only with Repnin, who was his subordinate, but also with Sheremétief, who was his equal in point of rank, and the only other field-marshal in the Russian service. Peter, while at Vorónezh, thought to solve the difficulty by putting all the cavalry under the command of Sheremétief, and the infantry under that of Ogilvy. This arrangement was equally displeasing to both, and

\* No official decree of this kind is on record.

if Peter had had any real military experience, he would have immediately seen its impracticability. The problem was finally solved by sending Sheremétief, with a separate command, into Kurland to operate against Lewenhaupt.

After issuing a proclamation to the Poles, stating that the Russian troops entered Poland in consequence of his alliance with the King and the Republic, Peter started with all his army for Wilna.

The evening before the march there had been a regrettable occurrence, owing to Peter's hasty temper. With some of his officers he had, out of curiosity, entered a monastery not far from Polótsk, belonging to the Uniates, or United Greeks, a sect which, originally Orthodox, and still keeping many Eastern rites, had been forced by the Polish kings to submit to the jurisdiction of the Roman Pope. The priests and monks of this sect were far more fanatical than genuine Catholics, and instead of satisfying the Tsar's curiosity, and politely answering his questions, as Catholics frequently had done before and did afterward, they were rude and impolite. On passing behind the altar-screen, Peter was told to retire, as adversaries of the faith like him were not allowed there. Seeing one picture more richly adorned than the others, he asked what scene it represented. They answered: "The martyr Josaphat." "And what does the ax in his hand mean?" asked the Tsar. "That is the instrument with which the heretical Russians martyred him," was the reply. Peter, indignant and angry, if the Roman account can be credited, struck the priest in the face, and then ordered his suite to arrest the priests and monks, and try them as traitors,—for some of them had been Russians, and they were accused of corresponding with the Swedes and of upholding the party of Stanislas. Seeing the small number of Peter's suite, the monks resisted, and the Russians drew their swords, and in a general *mêlée* four monks were killed, and a fifth—a Russian subject, a pervert from orthodoxy—was arrested, condemned to death, and hanged on the following day. Peter so regretted this affair that he felt it necessary, on arriving at Wilna, to publish a manifesto in exculpation of himself, giving a mild version of the whole matter—bad enough even in that form. It is probable that the wine drunk at the supper at Oginski's, just before, had much to do with it.

Two weeks after Peter's arrival at Wilna,

he was greatly disturbed by a dispatch from Sheremétief, stating that he had been badly defeated by the Swedes under Lewenhaupt.

When Charles XII., in 1702, advanced into Lithuania, he left behind him in Kurland a tolerably strong force under the command of General Stuart; but, as that general was still suffering from the wound he had got at the landing on Zealand, the command usually devolved on Count Adam Lewenhaupt, a nephew of Count Gustavus Adolphus Lewenhaupt, the celebrated field-marshal in the time of Charles X. He had studied in the universities of Lund, Upsala, Wittenberg, and Rostock, where he had gained that fluency in speaking Latin which made him frequently useful as interpreter in the negotiations with the Poles, and which was at the same time so rare among soldiers that it gained him from his brother officers the nickname of "The Latin colonel." He had received his military education in Holland and Hungary. Though in the highest degree personally brave, he tried to leave nothing to the chance of war, but studied and weighed every movement, and looked after the lives of his soldiers, sparing them useless dangers and difficulties. He was the exact opposite of the school of officers which had been formed around King Charles, and was frequently an object of their jests. Charles himself respected Lewenhaupt's great qualities, and did him justice, but never entered into confidential relations with him. It was entirely owing to Lewenhaupt that the Swedes had been able to maintain themselves with honor in Kurland. With 10,000 men, which gradually became reduced to 7000, he had on several occasions beaten Poles, Saxons, and Russians, besides obtaining frequent successes in mere partisan and guerilla warfare. In 1703, with 1300 men, he had, at Schagarini, beaten Oginski, who commanded 6500 Russians, Lithuanians, and Poles, and this with a loss of only forty men. In 1704, he had again beaten the combined Russians and Poles at Jacobstadt, even after his Polish allies, commanded by the young Sapieha, had taken precipitate flight, and had occupied Birzhi. In his manner of carrying on the war, he formed an exception to the generals of either side. While the whole of this Polish war was a continued course of murders, slaughters, massacres, devastations, and conflagrations, Lewenhaupt distinguished himself by respecting the lives and properties of the peaceful



inhabitants of the country through which he marched. In 1704, he had indeed burnt a number of villages in Lithuania, but only on the express orders of Charles, in order to put down the adherents of Augustus. Through his unusual mildness, he had so gained the hearts of the inhabitants of Riga and Kurland that they were accustomed to say: "Good Swedes we are not, but we are good Lewenhaupters."

The object of the Russian campaign in Kurland was to annihilate the army of Lewenhaupt, drive him out of Kurland, and attack Riga. Reval would thus be cut off from all communication with the Swedes, except by sea, and the Russian army, in its further operations against the Swedes, would not have to fear any attack in the rear. For this purpose, Sheremétief, with eight regiments of dragoons and three of infantry, amounting altogether to about 10,000 men, set out in the direction of Mitau. General Bauer made a dash on Mitau, penetrated the outside defenses, and produced such a general panic that the commandant had barely time to escape into the citadel. He returned with many prisoners and trophies. Lewenhaupt immediately came to the assistance of Mitau, but it was too late. The Russians had gone. He advanced and took up a position at Gemauerthof, a few miles south-west of Mitau. Here, on the 26th of July, Sheremétief attacked him, and was completely defeated. The Russian loss was great. The Russians themselves admitted 1000 men killed, while the Swedes claimed that 6000 corpses strewed the ground. The Swedes lost about 2000 in killed and wounded. Charles, on hearing of the victory, said: "Our Latin colonel does it very cleverly," and at once promoted him to be lieutenant-general, and named him governor-general of Riga.

Peter, on hearing of this catastrophe, wrote to Sheremétief, saying that the fault lay in the bad discipline of the dragoons, of which he had often spoken, and ordered him to concentrate at Birzhi, to get all the information he could about the enemy's movements, and to punish severely the men who had been disobedient. Three days after, he wrote again: "Do not be sad about the misfortune you have had, for constant success has brought many people to ruin. Forget it, and try to encourage your men." After ordering Sheremétief to endeavor to cut off Lewenhaupt from Riga, he himself immediately set out with the Preobrazhensky regiment and the division of

Prince Repnin, in order to meet him and cut off any movement toward Poland. After his troops had arrived at Birzhi, he received intelligence, which at first he did not wish to believe, but of which he was subsequently convinced, that Lewenhaupt had crossed the Düna, after leaving a small garrison at Mitau, and was safe in Riga. "We have here a great misfortune," Peter wrote to Golovin, "for Lewenhaupt disappears from us as Narcissus did from Echo." Directing Sheremétief to encamp on the left bank of the Düna, opposite to Riga, Peter attacked Mitau, which, after a short siege and a ten-hours' bombardment, capitulated. The fortress of Bauske followed suit.

It was impossible to begin the siege of Riga. News had come of what at first appeared to be a formidable rebellion in Astrakhan, and Sheremétief with part of his force was sent to put it down. It was of far more importance to resist the advance of King Charles, who had now subjected Poland, than it was to take the fortresses of Riga and Reval. Giving up, therefore, any attempt to hold Kurland, Peter went to Grodno, which had been fixed upon for the winter quarters of the Russian army. Ogilvy, as the only field-marshal, now had the sole command. But the question of the proper site for winter quarters had caused a dispute between him and Menshikóf, which, although settled for the moment, subsequently broke out in a more violent form. Ogilvy preferred, for military considerations, Meretch, a strong position on the Nieman, about half-way between Grodno and Kovno. Menshikóf preferred Grodno. Menshikóf was nominally subordinate to Ogilvy, but on the basis of his confidential relations with the Tsar, and the knowledge he had of his plans and wishes, he sometimes took upon himself to interfere, in a way prejudicial to all good discipline, and only to be pardoned by the fact that he so frequently acted as the Tsar would in reality have done himself. Among other things, he compelled the correspondence of Ogilvy with the Tsar to pass through his hands, fearing, as he says, "lest by his pointless and impractical letters, like the present, he would bring you into doubt."

From Grodno Peter paid a visit to Tikóczin, about sixty miles to the south-west, where he inspected the Saxon troops under General Schulenburg,—not 6000 men,—and the Lithuanian regiments of Prince Wicnowiecki, which were encamped near by.



Here he was cheered by a visit from King Augustus, who, under an assumed name, had made a long, circuitous journey through Hungary, and had passed a whole night in the midst of the Swedish troops of Rehnskjöld. Peter met his ally a few miles beyond Tikóczin, and spread on the road before him six banners of his rival, Stanislas, which had been captured in the immediate vicinity of Warsaw by a bold foray of Colonel Gorbóf. Augustus, on his part, had brought the ensigns of his new Order of the White Eagle, which, in default of other honors and rewards, he had invented to encourage his partisans.\*

Apprehending no danger that winter from the Swedes, Peter intrusted his army to King Augustus, and about the middle of December set out for Moscow.

## CHAPTER XXI.

GRODNO.—1706.

CHARLES, with all his army, remained inactive in his winter quarters at Rawicz until July. He was still occupied with watching Saxony, and in preparations for the coronation of Stanislas. The new King and his partisans wished to put off the ceremony until the country was entirely free from the adherents of Augustus, and no further danger was to be apprehended. Charles was too impatient for this. Besides maintaining the court of his *protégé* at his own expense, he paid for the new crown, scepter, and regalia which were necessary for the coronation, for the old were in the possession of Augustus. Neither would he allow the ceremony to take place at Cracow, as had been customary. That city was too far from the Swedish cantonments. It was arranged, therefore, that Stanislas should be crowned at Warsaw, under the protection of a Swedish force. General Paikull, with 4000 Saxons and 600 Poles, advanced toward Warsaw, hoping to overpower the small Swedish force, but he was defeated, taken prisoner,

and carried to Stockholm, where he was beheaded as a Livonian traitor. The Prime, Cardinal Radziejowski, by law and usage should have performed the ceremony of coronation, but he had been suspended by the Pope for the part which he had taken against Augustus, and Zielinski, the archbishop of Lemberg, was persuaded to officiate at the ceremony, which took place on the 4th of October, under Swedish management. The Swedish envoys occupied the places which had formerly been filled by Polish magnates. Even the medal struck to commemorate the coronation represented the Polish ship of state steered by the Gothic lion, and bearing on its banner the words, "Under so powerful a guidance." The opposite party also struck a medal,—on one side the effigy of the new King, with the inscription, "Stanislas, by God's grace King of Poland," and on the reverse an actor in crown and robes, with the inscription, "King as long as the comedy lasts." Peter, in one of his merry moods, had his court-fool crowned as King of Sweden, with all sorts of laughable ceremonies.

When the coronation was over, the long-desired peace was at last concluded between Sweden and Poland. Charles demanded the restoration of Sapielha to all his rights and dignities, and special favors for the Protestant religion and for Swedish trade. No indemnity, however, was asked for the expenses of the war. In this Charles carried out the promise which he had made on entering the country, and this measure was received with great satisfaction in Poland, but not with equal pleasure in Sweden, which was rapidly becoming exhausted by the demands made upon it for men, money, and stores.

Although peace was made, yet there was in reality no peace. The greater portion of the country neither recognized its conditions nor the right of Stanislas to make it. The state of Poland was such that even the wife of the newly crowned King did not dare to remain in Poland, but went for security into Pomerania.

In previous years, the Swedish troops had always gone into winter quarters during the autumn, and military operations had been practically suspended during the winter. This year, however, Charles had remained inactive during the whole of the summer, and he now, late in December, 1705, was still encamped in the open fields at Blonnie, just north of Warsaw. The soldiers were not allowed to go to the villages and lodge

\* This Order, which had been originally founded by Ladislas IV. in 1325, and was thus, after a long interval, renewed under Russian auspices, was, after the partition of Poland, adopted by Russia, and is now one of the most esteemed Russian decorations. As established by Augustus, the ensigns consisted of a gold medal, with the Polish eagle on one side and the legend, *Pro fide, rege, et lege*, and on the reverse A. R., the King's initials. It was worn on a blue ribbon. After 1713, the ensigns were changed to their present form.

in the peasants' huts, and the King himself fared no better. When the cold was too severe, he resorted to the old method of warming his tent by red-hot cannon-shot. His kitchen was so far away that his food frequently became entirely cold, and the spoons and forks were covered with frost on reaching the table. Suddenly, the very end of December, Charles broke up his camp and marched eastward, no one knew whither, although all supposed that he had at last resolved on recovering the Baltic provinces. It was soon seen, however, that he was advancing toward Grodno.

The march of Charles was so rapid that in two weeks from leaving the Vistula he had arrived on the banks of the Nieman. The severe cold, which froze all the rivers, aided him. Charles arrived in sight of Grodno on the 24th of January, 1706, having his artillery with him, but having left his baggage to follow. The next morning he crossed the Nieman, two miles below Grodno. The dragoons of General Rönne, who had just arrived from Pultusk, attempted to hinder the passage, but they were so startled by the King, with 600 grenadiers, crossing the river on the ice in advance of the other troops, that they mounted their horses, and after a brief exchange of shots retired to Grodno. The Swedes advanced to the very walls of Grodno, made a prolonged reconnaissance, and finally, seeing the impossibility of carrying the town by storm, and without a long siege, retired, and went into camp a few miles off. Difficulty of provisioning the army rendered a still further retreat necessary, and King Charles finally took up his quarters at Zhelúdok, on the Nieman, fifty miles above Grodno. Here he remained for two months.

The Russians were much surprised at the arrival of the Swedes. Although they knew that Charles had crossed the Vistula, they did not feel at all certain that Grodno was the object of his march, and Ogilvy had presented to King Augustus a plan for a campaign based on very different theories. Grodno stood in a strong position on the right bank of the Nieman, and the Russians had, during the autumn of 1705, surrounded it with a new line of earth-works. The Russian troops at that time in the town amounted to nearly 40,000 men, the best that the country had yet had under arms. A council of war was called, presided over by King Augustus, to discuss whether they should march out and attack the Swedes,

whether they should remain in Grodno and endure a siege, or whether they should retreat. There was, indeed, danger that the Swedes might cut them off from Russia, and they knew that they were not provisioned for a long siege. Ogilvy was strongly in favor of remaining. He urged the sacrifice of the artillery which would be necessitated by the retreat, the loss of life which would be caused by a march in the extreme cold weather, the sacrifice of the garrison at Tikóczin, the certainty of pursuit by the Swedes, which would result in making Russia the theater of the war, and, above all, the ridicule and mockery to which he would be exposed for thus suddenly abandoning a strong place without what seemed to him sufficient reasons. It must be remembered that Ogilvy was not a Russian, that his service in the armies of various countries made him think more of war as an art than as a painful necessity. He would almost have preferred to be beaten according to the laws of war than to be victorious in spite of them. The majority of the council was strongly in favor of retreat, but King Augustus, fearing that he might be accused of causing, in this way, the invasion of Russia, resolved to take what he called a middle term, and presented the conclusions of the council to the Tsar, for his sole decision. Meanwhile, the army was to remain at Grodno; but Augustus himself, taking four regiments of dragoons, went hastily off to Warsaw, promising Ogilvy, however, that in three weeks' time he would return with a Saxon army, which was then advancing against the corps of Rehnskjöld, with the full expectation of beating it.

Peter had only just arrived at Moscow when he received news of the Swedish advance. He at first was disinclined to believe it, and wrote to Menshikóf to ask for certain intelligence. "From whom did you receive it?" he said. "And can it be believed? How many such reports there were in my time." Ordering Menshikóf to send out parties of soldiers to guard the road by which he would travel, he promised to start at once. Meantime both Menshikóf and Ogilvy sent re-assuring letters, first that the Swedes would probably not come to Grodno, and then that in any case they were entirely safe, and could resist all the winter, and that he need give himself no anxiety. On the 24th of January, the same day that Charles arrived in sight of Grodno, Peter set out from Moscow, in spite of what he called "the indescribable frost." The day

before, he had written that his right cheek was badly swollen, but that nevertheless he would set out, and hoped to be with the army in a week's time. "I am mightily sorry to leave here, because I am occupied with collecting taxes, and with other necessary things for the operations on the Volga. Therefore I beg you, if there is any change to send some one to me, so that I may not drag myself along without reason (alas! I can scarcely do it); and if affairs do not change, I should like you to send me news every day, so that I can, if possible, hasten my journey." The weather was such that Peter could not travel as fast as he had expected. It took him ten days to reach Smolensk, and after staying there a day, and having no further news, he set out for Grodno. After proceeding sixty miles, he was met by Menshikóv, with the unwelcome intelligence that the Swedes had entirely surrounded Grodno, that it was impossible for him to go there, and that in all probability the place would be assaulted. Menshikóv had left there on the approach of the Swedes, in consequence of the orders he had received from Peter to come and meet him on the road. This was at Dubróvna. The Tsar wrote to Ogilvy that if he had sure news of the approach of the Saxon army, and if he had provisions and forage to last for three months, to stay in Grodno; but if there were no certain intelligence that the Saxons were coming, not to trust to mere rumor, but to retreat to the Russian frontier by the shortest and easiest way, lest the enemy might cut him off by a movement on Wilna, in which case his staying in Grodno would be of no service. "However, I leave all to your judgment, for it is impossible to give an order at the distance at which we are. While we write, your time is passing. What is best for safety and profit, that do with every caution. Do not forget the words of my comrade [Menshikóv], who on his departure urged you to look more to the safety of the troops than to anything else. Pay no regard to the heavy guns. If it is on account of them that retreat is difficult, burst them or throw them into the Nieman."

Ogilvy in reply said that he could not retreat because the rivers were frozen, and the Swedes would come up to him with their cavalry; that the artillery could not be withdrawn, as there were no horses, and even the dragoons had no horseshoes; that in general the army was badly disorganized, and that he did not wish to sacrifice the

Saxon army, which was already on its march. He had therefore resolved to stay there till summer, hoping either that the Swedes would go away, or that he would be joined by the Saxons. He added at the same time complaints against Menshikóv for having gone away and left him in those straits, as well as for advising the commandant of Tikóczin to blow up that fort and retreat, and repeated all the objections to the retreat which he had previously urged in the council of war. Then, as before and after, he complained of the impossibility of working harmoniously with the Russian officers, who refused to obey him, but reported rather to Menshikóv than to him. He was particularly severe against Rönne and Prince Repnin. He even ventured a suspicion that the suite of Menshikóv was in relations with the enemy. In subsequent dispatches he made many demands for the exact payment of his salary, for reinforcements, especially recommending that 20,000 well-armed noblemen should be organized into troops on the Russian frontier, and asked for a train of several hundred camels.

Repin had written that things were not so bad as they seemed, and that in all probability they could hold out successfully, but that they were very suspicious of their commander-in-chief, for he had been in constant correspondence with King Augustus, and the Russians did not know what it was all about. There were rumors that he intended to retreat toward Warsaw. To Repnin Peter replied that no movement toward Warsaw must be thought of; that it would be better, in any case, to retreat toward the Russian frontier, after throwing the heavy guns into the river; but that if they had provisions, and were certain that the Saxon army was approaching, they might hold out till spring. At the same time, he begged King Augustus to come with his troops to the assistance of Grodno, and to bring them a convoy of provisions. He replied also to the report of Ogilvy, saying that the dispersion of the cavalry was his own fault, as he had himself arranged the stations for their winter quarters. "As to camels, you yourself know how many there are of them in Moscow. We have sent down the Volga for them, but they cannot come quickly, and such a number as you want cannot be found. As to placing 20,000 good and well-armed noblemen on the frontier, it is very astonishing that you propose such an unheard-of affair. Where is that number of noblemen to be taken from? In very truth, it is easy

to write and to order, and to do nothing yourself." Promising to do what he could, he ordered Mazeppa and his Cossacks to advance through Volynia toward Minsk, with provisions and forage, and made arrangements for their reception at Brest. At the same time, Peter took up the idea of protecting the western frontier of Russia by means of walls and ditches, and cutting down trees through the forest region from Pskov to Briansk, and further into the steppe. Cyril Narýshkin, the commandant of Dorpat, and the engineer Kortchnin, now a captain of the guard, were intrusted with this, and after two months of hard work had gone far toward the fulfillment of his orders.

At Grodno there were two difficulties. Forage and provisions were rapidly getting out, and the letters and orders of Peter could not be read. They were all written in cipher, and Rönne had lost the key. Meanwhile the Saxon army, so impatiently expected at Grodno, had been defeated at Fraustadt, on the Silesian frontier, by Rehnshkjöld. Prussian Jews first brought the intelligence, but no one wished to believe it.

Peter was angry and disappointed, and that made him unjust. He wrote to Golovin:

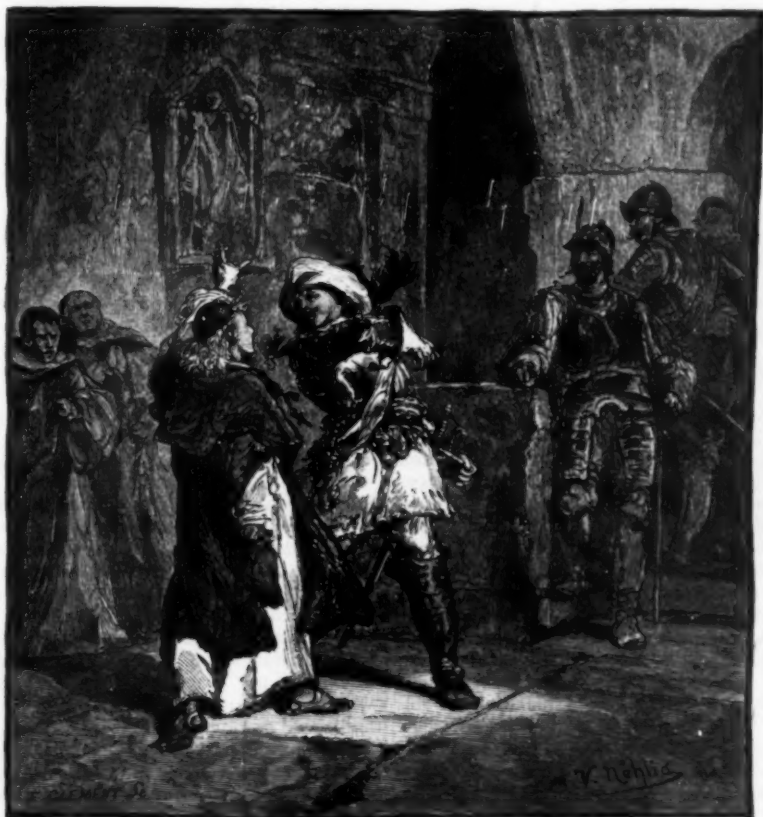
"HERR ADMIRAL: Before this I wrote to you of an unwished-for catastrophe, which I had heard from outsiders. Now, we have full information that all the Saxon army has been beaten by Rehnshkjöld, and has lost all its artillery. The treachery and cowardice of the Saxons are now plain,—30,000 men beaten by 8000! The cavalry, without firing a single round, ran away; more than half of the infantry, throwing down their muskets, disappeared, leaving our men alone, not half of whom, I think, are now alive. God knows what grief this news has brought us, and by giving money we have only bought ourselves misfortune. In this occurrence the treachery of Patkul will be plain, for I really think that he was taken prisoner only that no one might know about his treacherous conduct. The above-mentioned calamity, as well as the betrayal of the King by his own subjects, you can tell everybody (but put it much more mildly), for it cannot remain a secret. Still, tell it in detail to very few."

As soon as he had full details of the defeat at Fraustadt, Peter wrote to Ogilvy, ordering him to begin his retreat at the earliest possible date, although he thought it would be better to take advantage of the breaking up of the ice on the river, which would hinder the Swedes from crossing and following him. He recommended him to take with him nothing except the three-pounders, and to throw all the rest of the artillery into the Nieman, and to conceal or destroy all munitions that he could

not carry with him. He advised him to retreat toward Slutsk, which was a strong place, and where he would be met by the Cossacks, and could make good his march toward Kief, for it was impossible to go either toward Wilna or Kovno. He bade him at the same time keep his preparations secret. Two days afterward, he repeated the same instructions. Ogilvy, in reply, said that he would obey the orders and retreat toward Brest. At the same time, he thought it would be better to remain there the whole summer. "Don't think of remaining in Grodno till summer," answered Peter, "for the enemy, after resting and getting growing forage, will not easily leave you, while, on the contrary, their numbers will be increased by the corps of Rehnshkjöld." After thus giving Ogilvy orders too strict to be disobeyed, and sending Prince Basil Dolgorúky to King Augustus, at Cracow, to explain the reasons of the retreat, Peter left Minsk, where he had been for a month, for St. Petersburg, giving the command of the troops collected there to Menshikóf.

At Toropétz he celebrated the name's-day of his son, the Tsarevitch Alexis, and passed Easter at Narva. "To-day," he wrote to Menshikóf, "after morning service, we went first to your house and broke our fast, and at the end of the day finished our merriment there. In verity, praise be to God, we were merry, but our merriment without you, or away from you, is like food without salt." This letter was signed first by Menshikóf's sister, and then by the "Proto-Deacon" Peter, and all his companions, including even the servants.

On that very day, the 4th of April, the Russian troops began their retreat from Grodno. Three days afterward they were joined by Menshikóf. After taking up the garrison at Tikóczin, they reached Brest on the 15th of April, Kovel on the 24th, and Kief on the 19th of May. Between Grodno and Kief the country was entirely covered by forests and morasses, formed by the river Pripet and its tributaries. It was difficult, if not impossible, for the army to take the route recommended by Peter, toward Slutsk, for Charles and his troops barred the way. The only available road was that by the way of Brest, but it was going around half the circumference of a circle. Charles, who was attentively watching the movements of the Russians, and ready to attack them the moment they left their fortified camp, had occupied Wilna on



PETER STRIKING THE PRIEST IN THE MONASTERY. [SEE PAGE 723.]

the one side, and had prepared a bridge at Orle, five miles above Zhelúdok, in order to attack them if they retreated into Volynia. His calculations were disturbed by the breaking up of the ice on the Nieman, which carried away his bridge, and for a week he could not move. At last his bridge was repaired, and he started in pursuit, but too late, for the Russians were already at Bresscz. Thinking to cut off their retreat, he advanced directly southward on the diameter of the circle, and the first day marched quickly over twenty-five miles. "It is impossible to describe," says the eye-witness, Adlerfeld, "how men and horses suffered in this march. The country was covered with marshes, the spring had thawed out the ground, the cavalry could scarcely move, the wagon-train got so deep

in the mud that it was impossible to advance, the King's carriage remained in the mire, while, as to provisions, we fared so badly that every one was happy who, in that desolate country, could pull a piece of dry bread out of his pocket." As the Swedes advanced into the forest region called Polésie, it was still worse. At last Charles saw the impossibility of catching up with the Russian army, and staid for two whole months in this swampy region, in the district of Pinsk, destroying the towns and villages, which were inhabited either by the partisans of Augustus or by the Little Russian Cossacks. Finally, after devastating the whole country, he turned into Volynia, gave his troops three weeks' rest, and, leaving Lutsk in the middle of July, returned to Saxony.



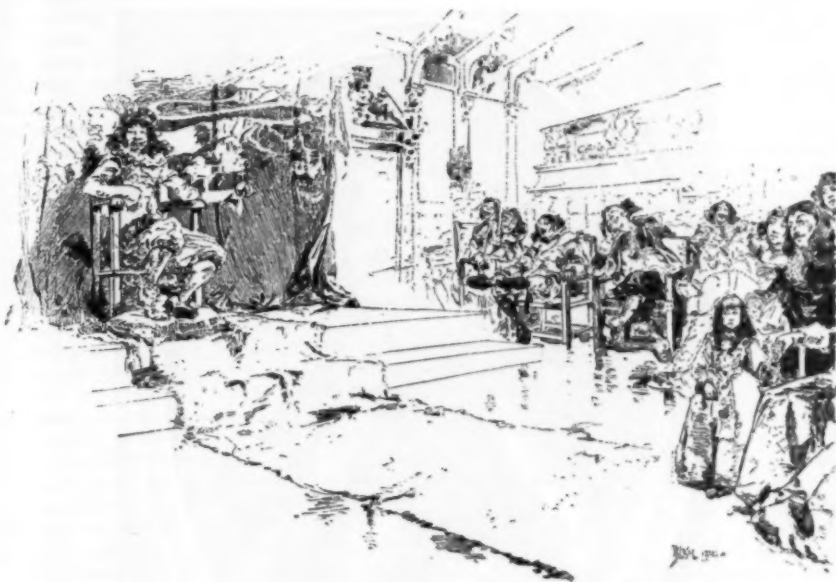
To one of his reports about the retreat, Menshikóv added the postscript: "I do not doubt that you will be very desirous to come to us; therefore, when you start, I beg you order our ladies to go to Smolénsk. Our route lies toward Kíef, whence, if the enemy does not follow us, we will advance to Býkhof, so as to take up our quarters between Kíef and Smolénsk."

"*Mein Bruder*," replied Peter to Menshikóv, from St. Petersburg, on the 10th of May, "it was with indescribable joy that I received Starik with letters when I was at Krons-lot on the vice-admiral's ship *Elephant*, and immediately, in thanks to God, we had a triple salute from the ships and the fort. God grant in joy to see you and the whole army again. And how glad, and then how noisy we were on account of it, Starik himself will tell. \* \* \* For the good news that he brought us we gave him the rank of ensign, and I beg you to confirm it to him. To tell the truth, we were all glad to hear of these things, for, although we live in paradise, still we always had a pain in our hearts. Here, praise be to God, all is well, and there is nothing new of any sort. We will start from here next month. Don't doubt about my coming. If God send no obstacle, I shall certainly start at the end of this month. Earlier than that it is impossible, alas! not because I am amusing myself, but the doctors have ordered me to keep still and take medicine for two weeks, after bleeding me, which they began yesterday. Immediately after that I will come, for you yourself have seen in what state I was when we were separated from the army."

Peter, however, did not start before the middle of June, and arrived at Kíef about the middle of July, having been met at Smolénsk by Menshikóv. Here he staid a month and a half, still expecting a Swedish invasion of Russia. As some protection against that, he set about building a new fortress around the great Petchérskaya Lávrá of Kíef, as Menshikóv had suggested. The fortifications of what was called Old Kíef, standing on the low range above the still more modern town on the very bank of the Dnieper, were then abandoned, and left to fall in ruins. The fortified monastery still crowns the summit of the hill, commanding a distant and lovely view over the winding river and the broad plains to the east of it.

The difficulties between Menshikóv and Ogilvy had been of late constantly increasing. Menshikóv had not forwarded to the Tsar Ogilvy's reports written during the

retreat, on the pretext that there was nothing in them that Peter could not learn from his own letters, and on several occasions Menshikóv had interfered with Ogilvy's orders; and in Kíef, without the field-marshal's knowledge, had had a salute fired for the victory over the rebels of Astrakhan. As Menshikóv himself wrote: "This caused us a little *contra* with the field-marshal. Still, after that he came to church where we were, stood a long time silent, but treated us in a very friendly and politic way, and said nothing about it." Both from Kovel and Lutsk, Ogilvy had written asking, on account of ill-health, to be relieved from service, and allowed to leave Russia. In numerous letters he had complained of the meddling of Menshikóv, and had asked for strict instructions as to who was to be the commander-in-chief, as he did not wish to be saddled with the responsibility for the acts of others. "The general of the cavalry, without my knowledge, in the name of Your Majesty, ordered the whole army to go to Býkhof, and took on himself the air of commander-in-chief. He has about him a guard of infantry and cavalry with waving banners, and makes no account of me. Since then I have learned that, by his orders, Major Holland robbed a merchant from Breslau whom I had intrusted with taking to my sister-in-law various things which I had bought at Kíef, as though they had been wrongly obtained. Loving my honor more than my life, I beg and demand satisfaction. As long as I have been at war, nowhere and never have people treated me so badly as here." King Augustus interfered in favor of Ogilvy, and wrote to Menshikóv: "Notwithstanding all his bad acts, we must let him go kindly and with politeness, and even with presents, so that he should not speak ill of the Tsar and of Your Highness. For presents he is very greedy, and is ready to sell his soul for them." There was probably wrong and misunderstanding on both sides. Ogilvy, while appreciating certain qualities of the Russians, neither understood them nor had confidence in them. The Russian officers found it difficult to obey a foreigner whose orders they did not understand, and of whom, from the simple fact of his being a foreigner, they were suspicious. Menshikóv, feeling himself to be the personal representative of the Tsar, certainly interfered in many ways with Ogilvy's plans and orders, and his conduct was always either condoned or approved by his master. The simplest



THE COURT JESTER CROWNED KING OF SWEDEN. [SEE PAGE 725.]

way, therefore, of settling the difficulty was to accept Ogilvy's resignation, and in October his formal papers were given to him, and his salary was paid in full. He seemed contented, and went away to Saxony, where he entered the service of King Augustus with the rank of field-marshal, and died four years later at Danzig. He was solemnly interred at Warsaw.

It now being ascertained that the Swedish troops had marched toward Saxony, Peter left Kíef and returned to St. Petersburg.

## CHAPTER XXII.

AUGUSTUS AT LAST RESIGNS THE POLISH CROWN.—1706.

EVEN in 1702 the French had suggested to Charles the possibility of compelling the abdication of Augustus by an invasion of Saxony, and there had been hints that even Saxony should be taken away from him. There were many Swedes who wished this with all their hearts, as they thought that thus an end would be sooner put to the war. When Charles was encamped so long at Rawicz, on the Silesian frontier, there was much talk on the subject, and many hoped that what they wished would now be done.

But as England, Holland, and Austria all protested against a step so fraught with danger to them, Charles resolved to banish all thoughts of it from his mind, and carefully avoid any further entanglement in the general policy of Europe. But he saw that although Stanislas was crowned, he was only kept in place by Swedish arms. Whenever the Swedish soldiers were, the country was for Stanislas; the moment they were withdrawn, the country was against Stanislas. While in Volynia, Piper, who had up to that time been against an invasion of Saxony, communicated to the King the news of the French defeat at Ramillies, which made him very anxious, for he saw that the successes gained by the allies had encouraged the partisans of Augustus, and he feared lest the war of dethronement in Poland might last many years yet. He therefore suggested to the King that after all he might be compelled to invade Saxony, for otherwise it would be impossible to bring Augustus to an abdication. Charles at once became thoughtful, turned it over in his mind, called a council of war, and after listening patiently to the arguments of both sides, said that he had decided on the invasion. Leaving General Marderfelt, with 6000 Swedes and about double the number



STANISLAS I., KING OF POLAND.

of Poles, to keep order in Poland, Charles, with his main army, having taken a month and a half to traverse the kingdom, crossed the Silesian frontier near Herrnstadt at the end of August, 1706.

It was necessary to pass through Austrian dominions in order to reach Saxony, but Charles asked no consent of the Emperor. Augustus had several times broken the Austrian neutrality in a similar way, and why should Charles hesitate? Nevertheless he kept his troops in good order, marched as rapidly as possible, and reached the Saxon frontier five days after he had crossed the Oder. After swimming over the Oder at the head of his cavalry, he had indeed been

received by deputations of Silesian Protestants, who complained to him of the persecution they endured at the hands of their sovereign, and he had been unwise enough to promise them redress.

The Swedish invasion produced great alarm in Saxony. Every one knew the tradition of the "Kuhstall," and had heard of the Swedish plunderings and devastations during the Thirty Years' War. The alarm bells were still called the Swedish bells, and naughty children were awed with the "Swede-song." The royal family made haste to leave Dresden. The wife of Augustus, Queen Christina Eberhardina, fled to her father, the Margrave of Baireuth. Her son,

the future Augustus III., then ten years old, took refuge with his uncle, the King of Denmark. The King's mother, the widowed Electress Anna Sophia, the own cousin of Charles, went to Hamburg. The jewels and state papers were sent to the fortress of Königstein, where the Sobieski princes were also confined, and many families took refuge in Brandenburg and the neighboring German towns. We have seen that two years before this Augustus had already had enough of the war, and had serious thoughts of giving it up. The sudden invasion of Saxony, the news of which he received while in camp at Novogrudka, made him still more desirous of peace, and ready to do almost anything to secure it. Several of his predecessors had resigned the thorny Polish crown. Could he not follow their example? Poland had done almost nothing for him, and Saxony, his hereditary state, had made heavy sacrifices in his interest, not its own. It had given over 36,000 troops, over 800 cannon, and over 8,000,000 livres to keep him on the Polish throne. Weary of the struggle, and compassionate toward his own Saxons, from whom he could neither ask nor expect more, Augustus readily yielded to the suggestion of his mistress, the Countess Kozelska, and secretly sent the Cameral President, Baron von Imhoff, and the Referendary Pfingsten to the Swedish army with proposals of peace. The plenipotentiaries at first tried to persuade Piper to abate somewhat the demands of his master. They promised that Stanislas should be declared the heir of the Polish throne, and meanwhile receive a considerable appanage. They then proposed to give Lithuania to Stanislas, and leave Poland to Augustus; but Charles was inexorable. To the suggestion that he should receive some extension to the Swedish possessions around Bremen, he answered, "*Memini me esse Alexandrum non mercatorem*," and dictated the following conditions: That Augustus should forever give up the Polish crown, recognize Stanislas as King of Poland, and never think of reigning again even in case of Stanislas's death; that he should refuse all alliances with other powers in this matter, and especially with Russia; that the two Princes Sobieski should be set at liberty; that all Swedish born subjects who were in the Saxon army, especially Patkul, should be delivered up, while an amnesty should be given to all Saxon subjects in the Swedish service. The Saxon plenipotentiaries thought these conditions too hard, but were told that

if they yielded to them they could probably obtain some moderation afterward by appealing to the generosity of King Charles. They therefore finally consented to sign them, with some variations, for it was agreed that Augustus should retain the title of "King," though not "King of Poland"; that he should never make an offensive alliance against Sweden or Poland; that he should give up the Polish regalia and state papers; and that the Emperor, England, and Holland should be invited to become guarantees for the fulfillment of these conditions, if possible, within six months. During that time the Swedish army would have its winter quarters in Saxony, at the expense of the Saxon Government. Nothing was stipulated in favor of Sweden, at which the Swedes were naturally indignant, saying: "We are always winning battles, but we get nothing by them." These conditions were signed by the Saxon plenipotentiaries at the Château of Altranstädt, on the 24th of October, 1706, and the next day Charles declared a truce of ten weeks. Pfingsten and Imhoff returned to Poland, and met King Augustus at Piotrkow, where he was then staying in company with Menshikóf and the Russian army.

Augustus had met Menshikóf at Lublin. He reviewed the Russian troops, seemed well pleased with them, and was very merry. Privately, to Menshikóf, he complained of his great want of money, and said that he was so poor that he had nothing to eat. Menshikóf, seeing his straits, gave him 10,000 ducats of his own. In reporting this to Peter, Menshikóf urged that something should be done for the King, as there could be no hope from Saxony, where Charles was collecting 170,000 ducats a month. Peter, who, though ignorant of what was occurring in Saxony, was by this time somewhat disgusted with his ally, replied: "You know very well that one always hears from the King, 'Give, give! Money, money!' and you also know how little money we have; however, if the King is always to be in this evil plight, I think it would be best to give him strong hopes of being satisfied on my arrival, and I shall try to come by the quickest route."

Augustus, the Dissembler and the Unsteady, was very anxious, so long as he was with the Russian army, to keep the secret of his agreement with the Swedes, and was in a great quandary, for Menshikóf was advancing to crush Marderfelt, and he could devise no pretext for leaving him. He

therefore begged Pfingsten, on his way back to Saxony, to see Marderfelt, to tell him that arrangements of peace had been concluded, and to urge him to retreat and refuse a fight, in order to avoid bloodshed. Pfingsten, fearing either detention or suspicion of his mission, did not take that route, and sent Marderfelt the letter of Augustus, which did not reach him in time. Augustus, in addition, found the pretext of an exchange of prisoners to send word to Marderfelt and tell him the state of affairs. The Swedish general refused to believe such a statement, coming from his enemy, and a subsequent message of Augustus to the same purpose was likewise treated with contempt. Both Swedes and Poles desired a fight.

A battle finally took place at Kalisz, on the 29th of October, and after a three-hours' conflict the Swedes were thoroughly beaten, losing about 3000 men. The remainder surrendered the next day. This was the first great battle in which the Russians had met the Swedes in the open field and were victorious. Menshikóf had had his revenge on Ogilvy.

Augustus could repair what had been done in only one way. On the ground that he had been personally present in the battle, he demanded the disposition of the Swedish prisoners, promising to exchange them within three months for the Russian officers imprisoned at Stockholm, or to return them to the Russians. Menshikóf yielded to the threat of a rupture with Russia, and once Augustus had the prisoners in his hands, he sent them to Pomerania on their parole. He himself went to Warsaw, where he as-

sisted at the solemn *Te Deum* for the victory of Kalisz, issued a universal decree forbidding the Poles, under pain of fire and sword, to assist the Swedes, and at the same time wrote Charles a letter of excuses and regrets for the battle. A week after his arrival at Warsaw, Augustus declared to Prince Basil Dolgorúky, the Tsar's commissary, that he could not leave Saxony to be ruined, and that he saw no other means of saving it than by concluding a peace with the King of Sweden and giving up Poland, but that this would be only a subterfuge, and as soon as he had got rid of the Swedes he would raise an army and act as before, in common with the Tsar. By doing this he had no intention of giving up the Polish crown, or of abandoning his alliance with Russia. Dolgorúky urged him not to take this course, but rather to wait until the Tsar arrived, and see what he could devise. Augustus said this was impossible; the Saxon troops were in such straits that he could not wait for that; but that if he could think of another plan he would adopt it. At the same time, the Vice-Chancellor, in the King's name, asked Prince Dolgorúky for an obligation that the Tsar would pay 150,000 ducats in the course of six weeks, which Dolgorúky promised to arrange. The next day, the 30th of November, after ordering his court to go to Cracow, Augustus left Warsaw secretly in the early dawn for Saxony, where he had a personal interview with Charles, and confirmed the treaty of Altranstädt. At the pressing request of Charles, he even wrote to Stanislas, congratulating him on his accession.

### GLIMPSES OF PARISIAN ART. III.

#### AMERICAN, SPANISH, AND FRENCH PAINTERS IN PARIS.

FASHION, in changing the art of a period or a school, changes as well the direction of the travel of those painters who go abroad in search of subjects. A few years since, it was thought necessary to make long voyages to distant lands to find subjects of sufficient interest to engage the artist's attention. Accordingly, the East became the sketching-grounds of Parisian artists; but recently they have found that the fresh landscape of Europe is as beautiful for a background to a lovely modern

figure as the sandy desert is to a Hagar in the wilderness.

Jourdain has deserted the East, and obtained success and a medal at the *Salon* by painting a canal-boat upon the Seine; while Dettaille, De Neuville, Mlle. Abbema, and Poisson, instead of going south in the winter, go north in summer, as far as London, with which they declare themselves charmed. They do not speak of the fogs and smoke in the usual terms, but with admiration of their picturesque





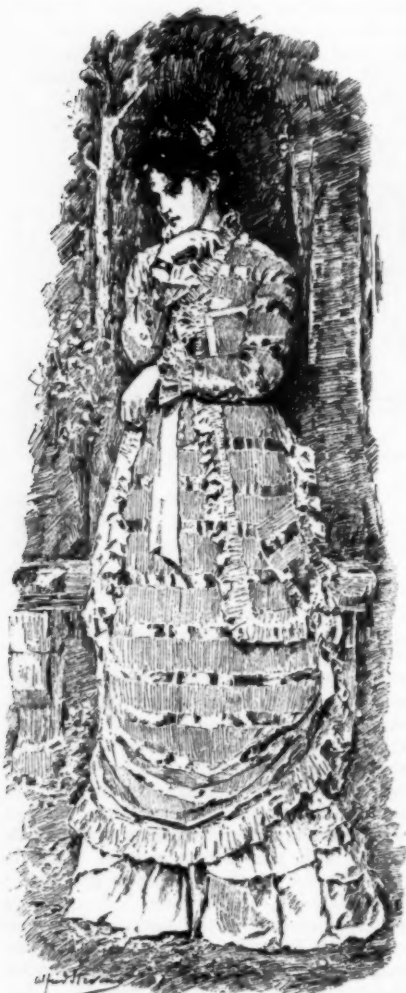
STUDIO OF DUEZ ON THE SEA-SHORE. (DRAWING BY JOURDAIN.)

qualities; for they have visited London as artists, in company with a group of Parisian friends, rather than as forced exiles—a manner in which so many of the French have made the acquaintance of “gloomy London.”

Detaille brought back sketches of the quays and the Tower; De Neuville sketches for a battle-scene in South Africa. Not that he studied English landscape for his backgrounds, but that he could get the documents for his work much more easily there than in Paris, and at the same time study the English type of soldier,—as he was present when some of the regiments returned from Zululand. Poisson has run up the English flag on the yachts he is so fond of painting, and in a late *Salon* picture he introduced a young lady of decided English type.

“Where is the artists’ quarter?” is the question often asked by the stranger in Paris, who generally suspects its location to be in or near what is generally known as the Latin quarter. The Government art-schools and a few private art-schools are located there, but the artists live and have studios in every part of the city. Along the quays their large windows can be seen, and on every side of the Luxembourg Gardens can

be found single studios and studio buildings. In all the eastern boulevards they are numerous, while on the Boulevard Clichy and in Les Batignolles almost every house contains one studio or more, while many buildings are arranged especially for them. But within a few years the Parc Monceau has become the fashionable quarter. Cabanel’s studio, with the entrance from Rue de Vigny, looks out directly upon the park; Paul Vallois’s, in Avenue Velasquez, is entirely inclosed by the park. Meissonier has built a large house and studio, of fine architecture, on the corner of Boulevard Malsherbes and the Rue Legendre. Adjoining him on the Malsherbes is the home and studio of his pupil Detaille, while on the other side, in Rue Legendre, is the hotel of De Neuville, and Berne-Bellecour has a studio but a few steps further on. At the junction of Avenue de Villiers with Malsherbes are the hotels and studios of Leloir, Poisson, Dubufe, Munkacsy, Jourdain, Miss Dobson, and others. Bastien Lepage has recently removed to Rue Legendre. The large windows in the fronts of many new buildings and others in process of erection, show that the artistic quarter of this part of the city is rapidly increasing. It is yet



AUTUMN. (ALFRED STEVENS.)

very new, but Jourdain has put up already three studios, and is now in a charming one, built by the architect Escalier.

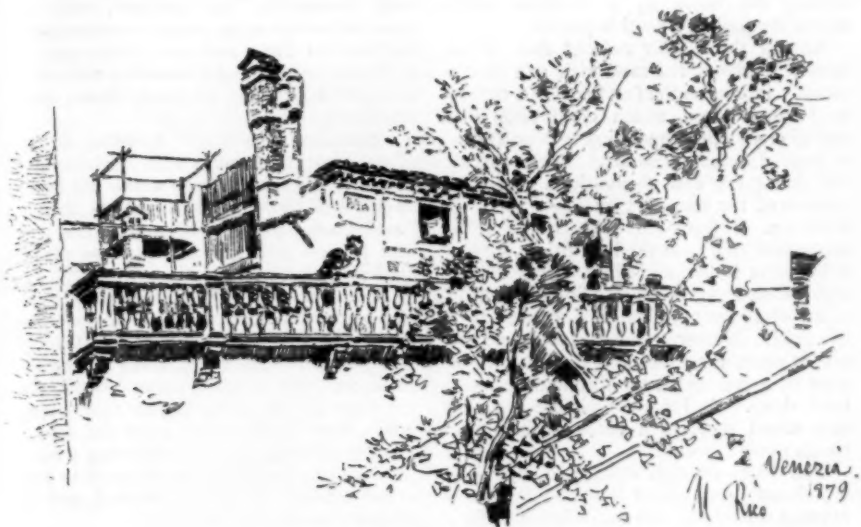
During the Empire, Baron Haussman planned an artist quarter in the vicinity of Passy and the Bois de Boulogne. Land was offered to artists and sculptors on very favorable terms by the city, with proffers of assistance in building. Several hotels with studios were constructed, among them that of Madame Claude Vignon, the sculptress and writer. This enterprise of artistic

colonization was terminated by the war, after which a few artists built in the vicinity of the Park Monceau, and the power of comradeship has been more potent in forming an artistic quarter than was the beneficence of municipal authorities.

The private *salons* or receptions of the Parisian artists have their importance in the politics of art exhibitions and recompenses. For years the receptions at Dubufe's, held weekly during the winter months, were the center for many art movements, and so powerful did they become, and so potent the influence they exerted, that the circle received the name of "The Church." From "The Church" several "chapels" sprang up, which are still in a flourishing condition. The principal one is at Vibert's on Sunday evening, where all the young painters of "the fashion" can be found during the winter. The company arrives late, engages in conversation, music, and art-gossip sometimes, and often singers of renown are heard there, and Coquelin recites one of his amusing monologues. There are beer and cigarettes through the evening, and just as the company breaks up, which it does at a late hour, chocolate and tea are served—or, as it frequently happens, all sit down to a bountiful supper.

At present, the influence of English art upon Parisian is scarcely perceptible, except indirectly. The good English pictures which are produced here are purchased at home, and do not remain in France. Individual English painters have, however, in former years, exerted a remarkable influence on French art, and have even revolutionized it, and thus it is indirectly an important factor in the present fashion. The English landscape-painter, Bonnington, was not only the fashion of the day in Paris, but his sketches are highly valued even now, not as curiosities or historical treasures, but for the same qualities that the modern landscapists seek after.

Daubigny, lately deceased, was in the front rank of modern landscape artists in France. He was a follower of Bonnington, while Constable was the inspirer of Troyon, who founded a school which still exists. A few years ago, a picture by Constable, which had been shut up in some private gallery, was willed to the Louvre. All lovers of art, art-students, and artists went to see the picture, talked of it, and praised it as though it were the last production of some notable painter of the present fashion. The French critics, who do not, by the way, change their opin-



IN VENICE. (RICO.)

ions as easily as those who have a practical knowledge of art, still are apt to oppose all that is English; but Parisian painters were loud in their praises and sincere in their admiration of the collection of English paintings displayed at the International Exposition of 1878.

To the young artist from America Paris presents the most attractive aspects, not because she is the cosmopolitan city, but because her art is cosmopolitan. Americans may be found in every art-school in Paris, and in many private schools established by reputable masters, both for men and women. No city opens her treasures more freely, no artists take greater pride in the success and triumph of their pupils. Americans are well represented in the annual exhibitions, and a number are recognized as holding rank amongst the Parisians. Edward May and W. P. W. Dana are amongst the oldest residents, and Miss Gardner, F. H. Bridgeman, John S. Sargent, and several others have received honors at the *Salons*. Of the two hundred or more American artists in Paris, about twenty can make an exhibition above the average.

The only American Meissonier has ever had for a pupil is D. Ridgway Knight, who has passed his student days, although professional men always remain in a certain sense students, and has settled down near his master in the town of Poissy, a few miles from Paris, and here paints pictures of

peasant life; for, although a pupil of Meissonier, he is not a copyist of his subjects, but treats of the rural life amongst the French peasants of to-day.

Mr. Knight has built, in the garden attached to his house at Poissy, a studio entirely of glass, like an ordinary hot-house, with the exception that more attention has been paid to joining the glass together. Here the artist can work in all weathers, except the hottest, and in winter, with snow upon the ground, is able to sit comfortably and finish pictures commenced in the summer, posing the model in a diffused light, similar to that in which the painting had been begun by a country road-side. There cannot be a more perfect illustration of how the fashion of art, or the art of making pictures, has changed during the last few years than by comparing this studio, which is a good sample of modern studios, with the old, darkly tinted and heavily curtained ones that still exist; here we have only a work-room with white shades upon the south side, that can be drawn if the sun should be too powerful, and a stove for warmth in cold weather.

Vereschagin, a Russian artist, has a house at Maison Lafitte, and has added an improvement to the glass studio by making it revolve with the sun, so that a model or drapery will always have the same horizontal direction of the sun's rays upon it, by

turning the house by a windlass beside which the painter's easel is placed.

Among the "*petits salons*," that of Stevens is, perhaps, the most rich and harmonious. It is upon the first floor, and entered by folding doors, which close upon you, and give you the impression that you are in a large Japanese cabinet. The walls are old dull gold, with decorations. In three corners of the room are exquisite pieces of furniture, of Japanese work, lacquered in black and gold; on the left of the fire-place a buffet in brown-and-black lacquer. The window-shades are white silk with rich designs, while the curtains are brocade silk in old gold. Numerous small cabinets occupy places upon the walls, and a shrine in the form of a crescent is the throne of a household deity. A Japanese picture made of rich raised stuff, in a black inlaid frame, hangs upon the wall.

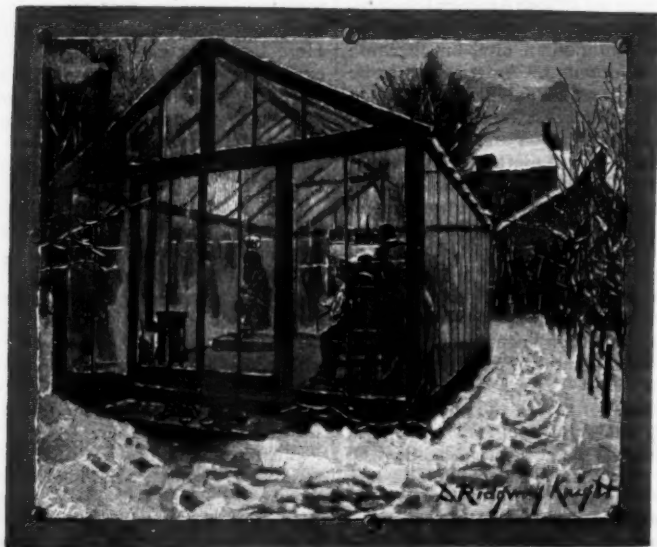
The doors through which you enter having closed upon you, a magnificent picture appears occupying the entire inner surface. A background of black lacquer throws into strong lines the brilliant gold landscape and figures in relief which form the picture. You sit upon elegant divans, cushions, and puffs, and for the time imagine yourself transported to the gorgeous and fragrant furnishings of Japanese nobility; but glancing out of the window you see one of those

large, beautifully kept gardens, with tall trees and shady walks, found occasionally in the heart of Paris, and you realize you are in France instead, but surrounded with those treasures which she so freely draws from all climes.

Egusquiza, a Spanish Parisian, is one of the group of painters who never exhibit at the *Salon*, and whose works are better known in London and New York than in Paris, except to the profession. His pictures possess the brilliant qualities of the modern Spanish school.

The decorations of Egusquiza's studio are, like his paintings, in the new movement of Parisian fashions. The walls, instead of being tinted with some sober or neutral color, are hung with old white brocade silk, the doors having light, delicate-tinted hangings. Two grand pianos—for the artist is a fine musician, and fond of having a friend come in to play duets—stand back to back in the corner. The floor is waxed, and the furniture richly carved.

Juan Antonio Gonzalez is a native of Spain, who, being brought up in the French school of art, shows hardly a trace of its influence. A pupil of the "*École des Beaux Arts*" and of Pils, he manifests through all the force of his early associations and of his Spanish blood. The old saying, that blood will tell, finds few more decided verifications



KNIGHT'S GLASS STUDIO. (FROM A PAINTING BY THE ARTIST.)



THE WALTZERS. (EGUIZOLA.)

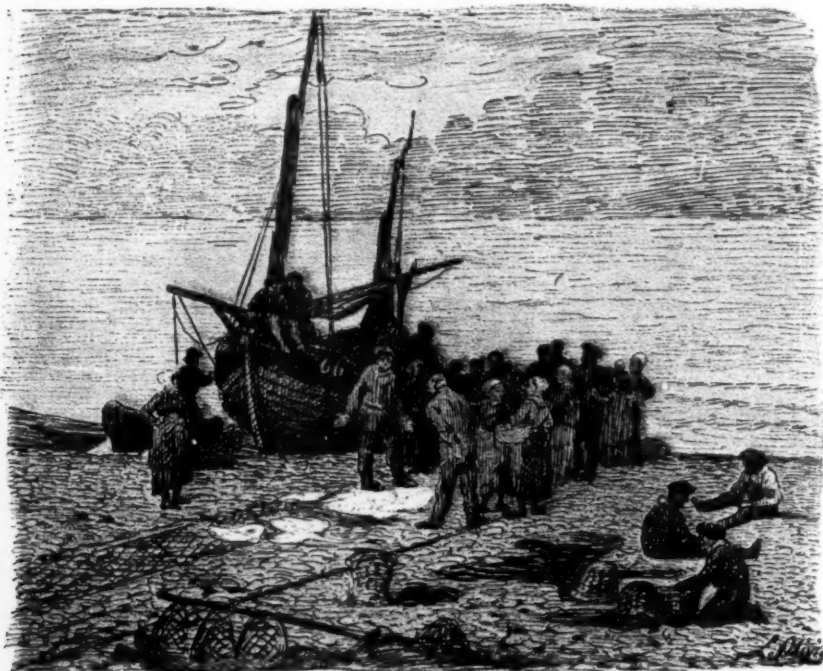
than in this man. The national love for bright colors, characteristic handling, and gorgeous costumes could hardly be more pronounced had the painter received his art education at home. He might be called an imitator of Fortuny in treatment, but in thought and expression he is a very important factor in the sum total of Parisian art.

M. Rico is another painter of the Spanish group of Parisians. His pictures of the squares and canals of Venice are not handled in the conventional manner, but more after the realistic school. A small panel of the "Bridge of Sighs" is made under a cool, silvery sunlight which illuminates the

old mossy walls, darkened cornices, and deep carvings, like a gleam of pleasure touching a face which had long ceased to smile. A bit of color in a gondola underneath and in the shadow of the bridge warms the scene into life. These pictures, while in more sober tones than those of other Venetian painters, are full of color—not gaudily brilliant, but full of rich and mellow tones.

While in the Academy at Madrid, between his regular class-exercises he executed engravings on wood for an illustrated paper, gaining a little money, which he economized *sou by sou* until the fine season came, when the young artist mysteriously disap-





ON THE BEACH. (OLIVÉ.)

peared until September, giving no news of himself even to his best friends.

A remarkable feature in the life of Rico, which, we think, helps to explain the talent of the artist, is his great love of truth and his indomitable will. Finding it impossible to develop under the Academy teaching the landscape gift which he possessed, "he armed himself with a chocolate-pot and chocolate and a well-filled box of colors, and commenced to climb the steepes of the sierras of Granada. Upon the first plateau he met some shepherds, installed there with their flocks. He quickly made acquaintance with them, and, night coming on, he slept beside them in the open air upon the mountain. At day-break the next morning he undid his package, and made for himself as best he could a cup of chocolate, and then went to work. The shepherds looked on, and, little by little, they enlisted themselves in the labors of the young vagabond."

We quote freely from a sketch of Rico: In this life in the open air which he lived, during several years, Rico became lithe and sinewy. In the fine, clear nights his com-

panions explained to him the march of the constellations and the light of the stars,—for the Spanish shepherds, like those of Provence, are all astrologers. Without choice, without prejudice, without preconceived ideas, Rico copied all that came before his eyes—the profound valleys, the savage rocks, the wild goats, the flowers, the flocks of sheep, the clouds that passed, the eagles. Here he lived with his friends, the shepherds, until the return of the cold season, ascending with them plateau after plateau as summer advanced, and descending as cold weather approached.

Rico exceeds even the Spaniards in frugality. With a few cigarettes and his guitar, Master Rico might start this evening for a tour of the world. From thus sojourning in the mountains, the artist has contracted the habit of working only in the summer. The sun alone attracts him to produce, and in winter the painter in him sleeps like a marmot. When the spring-time awakens the woods he disappears into the country, where he gathers his spoils for a year.

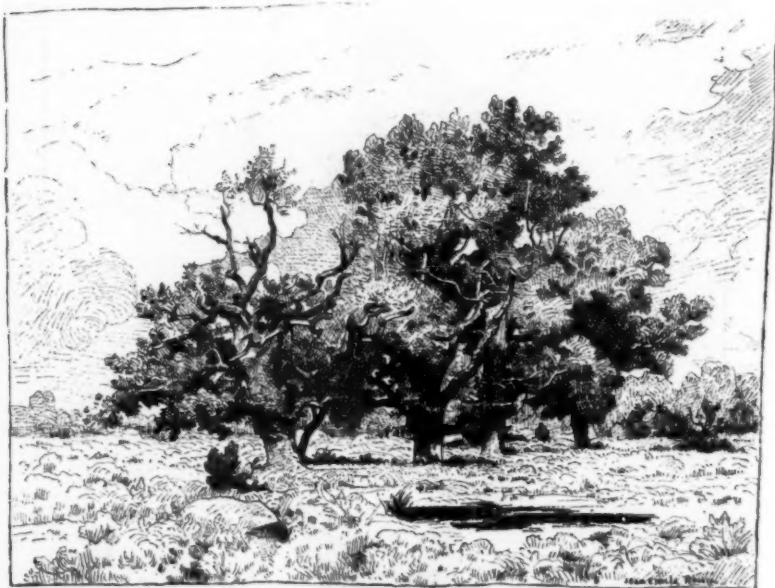
Ribera is a Spanish Parisian who seldom



STUDY FROM LIFE, BY RICARDO DE MADRAZO.

exhibits publicly in Paris. He is yet a young man, but already occupies a prominent position in Parisian art. His studio is a curiosity shop, at the same time admirably adapted for work. Evidently the artist is at home only to his friends, preferring that the public should see his work after it is out of the manufacturer's hands. The place strikes

you curiously as you enter. A bit of carved oak, an old Spanish coat-of-arms, a collection of costumes from all countries, equipments for traveling, great-coats, valises, fire-arms, swords, and foils. Out of this armory the artist is able to select at once the paraphernalia with which to dress his models, and need not go beyond the limits of his



OAKS. (RENIÉ.)

own collection for the settings and accessories of his pictures.

Renié goes to Étretat for the bathing, where, during the season, he may be seen every morning, accompanied by his numerous small family, enjoying the exhilarating pleasure. His pictures have been generally of Fontainebleau Forest, its ferns and oaks; but of late he seems to have deserted them for smiling Venice.

M. Jules Bastien Lepage is a young man whose work has received the warmest encomiums of praise on the part of the public, critics, and his fellow artists. His course has been a triumphal march from the beginning. Competing for the prize of Rome, he was unsuccessful, the jury having awarded the prize to a man of less originality in treatment and in composition, but who confined himself to the time-honored traditions of the schools. When the prize was declared and the doors of the exposition room at the École des Beaux Arts were thrown open, Bastien Lepage's picture was seen to bear mark No. Two. The prize had been given over him. This was the signal for a revolution among the pupils of the school, who proclaimed their indignation at the action of the professors and other dignitaries by

covering the frame of Lepage's picture with laurels and bouquets. These were carried away by the officers in charge, only to be renewed the next day, and during the entire exhibition there was an ovation around the unsuccessful (?) work.

A critic writes in "Le Siècle": "Since the *début* of M. Lepage at the *Salon* of 1874,



FRÈRE IN SKETCHING-SLEDGE. (DRAWING BY HENRY BACON.)



STUDY FROM LIFE. (GONZALEZ.)

with his picture 'Mon Grand-père,' he has seemed to be searching for something. He has now found what he sought. A path opens before him, large and fruitful, while he resolutely advances. With sentiments so individual, with simplicity which touches like that of the grand early painters, with a sure observation and a freeness of hand, nothing to him is impossible; and although not yet thirty years of age, he has already produced a masterpiece." In speaking of another picture, "Les Foins," he says: "What a picture! All the art of Jules Butin pales before it, and since Courbet no one has sounded a note so true or so brilliant."

Paul Mantz, in "Le Temps," speaks of this picture as follows: "An initiation seems almost indispensable to appreciate the full value of the merits of M. Bastien Lepage, the author of 'Les Foins,' which does not seem to fully satisfy certain idealists. What a strange and powerful manner of

painting is his! They have mowed all the morning upon the sloping ground ascending toward the horizon. A peasant woman is seated in the meadow; her companion in work is stretched out behind her. He sleeps, and she dreams vaguely. Here and there on the green grass a few accessories, and in the distance, under a clear sky, the country and the village smiling under the gay light of a June sky. The landscape horizon, deluged with the brightness of a clear, fine day, is truly admirable. \* \* \*

M. Bastien Lepage has since produced a Jeanne d'Arc. The subject is handled in his intense and realistic manner. It is taken from the peasant life of to-day, which is "the lineal descendant" of that from which the warrior-maiden sprang, and while it disturbed, perhaps, the conventional idea of this celebrated woman, it was certainly the point of greatest attraction in the *Salon* of 1880. It has since been bought by an American and taken to New York.

## THE WITCH IN THE GLASS.

"My mother says I must not pass  
Too near that glass;  
She is afraid that I will see  
A little witch that looks like me,  
With a red, red mouth, to whisper low  
The very thing I should not know!"



Alack for all your mother's care!  
A bird of the air,  
A wistful wind, or (I suppose  
Sent by some hapless boy) a rose,  
With breath too sweet, will whisper low,  
The very thing you should not know!



## A DANGEROUS VIRTUE.

## I.

THERE was a great commotion down on the beach. Eight large boats, heavily freighted with boxes and chests, were lying at the point of the pier. The oarsmen were already in their places, lifting their dripping oars, and waiting for the last emigrants to embark. Out in the middle of the fjord the steam-boat was puffing and rumbling and shrieking, and now and then sending clouds and rings of steam up against the spotless blue sky. The mountains, black and solid at the base, rose through a hundred wondrous gradations of color and lightness to a height where their granite outlines seemed to dissolve into the pale-green, sun-steeped ether. Precipitate brooklets plunged down their sides, and traced their white paths of foam against the dark stone; but they seemed so infinitely remote, and their voices were lost in the vast calm which rested upon earth and sky. God's hand was invisibly outstretched in benediction over the pure and perfect day. The fjord, reflecting in its placid mirror the cool depths of the heavens, shut in on all sides by the gigantic mountain peaks, shivered now and then into trembling undulations whenever a sea-bird grazed its surface, and broke in pleasant, rhythmic ripples over the white sand.

At last all the boats were filled with emigrants. Only one belated straggler was still standing on the steps leading down to the water, gazing with tear-filled eyes into the face of a young woman, whose hands were tightly clasped in his own. He was a tall, blonde man of athletic build, with a frank, sun-burned face, and a pair of deep-set, serious blue eyes. There was an expression of determination, perhaps of obstinacy, in his roughly hewn features, and yet there was something sweet and tender lurking somewhere under the rugged surface, softening the harsh effect of nature's hasty workmanship.

The young woman, too, was tall and fair, and of fine proportions; her face was round and dimpled, and had that kind of rudimentary beauty which is so frequent among the Norse peasantry. She had a baby of about three months old strapped over her back, and gazed every now and then over her shoulder, whenever the pudgy

little hands in their aimless gesticulations touched her ears or cheeks.

"You will be sure to come for me next year, Anders," she said, bursting into a fresh fit of weeping. "It will be so hard for me to be left here all alone, and you wandering through the world without me. You know you never were a good hand at taking care of yourself, Anders. And your clothes will need mending, too. Oh, dear me, what will you do, Anders, without me?"

"It will be hard for me to get along without you, Gunhild," he answered, sadly. "But what should I do with you and our baby, as long as I have no house and home? The first year in America is uncommonly hard, they tell me, and I would rather spare you, Gunhild, and take you into a warm, snug home, where you and the baby will find peace and comfort. In the meanwhile, Thorkel has promised to take care of you for a year, and if I do not come myself for you, there will be many friends going who will protect you from harm during the voyage."

"And your fifteen hundred dollars, Anders—don't you tell anybody that you have got it on your person. They might kill you, and then I should never see you again, and the baby would have no father any more. And don't you forget that I put your clean linen on the top in your chest, and your Sunday clothes in the right corner, directly under the hymn-book and the fine shirts."

"No, no, I shall forget nothing. And now, God bless you, wife. Let me kiss the baby. Take good care of him, and be sure you teach him to say 'father'."

The blonde emigrant here stooped and rubbed his cheek against that of the diminutive mummy which was fighting in the air and cooing contentedly on its mother's back. "The little rascal!" said the father, with a faint smile. "He doesn't know that his father is to leave him for so long a time. Give me your hand, baby dear," he continued, addressing himself to the infant, "and kiss me good-bye. And take good care of your mother while I am gone."

He turned resolutely about and descended the stairs; but, on the last step, he lingered, turned his head once more, and leaped up on the pier. They made a fine group, those two, standing clasped in each other's embrace, with the sunlit air about

them, the glittering fjord beneath them, and the white sea-gulls circling above them.

The steamer gave three long shrieks, the oarsmen shouted, and the sea-birds, as if to increase the general commotion, screamed wildly as they rose from the water and drifted in snowy masses through the clear air. The belated emigrant stumbled down the steps and flung himself into the stern of the last boat.

## II.

ANDERS GUDMUNDSON RUSTAD was the youngest son of a well-to-do peasant in Hardanger, on the western coast of Norway. His father, who, during his life-time, had been a magnate in the parish, had left a large farm to be divided among his three sons, and the sons had scrupulously carried out his last instructions regarding the property, and had striven bravely to maintain themselves and their families on their divided patrimony; but it was a hard struggle, and experience taught them daily that without any capital to invest in houses and improvements, their lives would be a continual hand-to-hand battle with poverty. What was worse, they could no longer hope to assert the traditional influence of their family in municipal affairs, and they foresaw the time when their name would no longer be as weighty and as honored as it had been in ages past. The three brothers therefore held a family council in order to determine what measures should be taken to uphold the honor and authority of their ancient name. They were all three rigidly honest, upright, and law-abiding men, and one was as well qualified as another to wield the influence which had belonged to each generation of their race as by ancient right. They were, moreover, men of a strongly moral bias—grave, thoughtful, and tenacious of their purpose when once they had shaped their course of action. When the day for the family council arrived, each had, therefore, pondered out his own solution of the all-important problem, which he clung to with unwavering energy; and it was only after a long and hard-fought competition in generosity that Anders's plan prevailed, and his eldest brother, Thor- kel, as the legitimate representative of the family, determined to accept his self-sacrifice in the name of his race. It was only just and fair, Anders argued, that when a younger brother, by his mere existence, inter- fered with the best interests of the fam-

ily, he should seek for himself a new sphere of activity and remove to fresh fields of labor. By a continual subdivision of the land between the descendants of each new generation, the mightiest race would gradually degenerate into mere tenants and day-laborers, and the influence built up by prudent and laborious ancestors would be squandered and uselessly dissipated by shortsighted and improvident descendants. In order not to cripple his eldest brother in his efforts to assert his influence and independence, Anders volunteered to accept a mere nominal sum—one thousand dollars—as a compensation for his share in the landed inheritance, and, with this, and the five hundred more which belonged to his wife, he hoped to found a new home in America, and to establish for himself an honored and influential name in the great western hemisphere. This was no hasty conclusion which he uttered on the spur of the moment. For two years past he had studied the English language, the pronunciation of which he had learned from the English lord whose guide he had been on his hunting and fishing expeditions for several summers.

The second son, Björn, not wishing to be outdone in generosity by his younger brother, accepted a similar compromise, and, having a turn for trade, resolved to settle in one of the cities on the sea-coast as a lumber-dealer. It was agreed, however, that Anders's wife and child should remain at the old homestead until he should have succeeded in making the proper arrangements for their reception in his new home beyond the sea.

It was the middle of April, 186—, when Anders landed at Castle Garden. His fifteen hundred dollars he had sewed up securely in a leathern belt, which he wore about his waist, next to the skin; nevertheless, the purser on the steam-boat divined that he carried a large sum of money on his person, and, beckoning him aside, warned him, in a friendly whisper, against the dangers to which an immigrant exposed himself by being his own banker. He begged him to hasten to deposit his money in a safe bank, where he could draw it at will, and where, moreover, he would get interest on that part of it which he might not immediately use. The Norseman, who had not let the least hint fall concerning his wealth, was not a little alarmed at the purser's power of divination, and, although saying nothing, resolved on the spot

to follow his advice. He dared consult no one, having a natural distrust of foreigners, and believing, as most Norsemen do, that the principal occupation of Americans consists in outwitting the more innocent and unsophisticated nations of the earth. Having intrusted his luggage to the agent of the steam-ship company, he launched forth boldly, with the intention of taking a promenade through the city, and obtaining a preliminary survey of it before selecting a temporary place of lodgings; but hardly had he emerged from the gate of Castle Garden before he was hailed by a dozen frantic men, some of whom recommended obscure hotels, with much feverish eloquence, while others greeted him as an old, long-lost friend, and insisted upon overwhelming him with affectionate attentions. To our Norseman, who had always looked upon himself and been looked upon by others as a man of shrewdness and authority, it was very humiliating to be selected as an easy prey by these importunate rogues. He had always felt himself firm and free, with his foot planted on his native rock, and it gave him, in this moment, an unpleasant shock to be placed at a disadvantage by creatures of an inferior species. To them, he reflected hurriedly, his ancient name was but an unmeaning, barbaric sound, and it was folly to attempt to assert an authority which no one recognized; he therefore extricated himself as best he could from the crowd, being conscious of a vague uneasiness and annoyance, and dreading to use his superior strength lest he might offend against the unknown laws of this enigmatical country. The noise about him grew more and more deafening. To his ears, accustomed only to the murmur of the sea and the scream of the eagle in the vast solitudes, this incessant tramp of feet, the harsh rattle of wheels upon stone pavements, and the shouts of men in strange tongues were so utterly bewildering that he had frequently to pause to collect his senses, and his reason seemed to be wandering beyond his control. His firm confidence in himself as a normal and well-regulated human being began, for the first time in his life, to desert him. His Norse costume, which he had worn since the days of his childhood, and the propriety of which he had never thought of questioning, now suddenly appeared queer and outlandish; and the half-curious, half-contemptuous glances which he received from the men and women who hurried past him, made him alternately burn and shiver, until

he only longed to hide himself in some dark and quiet place where no human eye could reach him. He trembled at the thought that perhaps these strange people, with their keen, unsympathetic eyes, had, like the purser on the ship, discovered that he carried a large sum of money in his belt, and were only watching their opportunity to take it away from him. The weight of the gold eagles seemed to be dragging him down; his knees shook under him, and his blood throbbed in his ears and temples until he feared to take another step, lest he should fall to the ground and be trampled down by the unfeeling multitude that were pressing about him on all sides. At this moment, just as his strength was on the point of failing him, his eyes fell, as if by chance, upon a huge stone building, upon the front of which was written, in large, gilt letters, "Immigrants' Savings Bank and Trust Company." The word "immigrant" first caught his glance, and by means of the pocket-dictionary which he carried with him he easily made out the meaning of the rest. This was evidently a hint of Providence. An Immigrant's Savings Bank and Trust Company! The latter half of the title, especially, appealed to him; it had such an assuring sound—a Trust Company! The very name inspired confidence. It was exactly the kind of institution which he wanted.

The weary and bewildered Norseman straightened himself up; he took off his cap and ran his hand through his blonde hair. The cool air blew against his throbbing forehead, and he drew a full, long breath, and reflected that, after all, the God of the Norseman could see him even in this remote and tumultuous world, and would not desert him. So he whispered a snatch of an old hymn, and hastened across the street toward the huge granite edifice, which he stopped once more to admire. Surely here was something solid and tangible; no flimsy ornaments, no whimsical striving for originality in design; everywhere square blocks of stone, with an air of stability and grave decorum about them which left no room for doubt as to the civic weight and responsibility of the men who had erected them. And, as if to dispel the last shadow of a misgiving that might still be lingering in the depositor's mind, they had had their names engraved in neat gilt letters upon the granite bases of the pillars which supported the lofty, round-arched portico of the entrance to the bank. The simple

Norseman took his cap clean off, and held it respectfully in his hand, while he contemplated the ponderous respectability of these euphonious syllables. "Hon. Randolph Melville, sr., President"! Who would deny that there was something fine and alluring in the very sound of that name? Mr. Randolph Melville was Honorable—that was a matter of course to the immigrant's mind; for he knew not the cheapness of that frequently so ironical title in the United States, nor did he know the processes by which it is acquired. It seemed more significant to him that Mr. Randolph Melville was the senior of that name, and he immediately pictured to himself the honorable bank president as a white-haired patriarch, surrounded by an admiring and affectionate family, who looked to him for counsel and guidance. With this pleasing picture hovering before his mind, he resolutely entered the bank and placed his cap upon the snow-white marble counter. Behind the little windows half a dozen clerks, with rigidly neutral countenances, were scribbling away busily, and hardly deigned to notice the rustic, who, with the air of a humble petitioner, was wandering from one window to another, and endeavoring to attract their distinguished attention. Finally, a very elegantly attired little man, with an exquisite black mustache, inclined his head slightly toward an opening which bore the inscription, "Receiving Teller," and without responding to the Norseman's respectful greeting, asked him, in a gruff voice, what he wanted.

"I have fifteen hundred dollars," faltered Anders, in indifferent English, "and I should like to deposit it here for some months, until I shall need it."

The teller, instead of answering, bent once more over his books, as if he had heard nothing.

"I have fifteen hundred dollars —" began the immigrant once more; but the teller scribbled away for dear life, and only stopped occasionally to wipe his forehead with a white handkerchief.

At this moment a tall, majestic-looking man, with iron-gray hair and a handsome, clean-shaven face, entered from an inner room and approached the counter.

"What does this man want?" he said, confronting the clerk with a gaze of withering severity.

"He wants to make a deposit, sir," answered the clerk.

"What is your name, my good man?"

asked the majestic man, in a tone of benign condescension.

"Anders Gudmundson Rustad," replied the Norseman, cheerfully. He felt sure that this was the Hon. Randolph Melville, sr., and he reflected with satisfaction that his actual appearance differed but slightly from the imaginary portrait of him which he had constructed at the sight of his name.

"And what is the amount you wish to deposit?" inquired Mr. Melville, seizing a small pasteboard book from a pile which was neatly stacked under the counter.

"Fifteen hundred dollars. It is all I possess in this world—my own inheritance and that of my wife."

"Yes, yes, I understand," said the banker, impatiently. "Hand it here, please."

The immigrant unbuttoned his red waistcoat, unbuckled the heavy leathern belt, and cut the seam open at one end with his knife. He then counted out the large, shining gold pieces upon the counter, whereupon Hon. Randolph Melville pushed them with an indifferent, business-like air into an open drawer, and handed the depositor the little book through the window.

"We pay five per cent.," he said, "and you can draw at pleasure."

"But," stammered the Norseman, who was gazing with a bewildered expression into his book, "I have only given you fifteen hundred, and here you have put down twenty-one hundred."

"Yes, gold is at a premium of forty per cent."

And Mr. Melville, with the same severe and majestic air, turned his back on his rustic interlocutor, and reentered his private office. There were a dozen questions which Anders would have liked to ask regarding the best manner of drawing his money, etc., but he feared to trouble further the great man or his unresponsive clerks, and therefore betook himself away with a helpless mien and slow, reluctant steps. This world was a very puzzling affair after all, he reflected, and as for asserting the influence of the Rustad family and its Norse traditions in this chaotic whirlpool of conflicting interests, why, that was a hopeless undertaking.

### III.

ANDERS RUSTAD, fearing to trust himself to the guidance of the hotel runners, returned that night to Castle Garden, where he slept on the floor of one of the galleries, with his

jacket rolled up under his head for a pillow. Round about him, men and women in all sorts of curious costumes lay stretched out in sleep on boxes and trunks, and their heavy, regular breathing rose in a doleful chorus under the wide rotunda, and attuned his mind to melancholy reflection. He was half inclined to repent of the generous resolve by which he had voluntarily exiled himself from the ancient home of his race, and plunged rashly into a complex foreign world which he was ill qualified to cope with. And yet, he argued to himself, it was but an act of justice, and not of generosity; if his brother had been in his place, would he not have done likewise? Surely he would have acted in the same spirit. Then the thought came to him of his beautiful fair-haired wife, who was longing to share his fate in this new land, and of his little boy, who would grow up, perhaps, to be a powerful man, and would conquer wealth and influence here where there was yet elbow-room for every free and energetic spirit. He built in imagination, first, a snug little cabin, then a stately, spacious mansion upon the western prairie, and he saw his wife entering it for the first time, her fair face beaming with gratitude and pleased surprise. Happy visions floated before his closed eyes, and pursued him into that delightful state of semi-consciousness which precedes the dreamless slumber.

The next morning, Anders resolved to buy his railroad ticket and to start on his westward journey. He felt hopeful and strong, and was half ashamed of the weakness which he had shown the day before. The noise was now positively exhilarating; he had a sensation of being part of it, and it buoyed him up with joyous excitement. The pulse of the world was beating vigorously, and its strong life-currents were beginning to circulate through his own being. The tall, blank-looking edifices from which men kept running out and in, like bees at the mouth of a hive, looked far less forbidding than the day before; their unindividualized severity had, at all events, acquired the dignity of a useful purpose. The sunlight was pouring in a mild, steady stream into the broad thoroughfare; the chimes of Trinity were ringing merrily through the clear air; and the men who were every moment alighting from the crowded omnibuses, with the morning papers in their hands, had an air of self-confidence and success which was almost inspiring. All that a sensible and industrious Norseman

required, in order to conquer a place for himself in this bright and busy land, was a little spiritual acclimatization, and that the years would imperceptibly supply without much conscious effort. I am not sure that Anders's meditations on this subject were clearly formulated in the above phrases, but he had a cheerful sense that his foreignness was gradually wearing away, and that within a short time he would be able to engage in the struggle for existence on equal terms with his fellow-competitors.

While pursuing these pleasant fancies, Anders had reached the corner of the street where the bank reared its stately façade against the blue sky. A dense crowd of excited people, mostly laborers in fustian and shabbily attired women, were gathered about its closed doors, and four policemen were striving in vain to clear the sidewalk and to open a passage for the constantly growing throng of pedestrians. Half a dozen horses, harnessed to enormous drays, were plunging and rearing in the middle of the street, and the drivers were swearing and cracking their whips, while freshly arriving vehicles, with difficulty detained by the policemen, every moment increased the tumult and confusion. Our Norseman, to whom this was a novel, and, on the whole, an entertaining spectacle, rushed forward to assist in disengaging the interlocked wheels, and by two vigorous pulls succeeded in setting one of the drays at liberty. The driver, without stopping to thank him, whipped up his horses and drove off at a rapid trot; the other teams followed, and within a minute the traffic of the street had resumed its usual noisy regularity. Anders, who had hardly had time to wonder at the presence of the crowd, and still less at its fierce excitement, supposing both to be normal phenomena of American life, now respectfully approached a policeman and asked him, in his broken English, if any calamity had happened, and why the people appeared so agitated.

"The bank is busted," replied the officer, laconically.

"Busted?" asked the Norseman, with a vague sense of alarm; for the word "busted" did not exist in his vocabulary.

"Yes; gone up the spout," explained the officer, with a gruff laugh. "Gone where the woodbine twineth."

The immigrant was utterly mystified; by a violent effort he repelled the one rational explanation of the scene, and, clinging to a futile hope, hauled out his friend, the dic-



tionary. But neither the definition of "spout" nor of "woodbine" suggested the remotest clew to the enigma. Looking up, he saw a lean, middle-aged woman shaking her clenched fist in helpless rage against the broad stone façade of the building, which in its granite security seemed to smile defiance down upon her. Angry men were rushing up the front steps and hammering with their heels and elbows against the solid oak doors, while others were threatening the policemen, who were making a faint show of restraining them from further violence. Anders stood and gazed and gazed in numb, shivering silence. He was dimly aware that a great calamity had happened, and that it had happened to him; but the shock had paralyzed his thoughts, and his mind seemed a cold vacuum. He felt a dull throbbing in his head and a strange numbness in his limbs. He heard the screams and curses around him as one hears voices in a dream; the sunlight poured down upon him, but it was no longer the same sunlight he had rejoiced in but a few moments ago; it was rather like something white and heavy—a bright and dense veil, which fell with a positive weight upon his eyes. The crowd now filled the whole street; two or three stones were flung against the windows of the bank; then some one climbed up on the front steps and gesticulated wildly, while appearing to speak, though no one appeared to hear what he said. Suddenly, in the midst of all this tumult, Anders felt himself hurried away by an impulse which he was powerless to resist. He heard a rhythmic tramp of feet, the report of one or two pistols, and saw the multitude scattering in precipitate haste through the neighboring streets.

When he had regained control of his senses, he found himself sitting on a bench in the square in front of the City Hall. A brooding calm had come over him, and he saw with painful vividness the consequences of the calamity which had overtaken him. Where were now the home on the prairie, his son's future, and his wife's joyous surprise? A sense of injury, mingled as yet with sorrow for those that were dear to him, kept burrowing more and more deeply into his soul; and as he recalled the scenes of yesterday—the majestic indifference of the thief and his own humility—keener pangs awoke within him, and he sprang up and shook his clenched fists against the heavens. If there was a righteous God sitting there above, how, then, could such a monstrous

wrong be possible? And, if he was deaf to the cries of the oppressed, was it not then the duty of the wronged man to take the judgment into his own hands, and to help himself to justice? The justice of this world was for the great, not for the small. How could he now, without money or influence, without friends or connections, obtain the means to prosecute before a court of law the robber who had stolen his happiness, his future, and his very faith in God away from him? He remembered well that the venerable preacher at home promised the righting of all wrongs in the hereafter, and that arrangement had always, up to the present moment, seemed in a general way quite satisfactory. He had never seen any reason why the injured man should not be content to bide his time, and then, in the blessed security of Abraham's bosom, rejoice in the torments of Dives in the bottomless pit. But now, in that sudden clearance of vision which often follows in the wake of a great disaster, when the mightily aroused passion flings its fierce light into every corner of the soul, he saw how vague and also how unworthy of a just man was the hope of such a retribution. With every passing instant his horizon seemed to widen; the world re-adjusted itself in his mind according to new and hitherto unsuspected laws, and he saw and felt things which he had never seen and felt before. A burning unrest possessed him, and he hungered for action of some mighty sort. The mere personal wrong had suddenly assumed relations to the world at large, with its hoary abuses, and he yearned to seize hold of its hidden levers and cog-wheels, and to set the universe right.

While these defiant thoughts were rushing through his brain, Anders was moving rapidly across the square, talking aloud to himself, and stopping every now and then to shake his fist at some invisible antagonist. Though at first bewildered by the newness and the noisy commotion of the great city, he was at heart no milksop, and now that the slumbering strength of his Norse nature had been aroused, the tempest within him was not easily stilled. He saw all that went on around him, but only in a remote and misty way, and he felt a sort of fierce satisfaction amid all his misery that now at last he saw things as they actually were. He pitied his old simple self, and thought of his old contented life with affectionate contempt.

The sun rose higher in the heavens, the

day advanced; and still he kept marching up one street and down another, feeling no weariness, but only a feverish need of moving. It was a little after noon that he paused by accident before a sooty-looking building, over the door of which the coat-of-arms of the United Scandinavian kingdoms was displayed. He read the name of the Norwegian consul on a sign attached to one of the steps of the stairs, and yielding to a momentary impulse he entered the office. It might be well not to leave any stone unturned in his efforts to obtain justice. The consul was a tall, well-built man, of stately presence, and with a kindly and refined face. He rose from his seat and received the immigrant with courtesy, as if he had been a high functionary of state. There was something in the peasant's bearing and manner which instantly commanded respect.

"Take a seat," said the consul, inviting Anders to step within the railing which divided the inner sanctuary of the office from the part accessible to the public. "I see by your face that you have something important to say to me."

"So I have, Mr. Consul," said Anders, "though I hardly expect you can do much for me."

And he told simply and straightforwardly what had befallen him, since he landed, up to the present moment.

"Hm, hm; that is a bad story," said the consul; "but whatever I can do for you shall certainly be done. It is unfortunately not an international affair in which your Government can interfere."

"And what would you advise me to do, Mr. Consul?" asked the immigrant, laying both his hands weightily on his knees.

"I would advise you to write to the corporation——"

"The corporation—what is that?"

"A corporation," responded the consul, with a hesitating smile,— "well, a corporation is a sort of composite creature, 'which has no body to be whipped, and no soul to be damned.'"

"Then I am afraid there would be no use in my writing to it."

"Well, then, I would write to the Hon. Randolph Melville, sr., personally, and state my grievance plainly. He is a charitable person, and would, perhaps, be induced to make an exception in your favor."

Anders jumped up as if something had stung him.

"Grievance! Charity!" he cried, indig-

nantly. "I do not ask charity, Mr. Consul—I demand justice! Mr. Randolph Melville stole my money, knowing that it was all I possessed in this world, and knowing, too, that he would fail on the following day. Now, if there is justice to be had in this land, I want to have him punished."

"Aha! That is what you want!" exclaimed the consul. "Well, then, I am afraid I cannot help you. You must remember that Mr. Melville is not the bank; he is only its president, and he does not act without the knowledge and consent of the directors, who, naturally, are no more and no less guilty than he is himself. Perhaps you would like to see the whole company in jail in suits of striped garments?"

"I would; and it is no more than just that, if they are all guilty, they should all be punished."

"My dear fellow, I fear your sense of justice will be the ruin of you."

"I am willing to be ruined in so good a cause—that is, if I accomplish my end by my ruin."

"Heavenly powers!" cried the official.

"What a fierce and unchristian temperament! If you had lived as long in this country, or, in fact, in this world, as I have, you would have learned that insisting so obstinately upon one's right is the surest road to destruction, temporal and eternal. Have we not all daily to accept compromises where, for some reason or other, it is impossible to obtain absolute justice? In fact, isn't our whole political life and our whole civilized society made up of compromises between right and wrong? Prudence dictates it; religion recommends and sanctions it. You know the parable of the unjust steward, and Christ's counsel to his disciples to make friends with the mammon of unrighteousness. Now, in your case, your duty is very simple. Probably within a few weeks a percentage of ten or fifteen cents on the dollar will be declared, and you will get your share. Put that in your pocket and start West, and do as well as you can with it."

Anders stood with his hand on the railing, listening in rebellious silence to what the consul said. To him such a compromise with evil was mean and cowardly, and utterly repugnant. No; he wanted justice, and the last drop of his blood he would stake in his efforts to obtain it.

"One thing more, Mr. Consul," he said, looking up into the latter's kindly face with

his large, serious eyes. "You know Mr. Randolph Melville?"

"I know him very well. I have known him for years."

"Where does he live?"

"Fifth Avenue. No. —."

"Thank you. And will he give up his fine house and have his furniture sold?"

"Good gracious, no! I am pretty sure he will not do that. The house, moreover, belongs to his wife."

"Then he married a rich wife?"

"No, not that exactly. She was quite poor when he married her, but she is very rich now."

"She has inherited money since she was married?"

"No; as far as I know, she has inherited nothing."

"How, then, has she gained her wealth?"

The consul shrugged his shoulders significantly.

"You should not inquire too curiously into family mysteries," he said, with a sardonic smile. "It isn't right nor delicate."

There was a long pause, during which the consul sat tapping the corner of his desk meditatively with his gold pencil.

"If I accept nothing less than a hundred cents on the dollar," said Anders, at last, "what will happen then?"

"You will get nothing."

"Yes, something I shall get."

"And what is that?"

"Justice."

"That is a poor exchange for two hundred dollars."

The door opened and closed, and the heavy, determined steps of the immigrant sounded defiantly in the consul's ears.

"Poor fellow!" he sighed; "he will be sure to come to grief. But for all that, one can't help admiring the fine stuff he is made of."

#### IV.

SOCIETY appears very different when looked at through one eye-glass from its topmost stratum, from what it does when looked at from its nether side through a haze of tears. To a man who can afford French cookery and champagne with his dinner, and who can arrange his comforts regardless of their expense, the ways of Providence are apt to seem just and good; while he who, since he committed the mis-

take of being born, has been tripped up at every step by fatal mischances, to whom the prospect of a dinner is always more or less problematic, and to whom physical comfort is an unknown quantity, is not to be wondered at if he regards the existing order of things as being not entirely above criticism. I have heard people, who have been unacquainted with any severer hardship than dyspepsia after a too hearty meal, moralize blandly concerning the labor problem and the unwarrantable rebelliousness of the lower classes, and devise, in the abstract, delightfully inadequate remedies for the cure of the great social evils; but I have always suspected that a little concrete experience of actual misery would shake the basis of their reasoning, and, perhaps, bring about a radical reconstruction of their social philosophy.

Six weeks had passed since the failure of the "Immigrants' Savings Bank and Trust Company." During this time Anders Rustad had called almost daily at the house of Hon. Randolph Melville, sr., on Fifth Avenue, but he had never been admitted. The colored servant had at last rudely slammed the door in his face as soon as he saw him, and told him that if he dared to come back his master would have him arrested. But Anders was nothing daunted; he had made up his mind to have an interview with Mr. Melville, and was resolved, if necessary, to persevere in his efforts to gain admission until the sounding of the last trumpet. He had, in the meanwhile, managed to subsist, after a fashion, on the little money he had obtained by the sale of his railroad ticket to Minnesota.

He had offered his case to a score of lawyers, all of whom he had bewildered by his inability to comprehend, or his unwillingness to abide by, that system of half-measures and compromises which is embodied in our criminal and civil legislation, and in our political institutions.

"A thing is either right," this poor benighted immigrant reasoned, "and then it ought to be upheld, defended, and protected, or it is wrong, and should be condemned, prosecuted, and punished. Right and wrong can never shake hands and march along through life, arm in arm. If Melville cheated me and robbed me of my money, which his clerk would not take, why then he should be locked up in jail, so that other poor immigrants may be protected against him, and not fall into the hidden trap which again he may dig at their feet."

Anders had grown strangely keen-sighted during these miserable six weeks; all the powers of his hitherto dormant soul had been awakened, and he felt himself growing in mental stature with every passing day. But the feverish current of his thought had dried up his blood and made his cheeks pale and hollow, and his eyes large and brilliant. His disordered hair hung in tangled locks down over his forehead, his beard grew in long tufts over his cheeks and chin, and his intense yet absent-minded expression had so completely changed the look of his face that his own brother would probably have passed him without recognition, had chance led their paths together.

On the evening of May 25th, Anders trudged as usual up the avenue, revolving in his mind some plan for capturing an interview with his slippery opponent. He instinctively tightened his grip on his stout cane whenever an ingenious thought occurred to him, and now and then he stopped to pound the pavement in fierce satisfaction. He did not ring at the front door this time, but he climbed the fence to the back yard, and thence swung himself up on the roof of a vine-entwined arbor, from which, without difficulty, he could reach the dining-room window. It was seven o'clock. The evening was warm, and a great blaze of light streamed out from within through the half-opened window. He saw through the slats of the inside blinds a large company assembled at dinner, and Mr. Melville's massive neck and broad, majestic back almost within reach of his outstretched arm. Next to him sat a beautiful young lady in a cream-colored silk dress, and with a large bunch of pale yellow roses high up on her left shoulder. There was a delicately insinuating flattery in her smile as she turned her fair face toward Mr. Melville, and submitted her airy opinions to his weighty and substantial judgments.

"Really, I can't see why the laboring classes should always be so horrid and discontented," Anders heard her saying. "They have not our fine sensibilities, and they never have been accustomed to anything better than what they have; why, then, should they not accept their lot in a Christian spirit of submission, instead of continually grumbling against Providence, and raising the prices of dresses and everything by their stupid strikes?"

"You are entirely right, Miss Van Pelt," said Mr. Melville, while his lofty smile per-

ceptibly relaxed. "It is what I have always maintained—that the rebelliousness of the laboring classes is the direct result of the wide-spread religious unbelief of our age. That is what these scientific disorganizers have accomplished by their wicked speculations. I have always been an adherent of the good, strong, old-fashioned religions, with sharply defined doctrines and tangible hells. I have myself built a mission chapel at Five Points, and I always subscribe liberally to such objects. What we especially want is preachers of unquestioned orthodoxy,—men who will lay down plainly the doctrine of punishments and rewards, who will maintain strict discipline in their flocks, and teach absolute submission to the inscrutable ways of Providence."

Mr. Melville had delivered this little speech in a clear and emphatic voice, and as he ceased speaking and lifted a glass of sparkling champagne to his lips, an audible murmur of applause ran around the table.

Anders heard and understood nearly every word. He trembled and clung convulsively to the window-sill. There sat the thief, prosperous and honored, and upon his splendid board were heaped up the toil of a thousand crushed and miserable creatures, the hope and faith and happiness of the hungry, the needy, and the oppressed,—all to be devoured in a leisure hour by a company of idle triflers. It even seemed to Anders, as Mr. Melville raised his tall champagne-glass to his lips, that he was drinking down his wife's and his little son's future, and all that was dear and precious to him in this world. He clutched his cane more tightly, but still strove to restrain his fury.

At that moment a tall and corpulent man, who sat a few seats from the host, rose, with some slight difficulty, and demanded the privilege of expressing the sentiments which, he felt assured, animated every one present in this distinguished company. The waiters then began to skip around the table; the corks popped in spite of the efforts of the gentlemen from Delmonico's to restrain their overflowing vitality, and the sparkling liquid sizzled and foamed and bubbled, and threatened to overflow the finely ornamented rims of the Venetian glasses.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the corpulent guest, "it is to-day the sixtieth birthday of our honored host, Mr. Randolph Melville. In proposing the health of my esteemed friend, I shall take the liberty



to call your attention to some of those eminent qualities by which he has gained a well-merited distinction during his long career of public and private usefulness. First, Mr. Melville was, from his very cradle, set apart for a business man. He is in that respect a typical American, and embodies in his talents and in his character the genius of our great and glorious republic. His fellow-citizens have always reposed the utmost confidence in him, and have honored him with a multitude of public trusts; and he has, by his uprightness and unflinching rectitude, amply justified their confidence. His has been a life shining brightly in the broad daylight of publicity," etc.

In this strain Mr. Melville's corpulent friend continued for more than fifteen minutes; neither he himself nor any one else seemed to suspect the faintest shade of irony in his sonorous periods. When he had finished, Mr. Melville rose to respond. His massive head, his clear, handsome features, the expanse of immaculate shirt-bosom which covered his broad chest,—all looked wonderfully impressive. The clatter of knives and forks, and the hum of vapid small-talk ceased; the gentlemen threw themselves back in their chairs, and the ladies, with much rustling of silk and satin, settled themselves into becoming attitudes of expectation.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began Mr. Melville, "it is with deep gratification, and yet with a vivid sense of my own unworthiness, that I have listened to the remarks of my esteemed friend, Mr. Gauntlet. I should, however, do myself an injustice were I to deny that I have always lived and acted in accordance with the light that has been vouchsafed me; and I have been fully convinced that the misfortunes with which I have so recently been visited have been the chastening discipline of a just Providence. And in this faith —"

At that moment something heavy shook the floor, and made the glasses on the table jingle; before Mr. Melville had time to face more than half about, two strong hands seized him by the throat, and a hoarse voice shouted in his ear, "You lie!" He saw a haggard face, covered with a disorderly blonde beard, thrust close up to his own, and he met the gaze of two fierce blue eyes which burned with an unsteady fire. The grip of the iron fingers tightened over his throat; the air grew black before his eyes; and in his struggle to free himself he ground under his feet the broken fragments of the wine-glass

which had fallen from his hand. The male guests, who had been half stunned by the suddenness of the attack, now sprang to their feet and rushed to Mr. Melville's assistance. One or two of the ladies fainted, and others fled screaming to the remotest corner of the room, where they gathered in a promiscuous embrace, and stared with fascinated fright at the struggle of the men. Miss Van Pelt only had the presence of mind to skip across the hall to Mr. Melville's private library, and to touch the electric knob which communicated with the nearest police station.

The floor was shaking; the great chandeliers under the ceiling trembled; for a few moments a dozen men were intertangled in an inextricable knot, which swayed to and fro, now toward the window, now toward the table, until at last it fell in a heap at the foot of the marble mantel-piece. One after another rose panting, surveyed his disordered toilet in the long mirrors, and muttered a half-suppressed oath between his teeth. Only the two original combatants remained motionless; the Norseman lay glaring about him in vague amazement; a shiver ran through his frame; his fury was expended, and seemed to have utterly exhausted him. Mr. Melville lay outstretched at his side, drawing now and then a long, shuddering breath, and closing his fingers with a convulsive clutch. Two or three of his guests were bending anxiously over him, unbuttoning his waistcoat, untieing his neck-tie, and feeling his pulse. Presently three policemen entered; they lifted Anders up and hustled him roughly toward the door. He made no remonstrance; every impulse seemed dead within him; but suddenly, as they reached the threshold, he straightened himself up to his full height, shook his fist threateningly, and cried, hoarsely: "Give me my money back that you stole from me!"

v.

For several months the Norseman remained in the Tombs. No one offered to go bail for him, nor did any one appear to bear witness against him. The monotonous routine of the prison and the degrading companionship with thieves and robbers wore out his hope and his courage, and left nothing but the indignation, burning with a dull but steady flame, within him. With his elbows propped on his knees, and his two hands clutching a tuft of hair on each



side of his head, he sat the livelong day, pondering the deep problems of existence. With eager impatience he looked forward to the day of his trial; for then, at last, he should have the chance of lifting up his voice loudly so as to pierce the deaf ears of justice. He planned in his own mother tongue a tremendous arraignment, and several days passed before it occurred to him that American justice spoke and understood only English. Then, with a miserable sense of his helplessness, he paced the floor of his narrow cell, knocking at times with his forehead against the wall, but hardly conscious of the pain. He felt as if his thoughts were wandering beyond his control, and only when the rage blazed up wildly did it light the dark chambers of his brain and enable him to collect his forces for action. It was at such a moment that a key was heard clicking in the lock, and the consul entered, followed by one of the wardens.

"I have good news for you, Mr. Rustad," said the consul cheerily, grasping Anders's listless hand. "You are at liberty to leave this place at once."

"But, but—the trial," remonstrated the prisoner in a husky whisper.

"There will be no trial," answered the consul, with the air of one giving a very satisfactory piece of intelligence. "There is no one to accuse you."

"Why, then, have I been imprisoned?"

"You know that as well as I do; and you ought to appreciate Mr. Melville's humane and merciful spirit in refusing to appear against you."

"I do not want mercy, but justice!" roared Anders, springing to his feet and shaking his huge fist in the consul's face. "I want a trial, and I want to shout my wrong in the ears of the whole world, and of God himself."

"Now, now, do be reasonable, Mr. Rustad," urged the consul. "Only think of the hundreds, if not thousands, of poor people who are in the same predicament as you are. And do they make such an ado about it? No; they pocket their ten per cent. which was declared yesterday, and thank God that anything is left to them."

"It is that very thought which maddens me," cried the Norseman, still in a frenzy of excitement. "Tell me where they are, these poor, deluded people. Let me find them, and I will shame them into a just and implacable indignation at their wrongs. I will make them blush at their paltry spirit

in meekly accepting one dollar for every ten which was their due."

The consul's face betrayed his astonishment. Was this the language of a simple, untaught peasant, who but half a year ago had few thoughts beyond the common routine of agricultural toil?

"As your countryman, Mr. Rustad, and one who wishes you well," he said, in a voice of grave remonstrance, "allow me to implore you to do as they have done. Accept your two hundred dollars, which you can draw to-morrow, and go West."

Anders turned his back on the consul with disdain.

"You will not listen, then, to the voice of prudence," the latter continued, laying his hand persuasively on the peasant's shoulder.

"No, I will not!" thundered the Norseman. "I will not leave this place without a trial, and I will accept nothing but justice."

The consul shrugged his shoulders, and then, with a glance at the jailer, tapped his forehead significantly. The jailer nodded as if to say that he understood. Half an hour later, Anders was forcibly ejected from the Tombs.

## VI.

HE stood for a moment, bewildered, in the glare of the daylight. A crowd of boot-blacks and ragged *gamins* surrounded him, pulled at his clothes, and jeered at him; but he hardly saw them. The intensity of his thought dulled the outer sense. Twice or thrice he shook his fist at the heavens, then suddenly started with a rapid, feverish stride toward Broadway, and then up toward the fashionable avenue. People who saw him turned to look after him; his gigantic size, his pale face, covered with a disorderly beard, and his lustrous eyes inclined every one to change his course rather than risk a collision. It was early in the afternoon when Anders, without having paused for one instant in his march, reached Mr. Melville's brown-stone palace on the avenue. A beautiful carriage was standing before the door, and the two coachmen, themselves as shiny and well-groomed as their horses, were seated with an air of severe propriety on the box. Casting them a glance, full of hate and contempt, Anders leaped up the front steps, just as Mr. Melville himself, with a whip in his hand, and in the jauntiest of English driving costumes, opened the door from within. Seeing the terrible

Norseman before him, he raised his whip threateningly; an expression of anger or of terror, or of both, passed over his face, and he seemed on the point of beating a retreat. But suddenly his wrath overmastered his fear, and swiftly reversing his whip he brought down the butt-end with a vigorous blow on his opponent's head. Anders reeled, but instantly recovering his equilibrium, he darted forward and planted his huge fist in the banker's forehead. It grew black before Mr. Melville's eyes; he tottered, and, in his effort to keep his footing, wheeled around toward the edge of the stone steps, and fell backward. It was all the work of one brief moment. The grooms scrambled down from their seats, but they came just a second too late to catch their master in his fall. The blood flowed from an ugly gash in his head; a convulsive movement ran through his frame; then his features stiffened. He was dead. Anders stood with folded arms at the top of the stairs, and looked steadfastly down upon the prostrate form. He was conscious of no joy or exultation, but rather of a fierce contentment that justice at last had been satisfied. The world seemed for one moment right.

He had no thought of himself or of his own fate; it was the world's fate, and the fate of the millions who suffered, mutely and without thought of revenge—it was this which concerned him. He could have marched to the stake unquakingly while this mood lasted. When the policemen arrived, he followed them without resistance, and his simple dignity even commanded some degree of respect. The fever in his blood had cooled, and a great calm reigned in its place. But it was not of long duration. As soon as the heavy iron doors had closed upon him, and the daylight fell sparingly through the thick bars of the window-gratings, his mind resumed its former intense activity, and all the problems of the universe seemed to rush in upon him, crying for a solution. Strange to say, the memory of his dear ones at home was well-nigh obliterated in his soul. It was the love of wife and child which had driven him away from his snug hearth and out into the merciless world, and it was the thought of them which had made his misfortune tenfold more cruel and appalling. Now they seemed like a dim memory, which had no longer the power to arouse him. But the wrong, the brutal, fiendish wrong!—this had become wife and

child to him, and he nursed it tenderly in his bosom.

The winter passed, and the day for the trial was appointed. In the midst of his gloom he looked forward to that day with triumphant anticipation. He had spent the winter in diligent study of English, and had drawn up a document in that tongue, which was to be read in the presence of the jury. It seemed to him that its charges were unanswerable and its logic irresistible; he even prided himself a little on the eloquence of certain passages from which, especially, he promised himself a startling effect. He was yet confident that the abuses which he pointed out needed only to be generally known to be instantly rectified; and it hardly occurred to him that it was he himself, and not the dead man, who was to be tried. The consul had engaged a skillful lawyer to defend him, and even volunteered to bear part of the expense. They had agreed to set up the plea of insanity, and had appointed an interview with Anders at the prison, in order to ask some questions and to give him the necessary instructions. He was conducted into their presence by the jailer, who remained at the door while the conversation lasted.

"You have changed much during these months, Mr. Rustad," said the consul, after having introduced Mr. Runyon, the lawyer, "and not for the better; you should sleep more and think less. We are going to get you out of this scrape all right; you need have no fear."

"I have no fear, Mr. Consul," answered Anders, firmly.

"But you must follow our instructions implicitly," put in the lawyer, "or you may spoil everything. You know this is a matter of life and death."

"And what are your instructions?"

"In the first place, we have agreed that we have the best chance of success with the plea of insanity."

"Insanity?"

"Yes, insanity."

"And do you mean to say that I am insane?"

Anders took two long strides toward the lawyer, who lifted his arms, as if in defense, and retreated toward the wall. The guard rushed forward, seized the Norseman by the shoulder, and pulled him back.

"Now, now, my dear Mr. Rustad," cried the consul, "you must keep your temper under control, or we shall never get along."

The lawyer again, though with an uneasy

air, resumed his seat at the consul's side at the table.

"As I was saying," he began, playing nervously with his pencil, "it is not the question whether the consul and I believe you insane. Of course, between us, we do not. But the important point is to persuade the jury that you are insane."

The consul, who was anxiously watching the prisoner, observed again a threatening look in his eyes, and made haste to interpose:

"You understand, Mr. Rustad," he said, in his pleasant, soothing voice, "that the laws of this country require peculiar means to be resorted to, and I solemnly assure you that the plea of insanity (which, in your case, can very easily be defended) is your only escape from the gallows."

"If it is just that I die, then let me die," answered the peasant, calmly. "But I will not owe my life to a lie."

The lawyer, still playing with his pencil, leaned over toward the consul and whispered in his ear. The consul nodded, then said aloud:

"Well, Mr. Rustad, we have done the best we can for you. If you wish to stand friendless and take your life into your own hands, then, of course, you are at liberty to do so."

The consul and the lawyer rose to go.

"One moment, Mr. Consul," Anders called after him. "Here I have drawn up my own defense, which I wish you and the gentleman there to read. It is in this way I wish to be defended."

He placed a large roll of paper on the table, and the two others hastened up to examine it. The lawyer, who was gazing at the opening page over the consul's shoulders, suddenly wheeled around upon his heel and burst into a ringing laugh. The consul, too, was obliged to smile at the curious English, while at the same time the primitive force and tremendous sincerity of the argument, not to speak of the entire absence of legal form, moved him to mingled admiration and pity.

"My dear Mr. Rustad," he said, "it will never do to present this document."

"Yes, yes, it will," cried Mr. Runyon, gayly, snatching up the paper and putting it into his pocket. "By means of this document I shall establish, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the fact of my client's insanity, before judge and jury, and I will bet against heavy odds, if any one has a mind to take me up."

And the lawyer, still greatly amused, dragged the consul with him through the open door, leaving the Norseman alone with the jailer.

#### VII.

THE day for the trial arrived; Anders's arraignment of society in the person of Mr. Melville was read by his counsel, and excited much merriment among the lawyers and astonishment among the jurymen. The quaint phraseology and occasional misapplication of English words called forth peals of laughter, and in spite of the judge's endeavor to maintain order, he was sometimes obliged to relax his stern judicial mien into something resembling a smile. Thus, when the defendant spoke of "the beards of adversity" for "the barbs of adversity," and described the deceased bank president as having been "perforated with moral rottenness," while walking in "the slimy paths of perfidy," the court must have been more than human to conquer its disposition to laugh.

Anders sat pale and defiant in the prisoner's box, but gradually, as the laughter became more frequent, a look of helpless perplexity settled upon his features. He was passionately convinced of being in the right, and if the world was out of gear, it was the world that was ridiculous, and not he. His gaze was fixed with anxious intensity on the faces of the twelve jurymen, to whom, as representatives of the American people, a peculiar sanctity attached. He had a dim notion that they had been elected for the purpose of trying him by the suffrage of the whole nation, very much as are the President and the Vice-President. They, he hoped, would be superior to this undignified merry-making; they would see clearly the justice of his cause, and the dishonesty and insolence of the lawyer who was trying to prove him insane. He saw them retire in order to deliberate; but hardly five minutes had elapsed before they all reappeared, and one of them, who seemed to be stouter and redder than the rest, addressed the judge in a pompous voice, declaring the prisoner to be "not guilty."

"Not guilty"—no, to be sure he was not guilty. It was Mr. Melville who was guilty, and it was a pity he was not here to be tried. Then, after all, there was a spark of right and justice remaining in the world. At that moment the consul and Mr.

Runyon came rushing up to him with extended hands.

"Allow me to congratulate you, Mr. Rustad," said the consul. "You ought to thank this gentleman heartily for his able efforts in your behalf."

"You see, after all we managed to prove you insane," whispered the lawyer, facetiously,—"or rather, as I expected, you proved yourself to be insane without much assistance on my part."

Anders suddenly saw the logic of the situation. In pronouncing him "not guilty," the jury had merely excused his deed by declaring that he was not responsible for it; they had accepted Mr. Runyon's plea that he was insane. Heart-sick and miserable, he turned away, and under the escort of two policemen walked out of the courtroom. It was too late in the day to make out his papers of discharge, and he was therefore conducted to a much roomier and more comfortable cell, where he was only to spend the night. He flung himself on the bed, and motioned to the policeman to leave him alone. He felt as if something had snapped within him like the spring in a watch, and left the vital machinery hopelessly out of gear. He got up merely to try if he could hold himself erect, but his motions were those of an old man. All his confidence in his strength had deserted him. Presently his head began to swim, and a vapor gathered before his eyes. He let himself sink down again upon the couch.

Ten days later,—it was one of those early days in May when earth and sky seem to be united in one joyous harmony,—a peasant woman, in Norse costume, called at the Tombs, and inquired for Anders Rustad. She was carrying a chubby little boy, about eighteen months old, on her arm. She smoothed the child's hair carefully with her hand, while waiting for the reply of the door-keeper.

"Anders Rustad," she said, with anxious inquiry in her voice and eyes. "Anders Rustad."

"Anders Rustad is pretty low to-day," said a man who had been summoned by the door-keeper. "He can't see nobody."

The young woman shook her head with a puzzled air. She did not understand. For three days she kept returning, and at last seated herself patiently on the curb-stone, waiting to be admitted. Whenever the gate was opened, she rushed forward and cried:

"Anders Rustad! Anders Rustad!"

But she received no reply.

It was toward evening on the fourth day that the consul, accompanied by a physician, stepped from his *coupé* in front of the prison. Seeing the peasant woman, whose Norse costume caught his eye, he addressed her and asked her who she was.

"Anders Rustad," she said; "Anders Rustad. He is my husband. This is my child and his."

The consul beckoned to her to follow him, and she kept close to his heels while they mounted the stairs and walked through the long and gloomy galleries.

They stopped before the door of a cell, which was promptly opened. A dim lamp burned on a dirty-looking table, and there was a strong odor of kerosene in the room. Anders lay outstretched, pale and calm, on the iron bed. There was a pained resignation visible in his features, across which flickered now and then a fleeting gleam of a thought.

"Here is your wife, Mr. Rustad," said the consul, leading the woman up to the bedside. "And here is your little son."

The sick man turned his eyes in a tired, spiritless fashion, and fixed them upon his wife and child. The same puzzled look which, except in his moments of defiance, had of late become habitual with him, slowly contracted his brow, and he seemed to be struggling with some remote memory. The woman, too, seemed half frightened, as if doubtful whether this haggard man, with the terrible eyes and unkempt beard and hair, could really be the strong and cheerful husband who, but a year ago, had gone out into the world to prepare a home for her. She stood for a while anxiously scrutinizing his features, then retired step by step toward the door, holding the child firmly clasped in her embrace.

"This is not my husband," she said to the consul, struggling with her tears, which were in her voice rather than in her eyes. "But I am going out to seek him."

"This is Anders Rustad," said the consul, "and if you are his wife, this is your last chance to bid him farewell in this world."

The woman once more drew near to the bed, gazed once more, and shuddered. The child began to cry piteously, and, hushing it at her bosom, she hastened out of the room.

"That was his wife," said the consul to the physician.

"Poor thing!" sighed the latter; "she did not know him."

He stooped down to feel the sick man's pulse. "He is sinking rapidly," he whispered. "It will be over soon."

"Do you know what caused his death, Doctor?" asked the consul, after a long

pause, just as the last spark of life seemed to be flickering in the stiffening features.

"No," said the doctor.

"It was the over-development of a virtue. His sense of justice killed him."

## JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY, R. A.

BY HIS GRANDDAUGHTER.



COAT OF ARMS OF THE COPLEY FAMILY.

began to be known in the staid Puritan society of the place. Gradually, as it was seen that he succeeded well in likenesses,—the most popular form of art,—he became very generally known and employed. Thus it was that John Singleton Copley commenced his artistic career.

A deep and general interest having, of late years, manifested itself in the life and works of this eminent portrait and historical painter,—“the American Vandyke,” as he is called,—I propose to give such a sketch of both as can be drawn from the scanty materials which public and private sources furnish. A quiet and busy pursuit of art, in the retirement of the family circle, furnishes few incidents which are interesting to the world at large, and on applying for such to a relative in England, I received the very judicious answer that “Copley’s life afforded little or no material for the biographer, and that whoever desired to know anything of the master had better visit the National Picture-Gallery and study his works in that institution.” Still, the little that can be obtained may have some interest for those who admire his pictures, and the influence of his example—a

rare one of industry and perseverance in the face of great obstacles—may be an incitement in the future to many in the beginning of an arduous and engrossing pursuit.

From a letter from John Singleton, Esq., of Quinville Abbey, County Clare, Ireland, high sheriff of that county, written to Lord Lyndhurst, son of our subject, in 1825, in answer to inquiries concerning his family, we learn that the father of the artist was Richard Copley, who married Mary Singleton, daughter of that gentleman’s great-grandfather, and that Richard and Mary came to Boston in 1736, and that the former died in the West Indies, where he went for his health, about the time of the birth of the artist, in 1737. The first mention of the name in history is in the reign of Charles I., during the session of the Long Parliament, when Hume mentions “one Copley” as taking part in the stormy discussions of that period. According to another authority, one branch of the family was in possession of a baronetcy, and is believed to be still extant. By the decree of the herald’s office, it was entitled to a cross in its coat of arms, which, according to heraldry, proves that some distant progenitor served in the ranks of the Crusaders. This cross had an especial value in their eyes.\*

After the death of Richard Copley, his widow married Peter Pelham, by whom she had one son, Harry. Though engaged in trade, like almost all the inhabitants of the colony at that time, Copley’s stepfather had considerable knowledge of art,

\* Almost all the armed pilgrims who attempted or who made the conquest of the Holy Land, took for their arms the cross,—sign of the mission to which they were consecrated; or birds of passage,—symbol of the long voyage they were undertaking and which they hoped to accomplish upon the wings of faith.  
—*Alexandre Dumas.*





QUINVILLE ABBEY, IRELAND, SEAT OF THE SINGLETON FAMILY.

and some engravings and drawings of tolerable execution by his hand, still remain. Copley's half-brother, Henry Pelham, had also success with his brush, and was, moreover, an engraver,—in proof of which a fine miniature and some early sketches might be cited, as well as a fine copper-plate map of Boston, published in London in 1777. Indeed, after the family had removed to England, his name appears as a contributor on the catalogues of the Royal Academy, principally in miniature-painting and in enamel. According to the information acquired on the subject from Mrs. Pelham's letters, as late as 1780, as well as from those written by Mr. Copley after he left America, he intended, in fact, to adopt painting as his career. Mrs. Pelham says: "I raise a thousand fears concerning your and Harry's close application to your art, lest it should injure your health. Excuse a mother's anxiety, and let me caution you to exercise enough to balance your studies."

Both brothers must have had a strong natural predilection for art to have manifested it in such an uncongenial atmosphere as that of New England in those old Puritan days, and this predilection undoubtedly had its influence on the home life of our artist even at that early age. His career began under every disadvantage. Slowly and anxiously groping his way, without teacher or model, the very colors on his palette, and the brush he handled, were his own work. Nature had gifted him with a rare appreciation of the beauty and effect of color; to his latest day, the discovery of the "Venetian" was the fond dream of his life. Chemistry, it must be remembered,

had not as yet opened its vast resources to aid in the analysis and combination of new tints, whose durability and excellence could be tested with the certainty of scientific experiment. To his eye for color must be added his love of texture of the richest quality—all that was brilliant and dazzling in female attire, everything gay and graceful in the accessories. It seemed as if his eye delighted to dwell on the rich draperies and soft laces he so well knew how to bring out on his canvas, and which he thoroughly studied in all their combinations and arrangements. He had theories and principles about female attire, which were carried out with a careful elaboration whose effect heightened the charm of the picture; the rose, the jewel in the hair, the string of pearls around the throat, were not accidental, but were arranged according to the principles of taste, which he well understood. The hair, ornamented in harmony with the full dress of the period, the fall of lace shading the roundness and curve of the arm, were in themselves, perhaps, unimportant details, but conduced, by their nice adjustment, to the harmonious effect of the composition. To add to this effect, he delighted to place his subject among kindred scenes. Sometimes we catch a glimpse in the distance of garden or stately mansion, or, at others, of the fountain and the grove; the squirrel, that favorite of his brush, the bird and the spaniel—all treated with grace and facility. His male portraits have a severer dignity, such as becomed the sex. Happily for his taste, rich and brilliant velvets, satins, and embroidery, point-lace cuffs and frills, had not in his day been forced to yield to broadcloth and beaver.



THE BOY (HENRY PELHAM) AND THE FLYING SQUIRREL. (FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY COPLEY, NOW IN POSSESSION OF MRS. JAMES S. AMORY.)

The art of the *coiffeur* and the dignity of powder and wig,—even rouge, it is whispered,—left their traces on some of the stately forms of the colonial court. At that epoch, the love of dress was not considered a weakness, and, as such, confined to the female sex. We have only to consult the pages of the gossiping Boswell to learn, among other instances, the emotions of pride and pleasure with which the heart of Goldsmith swelled beneath the folds of his peach-bloom velvets. Copley himself tells his wife, with evident satisfaction, in a letter from Genoa, October 6th, 1774: "I judged it best to take advantage of so good

an opportunity, and purchased a suit of clothes for the winter. Perhaps it will amuse you if I should inform you what I bought. I will tell you. I have as much black velvet as will make a suit of clothes, \* \* \* and as much crimson satin as will line it; this is the taste throughout Tuscany. To-day I bought lace ruffles, frills, and silk stockings."

Copley's critics complain, perhaps with justice, that with all his skill and finish there is a certain hardness and coldness, especially in the flesh tints of some of his portraits, as well as in the expression; but we must remember the uncongenial atmosphere

in which he worked, and, in many cases, the hard Puritan models before him; the primitive habits and the rigidity of social and religious life, so uncongenial to the



HENRY PELHAM. (FROM A MINIATURE BY COPLEY.)

temperament of the artist,—besides the uncompromising strictness of the ecclesiastical discipline which was in full force in his time.

One fine Sunday morning, having walked into the country, he was accosted by one of the "selectmen," as they were called, who insisted upon taking him into custody for the violation of the Sabbath; and he was only allowed to return in freedom to his house on the plea that his avocations confined him so closely during the week that, on account of his health, he was obliged to take a greater amount of air and exercise on the seventh day.\* According to his own account of his artistic life, he received no instruction and never saw a good picture till after he left America; he dwelt so often on these facts that his words made a deep impression on the memory of his family.

The following extract from a letter from his son, the late Lord Lyndhurst, dated London, 1827, in answer to a gentleman asking for information concerning Copley's career, proves conclusively how completely his success in his art depended upon his own unaided genius and perseverance. It is still in existence, and is as follows: "Considering that he [Copley] was entirely self-taught, and never saw a decent picture, with the exception of his own, until he was nearly thirty years of age, the circumstance is, I think, worthy of admiration, and affords a striking instance of what natural genius,

aided by determined perseverance, can accomplish." Again, in a passage from one of Mrs. Copley's letters, she says, in confirmation of this statement: "It was his [her husband's] own inclination and persevering industry that brought him forward in the art of painting, for he had no instructor." We have cited these passages, considering them conclusive on the subject, because many artists have been mentioned as his early teachers—among others, Smibert. But as he died in March, 1751, when Copley was only thirteen or fourteen years of age, it appears impossible that the latter could have profited to any extent by the instructions of that eminent portrait-painter, who, though in his youth only a house-painter in Edinburgh, became so distinguished as to attract the attention of Horace Walpole, by whom he is honorably mentioned.\*

We have, unfortunately, but little record of Copley's youth or early manhood. The usual story is told of his beginning to paint at a very early age, with the first materials he could lay his hand upon, when other boys were engaged in sport or learning to read and write. It appears, however, to be literally true, from family tradition, that he commenced in the nursery, and that the coarse drawings on its walls and the rough sketches in his school-books, for which he was often reprov'd, were the dawning of his native genius. Quiet and shy by nature, he liked to retire unheeded to muse over his own fancies, and to pursue, by stealth, his favorite employment during the confinement of school hours.

Thus his uneventful youth, even his early, simple manhood, slipped noiselessly away, until we find the mature man and artist, ready for the career which he had deliberately chosen at the age of seventeen. His step-father, Peter Pelham, died in 1751, leaving his widow in her humble abode in Lindall Row, near the upper end of King street, as State street was then called, under the care of her sons. How tenderly and carefully Copley fulfilled his share of the trust is shown by passages in his letters, in which he mentions his unwillingness to leave her as an objection to his going to Europe, and again in his thoughtfulness of her comfort when circumstances finally induced him to do so.

In 1760, Copley sent, without name or address, an exquisite portrait of his half-brother, Henry Pelham, known as "The

\* Only a few years ago, a gentleman near Boston was arrested for trimming vines in his back yard on Sunday morning.

\* Smibert came to this country in 1728.

Boy and the Flying-squirrel," to Benjamin West, a member of the Royal Academy, with the request to have it placed in the exhibition rooms. On its reception, West, then high in royal favor, exclaimed, with a warmth and enthusiasm of which those who knew him best could scarcely believe him capable: "What delicious coloring! It is worthy of Titian himself!" Being puzzled about the unknown painter, he could only say that the picture must be the production of an American, as the wood on which the canvas was stretched was American pine, and the squirrel such as is indigenous in our Western forests. Though it was contrary to the rules of the Academy to place any picture on its walls by an unknown artist, it was admitted through its merits and West's influence.

We know well what West said, but we can but faintly imagine what the younger man felt, while awaiting the verdict of public opinion on the picture. The general recognition of its beauty and excellence as a work of art influenced the course of his whole future life. The attention and admiration excited by it were such that his friends wrote most warily to persuade him to go to England for the pursuit of his vocation,

and West extended to him an invitation to his own house. Copley deliberated long and anxiously upon the step,—one of much greater difficulty than in our day of rapid travel,—involving the danger of giving up full and lucrative employment for the chance of neglect and want of appreciation, together with the necessity of separation from his aged mother, to whom the voyage across the Atlantic was too serious an undertaking to be thought of. Accordingly the project was postponed—but not abandoned.

As the excellence of this picture established Copley's European reputation more than a century ago, and confirmed it at the International Exhibition at Manchester, in 1862, we must describe it in a few words. The boy holds the squirrel by a chain on the table before him, and has a dreamy, abstracted gaze; the handsome face and graceful form, in the dress of the last century, so much more picturesque than that of the present day, are treated with the happy blending of the familiar and the imaginative that belongs to the highest order of portraiture; the richness of the coloring and the beauty of the execution are alike remarkable.

According to Copley's own estimate, his



THE FAMILY PICTURE. (FROM THE PAINTING BY COPLEY, NOW IN POSSESSION OF MRS. JAMES S. ARBORY.)



*John Singleton Copley*

(FROM A PICTURE BY GILBERT STUART.)

best portraits were executed in America; and so highly did he value them that he endeavored to purchase such as could be obtained after his fame was established in England. It was his rule to keep a list of the pictures he painted. This was preserved by his family for many years, but by some accident it fell into the hands of an old family servant, who, ignorant of its value, according to his own confession, committed it to the flames.

We have but scanty records of Copley's life until November 16th, 1769, when he married Susannah Farnum, daughter of Richard Clarke, Esq., a wealthy merchant of Boston, and agent for the East India Company. With this union Copley's career of prosperity and success in his art was confirmed, and so much influence did this lady exercise, most unconsciously, over the future life of the artist, that any record of him without some account of her would be very incomplete. The mother, the wife of Richard Clarke, was Elizabeth Winslow,

whom he married May 3d, 1732, and who died September 3d, 1765. Mrs. Copley inherited what every native of New England would esteem the fairest birthright—a lineal descent from Mary Chilton, who came from Portsmouth, England, in the *Mayflower*, and, according to tradition, was the first woman who set foot on our shores, having jumped from the boat and waded to the rock. She married John Winslow, brother of Edward, the first governor of the colony—the most respectable family, according to Hutchinson, of all that came from England at that time, and through which she was connected with the celebrated Anne Hutchinson, so often mentioned in the early history of Massachusetts,—a family which not only furnished two governors, but was illustrious through a century and a half of colonial history, and has transmitted an unblemished name to the present time. John Winslow's "seat" or "farm," according to the Puritanical fashion of the times, was called "Plain





A BOY RESCUED FROM A SHARK IN THE HARBOR OF HAVANA. (FROM THE PAINTING BY COPLEY.)

Dealing," and was situated in Plymouth, Massachusetts. Governor Winslow obtained a grant of land, in 1637, at Green's Harbor, now Marshfield, to which he gave the name of "Caresrull."\*

To Mrs. Copley was confided the whole supervision of the domestic economy,—the fulfillment of social duties, and the entire management of the youthful members of the family. How well she fulfilled her trust can be best learned from the testimony of her children, who cherished her in life with singular tenderness, and revered her memory to the end of their own wonderfully protracted lives. From a crayon sketch, by no means one of his best, taken by Copley early in their married life, and more particularly in "The Family Picture," painted at a much later date, it appears that she possessed much personal loveliness, especially the high forehead and finely arched brow so

dear to the painter. Her character was in harmony with her person; she appears to have been one of those rare women in whom moral and mental qualities, joined to deep sensibility, are so nicely balanced that they exert the happiest influence over the home circle, cheering and enlivening without dazzling it. The tie between the artist and such a wife was necessarily close. We constantly meet her familiar lineaments through the whole course of Mr. Copley's works: now as Mary in the stable, with the Divine Infant at her breast, in the picture of "The Nativity"; again in "The Family Picture," Mr. Copley's *capo d'opéra* in portraiture, and in the scene of "Venus and Cupid," with the pale golden hair bound with a blue fillet; once more in the female group in "The Death of Major Pierson," as the figure which escapes from the scene of carnage and death in an agony of grief and fear. Copley is not alone in catching inspiration from the woman of his choice, but few, indeed, can have so completely fulfilled the conditions that fit a woman for that enviable lot. This estimate of her character is strengthened and deepened by

\* This estate, some years since, passed into the possession of Daniel Webster, who lived there in the intervals of his public life, interested in agricultural pursuits and exercising a generous hospitality; unhappily the house, with his fine library, was burned to the ground a few years since.



*M<sup>r</sup>. Copley's Picture of the SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR as Exhibited in the Green Park near St. James's Palace.*

FAC-SIMILE OF TICKET OF ADMISSION TO COPLEY'S "SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR." (FROM ENGRAVING BY BARTOLOZZI.)

the perusal of a long series of her family letters, still extant, commencing in 1800, to a dear and absent daughter in America, and continued in uninterrupted succession to the death of the writer, in 1836, more than twenty years after that of her husband.

The locality associated with the married life of the artist was a solitary house on Beacon Hill, as it was then termed, chosen with his keen perception of picturesque beauty. His prophecy that the time would come when that situation would be the favorite site of the houses of the wealthy has been fully verified. Here he followed the practice of the art he so dearly loved and for which nature had so generously endowed him; here his best portraits, scarcely inferior in stately grace, and exquisite finish of drapery, and in the introduction of those accessories that make a picture of a portrait, to the masterly productions of Vandyck, were painted when he had scarcely heard the name of the old Flemish master.

In after years, his thoughts fondly reverted to this early home—"his farm," as he called it, which extended over seven acres of what is now the most densely populated portion of his native town. Here he dwelt and toiled, with what result we have only to ask the innumerable portraits that hang in New England homes or adorn the luxurious mansions of our cities. Colonial dignitaries of church and state, graceful women and lovely children, left their forms and features on his canvas—now the reality, the originals less than shadows.

Excepting a visit to New York in 1771, there are but few events to relate of Copley's early married life, and of that visit we only know that he painted miniatures of Washington and of some other persons of distinction, which are still in existence. At length the time arrived when the artist could no longer resist the desire to visit Europe and to behold the works of the great masters of his art. Leaving his aged mother, his

favorite brother, his wife and children, he embarked for England before the conflict with the mother-country began—not because of his royalist tendencies, as some of his biographers have asserted, but simply to perfect himself in his art. In point of fact, Copley's sympathies and judgment were enlisted on the side of liberty and independence during his whole life, as passages in his own and his friends' correspondence conclusively prove. His father-in-law, Mr. Clarke, a man of eminence in the community and agent for the India Company, of strict integrity and honorable character, was, on the contrary, a royalist in the fullest sense of the term, and, in politics, father and son-in-law "agreed to disagree." Even when party discussions ran high, the harmony of the family circle was never disturbed. How much this was owing to the influence of Mrs. Copley, those who knew her can best imagine. The tea upon which the obnoxious tax was levied which so enraged the colonists was consigned to Mr. Clarke, and it was because he refused to send it back in the vessel which brought it to Boston, that it was thrown overboard by the angry mob, in the disguise of Mohawks. He, and later his son, escaped into Canada and subsequently proceeded to England, some members of his family remaining in the former country to the present day. The rest of his life was passed in London, with his daughter

and son-in-law. He embarked for England June, 1774, and, after a very short and pleasant voyage of twenty-nine days, landed at Dover. The best account of his visit to Italy, and of his own feelings, is preserved in his letters to his wife. Primitive in expression and full of sensibility, they give a deeper insight into the heart of the writer than the most lengthened analysis. From time to time we detect the satisfaction of conscious genius, which breaks forth while contemplating the miracles of art for the first time.

On the 21st of July, he writes:

"I have just returned from Mr. West's house, where I took tea. He accompanied me to the Queen's palace, where I beheld the finest collection of paintings, I believe, in England. I also went to Greenwich Hospital and to the Park, which has all the beauty the most lively imagination can conceive of. The ladies made such a show [this to his wife!] that it was almost enough to warm a statue and to endure it with life. \* \* \* I have had a visit from Sir Joshua Reynolds, and from Mr. Strange, the celebrated engraver. Lord Gage is out of town; I have not, therefore, seen him or Lord Dartmouth, but shall be introduced to the latter next week by Governor Hutchinson. \* \* \* I dine out every day."

After passing a few weeks in London, Copley proceeded with a companion, Mr. Carter, whose acquaintance he made there, to Genoa, passing through Lyons and Marseilles, the route so familiar to his country-



MASTER COPLEY [AFTERWARD LORD LYNDHURST] AND HIS ELDEST SISTER. (AFTER A DRAWING IN SEPIA BY BENJAMIN WEST.)



LADY WENTWORTH. (FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY COPLEY, NOW IN THE LENOX LIBRARY, NEW YORK. SEE P. 775.)

men a century later. The higher civilization and more refined manners of the people made a delightful impression on his mind, contrasted with those of his own new country.

His eye was keenly awake to the beauty of the scenery. He dwells with enthusiasm on the situation of Lyons. "Such a prospect," he writes, "my eye never before beheld—such an extended country, so rich and beautiful!" But the whole enthusiasm of the artist breaks out at Genoa—as whose

does not, on entering it for the first time? "I am impatient," he exclaims, "to get to work and to try if my hand and my head cannot do something like what others have done, by which they have astonished the world and immortalized themselves. Genoa is a lovely city; the streets are paved with flat stones and very clean, the buildings extremely high, and enriched with painting, sculpture, gilding, etc. If I should be suddenly transported to Boston, I should think it only a collection of wren-

boxes, it is on so small a scale compared to the cities of Europe; and much greater remain to be seen. Rome, if I mistake not, will make Genoa even seem small!"

After a delightful journey from Genoa by post and by water, making short visits at the principal cities on the way, of all of which he writes with enthusiasm, as well as of his enjoyment of the lovely scenery, he arrived at Rome October 24th, 1774. On the 5th of November he writes to Mrs. Copley as follows:

"By your kind letter of September 5th I am relieved from much anxiety, as we were informed by the London papers that the ships had begun to fire on the town of Boston. Although this was contradicted, I could not but feel very uneasy. Your letter, being two days later, gave me no such account, and would make me very happy, except I fear you suffer great inconvenience. \* \* \* I am very fearful that Boston will soon become a place of bloodshed and confusion. \* \* \* It is truly astonishing to see the works of art in this city—painting, sculpture, and architecture in such quantity, beauty, and magnificence as exceed description.

"I shall always enjoy a satisfaction from this tour which I could not have had if I had not made it. I know the extent of the arts, to what length they have been carried, and I feel more confidence in what I do myself than I did before I came."

Later on, he writes:

"Everywhere I go I find some persons to whom I am known, or am introduced to, in some way. \* \* \* When I arrived in Naples I waited on Sir William Hamilton, to deliver a letter from Mr. Palmer, of Boston. I was introduced into a room where there was a concert and company. I inquired of the servant which was Sir William, and delivered my letter. Mr. Izard stepped forward and presented me. Sir William read the letter, and politely said: 'Mr. Copley needs no introduction; his name is sufficient anywhere.' I cannot but say I have been surprised to find myself known in places so distant; I am happy, at the same time, in being less a stranger in the world than I thought, and have found in every place persons desirous of rendering such kind offices as a stranger stands in need of."

A letter to Mrs. Copley, dated Florence, June 9th, 1775, after his visit to Rome and Naples, with the exception of some domestic details, is as follows:

"General Gage's opinion that I should not leave Rome till next spring is judicious, but I shall find means to carry with me the most valuable specimens of art in casts of plaster-of-Paris, of the finest works in the world; and had I staid in Rome till next spring, my whole time would have been spent in the

study of the statues, but by having some of the best models in my apartment, I shall always have the advantage of drawing from them, which will be much superior to spending one or two years in Rome. I mentioned in my last that I had purchased a cast of the Laocoon. This is not only the best work of art in the world now, but it was esteemed by the ancients the first in point of merit that the chisel had ever produced. Although I had seen fine casts, and read Pliny's description, when I saw the original I stood astonished, not that the copies are defective in form,—for the models have been made on the original,—but there is in marble that fine transparency that gives it both the softness and the transparency of real life. The Apollo is another wonderful production. After selecting a few of the finest casts—for even in Rome the number of the very excellent is not great—I shall possess all I would recommend an artist to study, for it is not the number, but thoroughly to understand the best, and the principles of art, which alone can make him great. It is said that Michael Angelo obtained the astonishing 'gusto' that we see in all his works from a fragment only of the body,—the 'torso,'—yet we see the great Angel in delicate as well as in the most robust figures; and the same genius appears in all that he does, as well in the folds of his drapery as in his 'Christ Sitting in Judgment.' I am convinced that a man who is incapable of producing a female figure, in an excellent style, because he has only seen the Farnese 'Hercules,' must, in his muscular figures of men, be but a copyist of the Hercules, however artfully he may disguise his theft,—the principle that gives beauty to the different characters, whether it is the beauty of a Hercules or of a Venus, being the same: a thorough knowledge of the human body, with a fine taste to give to all the particular forms that suit best with each, is absolutely necessary to the character of a great and original artist. All this, however, is best calculated for Harry [Pelham], and I leave it to you to communicate to him."

When Copley received the case containing the casts above referred to, they were found to be broken into a thousand pieces, from want of proper care in packing—"a disappointment which," in the words of his son, "he never ceased to regret during the whole course of his after life."

The day after writing the letter just quoted, Copley started on his journey to Parma, where he remained about two months, engaged in making a copy of the "St. Jerome," by Correggio, for which he had a commission from Lord Grosvenor, and "which," he wrote, "my anxiety almost renders me incapable of proceeding with"; for, he continues:

"I am informed by a letter from London that what I greatly feared has at last taken place, and the war has begun, and, if I am not mistaken, the country which was once the happiest on the globe will be deluged with blood for many years to come. It seems as if no plan of reconciliation can now be formed; as the sword is drawn, all must be finally settled by the sword. I cannot think that the power of Great Britain will subdue the country, if the people are united, as they appear to be at present. I





MAP OF THE COPLEY ESTATE, BOSTON.

know it may appear strange to some men of strong understanding that I should hold such an opinion, but it is very evident to me that America will have the power of resistance till grown strong to conquer, and that victory and independence will go hand in hand. I tremble for you, my dear, my children and friends."

Unalloyed pleasure was not Copley's privilege during his only visit to Italy; private letters and public information apprised him of the approaching conflict; to his anxiety concerning the political condition of America were added his increasing fears about the state of his family, and the uncertainty that hung over his future home and career. Notwithstanding his distress and perplexity, though scarcely able to use his brush, he persisted, with his usual perseverance, in finishing the copy from Correggio—according to high authority the best ever painted.

We are indebted to his letters for the account of the most eventful year of his life; from them we learn how deeply he was impressed by the new scenes that opened upon him,—the splendor of the great English metropolis, the rich cultivation of the country, and the refinement of the people. But when Copley reaches Italy, we find the self-taught artist, matured by silent study and the assiduous practice of his art, examining the contents of the famous galler-

ies of Europe with all the discrimination and reliance on his own judgment which the most careful training could have imparted. So far from being disheartened or dazzled by the works of the great masters, he appears to have gained greater confidence in his own genius, and encouragement in his career.

It is, indeed, little short of miraculous that a man whose study of painting had been confined within the narrow limits of what was but a humble New England village, in those early days of our infant country, should have been capable of appreciating them and himself so justly as we know he did from his own words, and could exclaim, in something of the same spirit as his predecessor, whose magnificent picture he was engaged in copying, "*Anch'io son pittore!*"

Unfortunately, none of Mrs. Copley's letters, written under the perplexing circumstances in which she was placed, remain; but, however she may have felt, she decided to rejoin her husband without waiting for tidings of his arrival in England, dreading the long separation which war would occasion, and well knowing that for years to come there would be no employment for the most gifted artist in a land exposed to its horrors. Leaving an infant (which shortly after died) to the care of Mrs. Pelham, Copley's mother, and which Mrs. Copley feared exposing to the hardships of a sea-voyage.

she embarked, with her son, then two years of age, and two daughters, in the *Minerva*, Captain Callahan, the last ship which sailed out of Massachusetts Bay bearing the British flag. The vessel was crowded; among the cabin passengers were the ancestors of several of the most respectable American families of the present day, and great regret was expressed at having so many children added to the already heavily laden ship; but Mrs. Copley always delighted in relating that, on their arrival at Dover, England, June 24th, 1775, after an unusually short passage, for that time, of twenty-eight days, all united in saying that her young family had shown themselves as good sailors as any on board, and were the delight of the ship's company, who vied with one another in petting and indulging them. Mrs. Copley arrived several weeks before her husband left Parma, while he hurried his journey through Lombardy, along the Rhine, and through the Low Countries, carefully examining the rich galleries on his route.

Thus the transfer of the family of our artist was made, and henceforth London became their home. After a short residence in Leicester Square, where the house he occupied still remains, in that greatly improved locality, Copley removed to 25 George street, where his father-in-law, himself, and his son lived and died. The house was purchased of a wealthy Italian, who had built it for his own use a short time previous, and was somewhat different in its arrangements from most London houses; that very dissimilarity probably recommended it to the artist. In the center was a large, lofty saloon, lighted from the ceiling, which offered a most favorable position for his pictures, which, after being exhibited at the Academy, adorned its walls. On the back, adjoining this, was a smaller apartment, the painting-room, as it was called, which, on the death of the artist, became the study of the son.

Among Copley's companions on his voyage to England was Brook Watson, afterward Lord Mayor of London, a man in the prime of life, whose lost leg was replaced by a wooden one. Passengers in those days were few, and voyages long, and the time was beguiled by many a tale of truth and fiction; few among the latter could possess more thrilling interest than the account this gentleman gave of the loss of his leg, by the bite of a shark, while he was bathing in the harbor of Havana. Again and again Copley heard the scene described, and the

agony of dread recounted, with all the vividness of experience: the awful pause; the swift return of the monster; the almost hopeless deliverance of the victim at the last moment,—till every circumstance of the case was stamped on the artist's imagination with the fidelity of truth. Sketches were taken, with a view to represent the frightful occurrence on canvas. The picture, represented in the engraving on page 765, was given by Lord Lyndhurst to a near relative in Boston, but is now the property of the late Mr. Charles Appleton's family. The monster, having taken off one leg, is represented as returning for another attack just as the youth is drawn into the boat. The coloring of the picture is extremely soft and rich—the Moro Castle, the water, and the expression of the terrified boatmen, are very fine. There is great animation in the whole group, and the picture always rivets the attention of the spectator, even the humblest. A housemaid, engaged in her employment in the room where it hung, said: "I cannot take my eyes off that picture." It was finished in 1778, and engraved by Valentine Green in mezzotinto.

Watson delighted to relate the anecdote connected with this picture—an anecdote, by the way, which has gone into currency with many errors. Being at a country inn, in a remote corner of England, and the servant coming to take off his boot, Watson warned him that if he pulled too hard he would bring the leg with it. To the inexpressible horror of the man, he found leg as well as boot in his hand! Recovering in a measure from the shock, and finding the leg could be replaced, he begged to know how the gentleman had lost it. Watson promised to tell him under one condition—that he would not ask a second question. Assenting to the condition, poor Boots heard that it was "bit off," at which, scratching his head, he exclaimed, "How I wish I could ask one more!"

Copley's reputation had preceded his arrival in London. As soon as his easel was mounted, he commenced a series of fine portraits of distinguished persons, many in their robes of office, with their orders and insignia of rank. But his advance in portraiture shows itself in the composition of large groups of family and domestic scenes, such as he had never attempted in America: "The Red-Cross Knight" from Spenser's "Faerie Queene"—his son, the future Lord Chancellor, under the guise of St. George, with his two sisters as "Faith"

and "Hope"; the "Izard" picture, already referred to; "The Knatchbull Family," "The Western Family," etc., which limited space obliges me to mention only by name.

Copley was indebted to West for the commission to paint "The Three Princesses," a picture of surpassing beauty, at Buckingham Palace. On being consulted by George III. as to a good person to paint his daughters' portraits, West warmly recommended his friend and fellow-countryman, and such untiring pains did Copley take to do justice to the group and to his own genius, that he is said to have thoroughly worn out the patience of the young princesses,—so much so that representations were made to the Queen, by the attendants, that Mr. Copley should be requested to shorten the time he exacted for his work. The Queen, however, wisely declined to interfere. The scene is a garden, with a vista through which are seen the towers of Windsor Castle, from which waves the British flag; fruit-trees and flowers, parrots of brilliant plumage, and pet dogs of singular beauty give life and animation to the group; the youngest girl, in a garden carriage, holds the little Sophia by the hand, while the eldest (Mary) is bearing aloft a tambourine, to which she is keeping step for the amusement of the little princess (Amelia), of some two or three summers, who, with her gay attire and little bare feet, forms the central figure of the group. One can almost feel the warm breath of summer through the garden landscape, and hear the merry voices of the children. This picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1785, and called forth much ridicule on account of the variety of detail and fancy introduced into what is apt to be a prosaic subject—royal portraiture. Posterity has forgotten the strictures, and is content to admire and enjoy one of the gayest and most exquisite works of art, in its way,—and what lovelier than the fair, fresh faces of children at play, whether prince or peasant? It was painted at the request of the Queen, and engraved by the accomplished Bartolozzi. Prints of this engraving yet exist, colored by hand.

Among the variety of Copley's works, none is more interesting than the so-called "Family Picture," painted when he first established himself in his English home, about a century ago, and representing himself and his wife, his four children, and Mr. Clarke. There is a warmth and sentiment in the picture, especially in the mother and

children, of which no mere description can give an adequate idea. The mother is seated on a crimson sofa, caressing her infant son, the future Lord Chancellor, who returns her look of tenderness with an ineffable expression of infantile affection, while, on the other side, his sister, scarce a year younger, is endeavoring to attract her share of the mother's attention. A window, richly draped, opening on a landscape scene, gives a strong relief to the massive head and person of Mr. Clarke, holding on his knee the young Jonathan of some twelve months,—particularly noted by artists for the admirable drawing,—while the painter, with his brushes and palette, appears to contemplate the scene with the deepest satisfaction. In the foreground stands a little girl in the quaint attire of the last century, with a comic expression of importance as the eldest of the band. This picture was placed by Copley in the position it occupied till the death of his son—for nearly a century—over the fire-place in the dining-room, drawing away the eye from the social party around the hospitable table to the beautiful group over the family hearth. All the varied memories of that home cluster around the delineation of that beloved circle, until the death of his only and highly gifted son, the Lord Chancellor, who survived to the remarkable age of ninety-two, and whose last lingering gaze dwelt fondly on that representation of his infant life, "drawn by the father's hand." Calling his daughter to his bed, which had been removed to the more spacious apartment, the expiring statesman exclaimed, pointing to the picture before him: "See, my dear, the difference between me here and there!" The picture was sent by Lord Lyndhurst to the International Exhibition at Manchester, by particular request, in 1862, and was pronounced by competent judges to be equal to any in the same style by Vanduyck, whose picture of "The Children of Charles I.," in the cedar drawing-room of Warwick Castle, it recalls—especially the prim little figure in the foreground, which is much the same in position and dress as the central one in that celebrated work. "The Family Picture" was engraved by R. Thew, but the plate was never finished, the artist having died before its completion, and only a few copies being struck off, in an imperfect state.

After Copley's return from the Continent, we find a marked change in his choice of subjects, as well as in his manner of treat-

ing them. Stimulated by West's success and the taste of the day, as well as by his studies on the Continent, he threw himself with his usual perseverance into historical composition. He had especial felicity in seizing upon the incident of the day for the exercise of his pencil, and in none was he more fortunate than in the choice of "The Death of Lord Chatham,"—an event of universal interest at that time, both in England and in America, and one which addressed itself to his own political sympathies. The scene is impressive; the fainting statesman, the agitated group pressing about him, the disturbance of the attendant peers, are treated with dignity and as much passion, perhaps, as is consistent with the scene in which the catastrophe occurred. Great fame was awarded to the artist, whose reputation it permanently established, and in an incredibly short time two thousand five hundred large impressions from the fine engraving by Bartolozzi were sold, and the picture was exhibited and admired by thousands. In America, as well as in England, the news of Copley's success was received with enthusiasm, and by none was it more highly appreciated than by his aged mother, who, though feeble and suffering, enjoyed her son's success to the utmost, as the following extract from one of her letters proves:

"BOSTON, Feb. 6th, 1788.

"Your fame, my dear son, is sounded by all the lovers of the art you bid fair to excel in. May God prosper and cause you to succeed in all your undertakings, and enroll your name among the first in your profession."

Again, Mr. Scollay, a compatriot, writes thus to the artist:

"I trust, amid this blaze of prosperity, you do not forget your dear native country and the cause it is engaged in, which I know once lay very near your heart, and I hope does still."

This is good testimony to the side Copley took in the political questions of the day, as well as to the reputation he had gained in his art. Mrs. Jameson cites this picture as an example of what may be termed "historical painting." Copley presented an engraving of this picture to John Adams, whose letter, dated January 27th, 1793, acknowledging the gift, is before me, in which letter he mentions having transmitted another of the same subject to Washington, and returns the thanks of the President, mentioning his intention of writing himself as soon as he received it.

For "The Siege of Gibraltar," painted about 1789-90, for the City of London, and placed in the Council-chamber of Guildhall, Copley was sent to Hanover to take the portraits of four of the generals of that country who, with the English, had won their laurels on that sea-washed rock. A letter from the good-natured King George III., in his own handwriting, claiming for the artist and his family every aid, gave him not only perfect facility for the execution of his commission, but rare opportunities for pleasure in a land dear to the student of old German art.

Copley's wife and eldest daughter accompanied him on this delightful excursion. Fresh and quaint were the anecdotes they treasured up of that "golden time." Every gallery of art unlocked its treasures, and every mansion offered a generous hospitality to the master whom "the King delighted to honor." A tour through the old towns that lay on their route was not the hackneyed thing it has since become, and in after years they dearly loved to dwell upon all they had seen, and to recall the picturesque fashions of that old German land.

In 1790 Copley obtained the honors of an academician, after having been "associate," presenting a picture ("The Tribute Money") on his admission, according to the rules of the Academy. He enjoyed the advantage of having his works engraved by the talented Bartolozzi, Strange, Sharpe, Thew, Heath, Green, and other eminent artists, and most enviable was the position he had won by his talents and character in a country he had sought as a stranger, and whose social institutions at that time rendered its attainment so difficult.

A more congenial sphere for a man of genius can scarcely be imagined than Copley's London home. It was the favorite resort of his countrymen in England, of every shade of political opinion. Among these were the Olivers and Hutchinsons, connections of Mrs. Copley through her Winslow ancestors, and all that were distinguished in the aristocratic circles of the colonial court; the first minister to St. James, in his diplomatic dignity, scantily paid and coldly received; besides these there were men of art and letters,—the refined and gifted Sir Joshua Reynolds; the eccentric Barry; Malone, the erudite annotator and student of Shakspeare; the brilliant and self-indulgent Stewart; the cold but gentle West; Burney, Bareth, and a host of distin-

guished men. A sketch in pen and ink of "Master Copley and his Sister," thrown off in the carelessness of social intercourse, signed "B. West," hung on the walls of Lord Lyndhurst's bedroom till the last day of his life. (See page 767.)

Numberless anecdotes connected with that home, and many a trait of the remarkable men and women of the last century, to whom the family were indebted for acts of courtesy, and whose names have become historical, lingered in the memory of his children. By the kindness of one of Copley's "sitters," high in rank, when tickets had been sued for in vain by peers and commoners, a loud London knock disturbed the midnight stillness of the house with the welcome intelligence that two were at Mr. Copley's disposal, for the trial of Warren Hastings. He and his oldest daughter had thus the opportunity of being present at that memorable scene, and their descendants had the exceptional chance of hearing it described by an eye-witness, who, to a very advanced age, delighted to dwell on that gorgeous drama. In full dress, long before daylight, they sought, and with great difficulty gained, access to the seats destined for them in William Rufus's grand hall, where they remained for hours before the case began. There, in the presence of the most noble and beautiful in the land,—the peers in their robes of scarlet and ermine, with all the insignia of their order; the peeresses in full dress, blazing with diamonds,—they listened to that masterly burst of eloquence in which Burke arraigned the Eastern vicegerent, "in the name of human nature, for his high crimes and misdemeanors." Hastings sat unmoved, with every eye fixed upon him, amid a storm of invectives, which excited the indignation of the spectators to the highest pitch. The suit was dragged on for years, till public interest was lost in the case and in the man, who ended his life in peace,—a simple country gentleman, devoted to his flowers and kitchen-garden.

One of Copley's most important works, "Charles I. Demanding the Impeached Members," is in the Public Library, Boston. From its subject, this picture was never popular in England. It represents the moment when the speaker, Lenthall, falling on his knees, gives this memorable answer to the King's angry demand: "I have, sire, neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak in this place but as the House is pleased to direct me, whose servant I am, and I hum-

bly ask pardon that I cannot give any other answer to what Your Majesty is pleased to demand of me!" When this picture was privately exhibited at Somerset House, for the convenience of their majesties, after an ominous silence, the Queen, turning to the artist, said: "You have chosen a most unfortunate subject, Mr. Copley, for your pencil." Time, however, must have softened political animosity, for, when the picture was exhibited at the Academy in 1819, it was much admired by George IV., and he expressed a desire to own it. The artist was indebted for such valuable historical assistance to Malone as to call forth public acknowledgment of the obligation; and on every side offers of valuable original portraits of the characters to be introduced, and invitations to visit the galleries where they hung, were eagerly pressed upon his acceptance. In after years, his daughter liked to describe the summer of 1785, when the picture was projected. She accompanied her father through the delightful environs of the great metropolis, stretching forth into the adjoining vales and hills, to visit one luxurious country-seat after another, in search of authentic portraits, cavalier or roundhead, to illustrate the unfortunate reign of the first Charles; above all, she dwelt on the delight of the artist, when, perhaps, some undoubted presentment of the gloomy Vane or of the long-drawn lineaments of the sanctimonious Pym was discovered.

"The Death of Major Pierson," the happiest effort of Copley's pencil in historical composition, was bought by Sir Charles Eastlake, in 1864, at the sale of Lord Lyndhurst's effects at Messrs. Christie, Manson & Woods's, for the National Gallery, amid the cheers of the spectators. It is described as follows:

"The French invaded the Isle of Jersey, stormed St. Helier, took the commander prisoner, and compelled him to resign the surrender of the island. Major Pierson, a young man of twenty-four, refused to yield, collected troops, charged the invaders with equal courage and skill, and defeated them with much effusion of blood, but fell himself in the moment of victory, not by a random shot, but by a ball aimed deliberately at him by a French officer, who fell in his turn, shot through the heart by the African servant of the dying victor. At the right of the picture is an admirable group of women, one with an infant in her arms and a young boy at her side, escaping with every sign of distress."

This picture was finely engraved by Heath, and is worthy of the highest praise as a noble subject nobly treated. The greatest



compliment ever paid to a picture of this class, perhaps, was the estimate expressed by the late Duke of Wellington, who, while highly admiring it, during a visit to Lord Lyndhurst, said it was the only painting of a battle that ever satisfied him or faithfully depicted the scene, inasmuch as the artist had only attempted to represent one incident, the rest necessarily being concealed by smoke and dust. The people of the island retain a vivid remembrance of the spirited deed, and, in commemoration, show with pride a copy of this picture.

Copley continued in pursuance of his art as vigorously as ever, though in another branch. "Abraham's Sacrifice," exhibited in 1776; "Hagar and Ishmael," a companion picture, in 1798; "Saul Reproved by Samuel," the same year, besides "The Nativity," "The Tribute Money," and "Samuel and Eli," all engraved, show that Scripture subjects were as familiar to his pencil as any other. The last-named, one of the finest of Copley's works, painted for the Macklin Bible and engraved by Valentine Green, is remarkable for the composition as well as for the beauty of the coloring.

The beautiful portrait of Lady Frances Wentworth, wife of John Wentworth, the last loyal governor of New Hampshire,—an engraving of which we give on page 768,—was probably painted in London, soon after Copley's return from Italy. When the Revolutionary troubles broke out in America, Wentworth went to England, where he was created baronet, and appointed governor of Nova Scotia. Lady Wentworth was one of the maids-of-honor to the Queen, wife of George III., and was greatly admired at court for her beauty. The portrait by Copley was thought an excellent likeness, and is certainly a picture of rare excellence. After many vicissitudes, it passed into the possession of the late James Lenox, Esq., and is now one of the ornaments of the library he so generously endowed in New York. A little romance attaches to Lady Wentworth's memory. She was engaged to John Wentworth, her cousin, who went away and loitered too long for the lady's patience, till she accepted another suitor. The first lover returned to find her married. The man she had taken in such haste died soon afterward, and in one single week after the funeral she married her first love. She never returned to America, and died in England in 1813.

Notwithstanding Copley's success in his

art, as well as in the attainment of an honorable social position, and his complete satisfaction in his domestic relations, it appears as if his thoughts were constantly dwelling upon his early home across the Atlantic, and upon the possibility of returning to it. Accordingly, when his son's course at Cambridge was at an end and he had obtained a traveling "fellowship," he improved the occasion to visit the country of his birth, with the ulterior view of gaining his father's estate on Beacon Hill, which, without proper authority, had been sold by his agent. In this object the son failed, to the constant regret of the family. Thus the dream of Copley's life since he left America vanished; "the farm" on Beacon Hill, to which he was so warmly attached, slipped from his grasp, and his last aspiration of returning to close his days among the congenial scenes of his youth ended in disappointment.

With the beginning of the present century the materials for something like a chronological account of Copley's later years and works are abundant, the history of the works being the real history of the man. Copley's eldest daughter, Eliza Clarke, born in Boston in 1770, married Gardiner Greene, a man of high social and business position, whom she accompanied to her new home in that town, August, 1800, when a very full and regular correspondence between the two branches of the family commenced. From this source we gain a complete account of its members and of Copley's closing career, while the details of his pictures, as they progress, are mentioned in every letter and furnish an unflagging topic of interest. Portrait after portrait rises to notice and gradually vanishes from the page. In 1800, the great picture of "Sir Edward Knatchbull's Family" was begun, and we find constant reference to the work until it was finished, many years later. "The canvas covered one end of the great rooms in the Baronet's house, and contained, at the beginning, a group of ten, to which the owner subsequently insisted upon having a second wife added, as well as a little stranger, on its arrival." This "superb" picture, as it was styled, unfortunately for the artist's reputation was very little known, in consequence of the unwillingness of the owner to permit it to be exhibited or engraved. "Monmouth before James II., Refusing to give the Names of his Accomplices," "The Offer of the Crown to Lady Jane Grey," exhibited in 1808,



CROYDON CHURCH, WHERE COPLEY IS BURIED.

and a large equestrian "Portrait of the Prince of Wales," exhibited in 1810, must close the list of Copley's works.

We learn from the authority above mentioned that many large pictures received the last loving touches from the hand of the master in the early years of this century, that he had as yet lost none of his native vigor and genius, and that he persevered as assiduously as ever in his vocation. Notwithstanding, the closing years of his career were embittered by pecuniary embarrassments. Picture after picture was finished, exhibited, and admired—but not sold, so that his self-love was wounded, and his spirits were depressed. The expensive contracts for the copper-plates, the engravings from which he expected to yield him large returns, had to be met, while the delay in publishing them in several cases occasioned a large pecuniary loss instead of gain. The portrait of the Prince Regent, for which the original sat frequently, and with which he expressed himself "highly delighted," was left on the hands of the artist, and probably never was unrolled, after its exhibition at the Academy, until it was brought to Boston, in 1874. The political condition of the country, and the depressing effects of the long-continued wars on the Continent, and the contest which England waged, almost single-handed, against the first Napoleon, crippled

the resources of the country and depressed its commerce, and from this condition of affairs the arts were the first to suffer. Moreover, new artists and new rules of art were coming to the foreground, to which those of a former generation had to yield, according to the inexorable law of nature. But, while dwelling on the melancholy retrospect of his father's disappointments, Lord Lyndhurst always closed with the reflection that he so delighted in the practice of his art that, when engaged with his pencil, he became so deeply immersed that every other subject was forgotten.

Mrs. Copley writes, April 20th, 1815: "I have the happiness to say that we are in health, and this is much when I bring your recollection to the period of life to which your father has attained. In your absence of fifteen years you would contemplate a great change; he grows feeble in his limbs, and goes out very seldom, for walking fatigues him; but his health is good, and he pursues his profession with pleasure, and would be uncomfortable if he could not use his brush." This was the premonitory warning of the approaching blow, for on the 16th of August, Copley was attacked with a stroke of paralysis, from which his family supposed he was recovering, when another and fatal shock, on the 9th of September of the same year, terminated his life at the advanced age of seventy-eight years. He died, as he had lived, in full faith in the Christian religion, and "expressed his firm trust in God through the merits of our Redeemer." He was buried in the north aisle of Croydon Church, in the Hutchinsons' tomb, where a black marble slab, placed on the pavement, marks his last resting-place. The church having been partially destroyed by fire, by which the slab was defaced, a tablet on the wall was erected to his memory by his grandchildren in 1870.



TABLET IN CROYDON CHURCH, IN MEMORY OF COPLEY.

## MUSICAL POSSIBILITIES IN AMERICA.

[The following paper by Mr. Theodore Thomas was written at our especial request. The only regret his many friends in America and Europe will have regarding it will be that it is not longer,—that in addition to the excellent and laborious work Mr. Thomas is doing for this country with his baton, he does not have leisure from time to time to give the public also the benefit of his pen.—ED. S. M.]

THE Americans are certainly a music-loving people. They are peculiarly susceptible to the sensuous charm of tone, they are enthusiastic and learn easily, and with the growth in general culture of recent years, there has sprung up a desire for something serious in its purpose in music, as in the other arts. The voices of the women, although inclined to be sharp and nasal in speaking, are good in singing. Their small volume reveals the lack of proper training, but they are good in quality, extended in compass, and brilliant in color. The larger number are sopranos, but there are many altos, and there would be more and they would be better were it not for ruinous attempts to make sopranos of them. The men's voices do not compare favorably with those of the women. They lack strength and character, and a well-balanced chorus is hardly possible as yet without a mixture of English or German voices to give body to the tone. Of late years, probably because of the growing attention to physical training, there has been a marked improvement, and many good and beautiful voices have been developed, chiefly baritones or high basses. The incessant pressure of work which every American feels, prevents the men from paying much attention to music, but as the country advances in age and begins to acquire some of the repose which age brings, there will come possibilities of development which cannot now be estimated.

In considering, therefore, the present condition of musical development in this country, I am led naturally to speak first of vocal music. Although the contrary has been asserted, I think that it is in the vocal direction, and not in the instrumental, that the present development of the art tends. We have no public instrumental performers of American birth who can rank with our singers in public estimation, nor is there at present more than a very limited demand for instrumentalists. New York is the only city in the country in which an orchestral player can make a living, and even here he must give lessons or play at balls and parties, thereby losing or injuring the finer qualities of an orchestral player. Boston,

in spite of many efforts, cannot support a large, well-balanced orchestra. Philadelphia has no standing orchestra, and in Cincinnati and Chicago the orchestral musician must eke out a living by playing in beer-gardens and saloons. The only demand for piano-players, except of the highest order, is as teachers, and of those we have many and good ones, who do what may be called missionary work. Singing, on the other hand, appeals to almost every one, and there is a certain demand, even if limited, for singers in the churches.

When we consider that music is taught in the public schools throughout the country, we might expect some evidence or result of this teaching among the people. Much money is spent in our schools for instruction in this branch, and what does it amount to? Many of the children learn like parrots, and soon forget the little which they have learned. Those who retain this knowledge find it a drawback when wishing to go on in the study of music. The fault is not in them, but in the system taught. So faulty is that system that it would be better to abolish singing entirely from the schools than to retain it under the present method. It does more harm than good. I consider the system at present followed in this elementary instruction, called the "movable *do* system," fundamentally wrong, and experience has confirmed me in this opinion. It is a make-shift, invented by amateurs. Pupils should learn something about absolute pitch of tones, instead of merely their relative pitch. The "movable *do* system" shuts the door against this knowledge. The first tone of the scale in every key is *do*, and that term *do* never suggests to one who has thus studied music any fixed, absolute conception of pitch; for example, *do* is sometimes C and sometimes D, while to the musician C and D are as distinct sounds as the vowels a and e. The system will enable a pupil to sing a simple hymn-tune which has no accidental sharps or flats, but it is wrong thus to limit pupils to so restricted a capacity. In my experience, those who have learned to read music according to this method never free them-

selves altogether from it. It should be considered as necessary to be thorough in the study of music as in that of mathematics. I do not say that it should be carried to the same extent, but that, so far as it is carried, it should be taught understandingly and well,—taught so as to pave the way for future study, when desirable, and not so as to block it up. I attach a great deal of importance to this matter of correct musical instruction. If we start, right in the schools, the public taste will soon advance to a higher standard. It is from the young that the church choirs and singing societies must be recruited, and if a correct foundation is laid when the rudiments are learned, the progress to a more advanced position is natural and easy.

While singing under proper direction is a healthy exercise, great injury can be done to the throat and vocal organs by allowing the children to sing, or rather scream, at the top of their voices. Most of the school-singing which I have heard in this country is screaming, not singing, while in England and Germany I heard nothing of the kind. On the principle that no person can teach another what he cannot do himself (a principle which I believe in to a great extent), I hold to the opinion that the teachers of singing should themselves be singers, with a good method. Singing ought also to be taught without the aid of an instrument, unless it be occasionally to support the pitch.

At present, the musical standard of the American public, taken as a whole, must be pronounced a low one. If we should judge of what has been done in music by the programmes of concerts given in the larger cities, we might rightly claim for this country a high rank in cultivation. Those concerts, however, appeal not to the general public, but to one class only, and that a limited one, as any one who observes the audiences can easily see. This class is growing in numbers as well as in cultivation, but it is still far too small to support more than a limited number of concerts, as at present those of the New York and Brooklyn Philharmonic societies. The general public does not advance in music, partly from want of opportunity, partly from the habits of the people. The average American is so entirely absorbed in his work that when he goes out in the evening he looks for relaxation in some kind of amusement which makes little or no demand upon his intellect, and he has no difficulty in finding it.

As regards general musical culture, the

public may be divided into two classes—those who go to the theaters, and those for whom the church is the social center. In both church and theater, the standard of music is a low one. In the church, where first of all sincerity should prevail, and where nothing but healthy food should be given, the music is looked upon as an attraction and given as an amusement. It is largely operatic, it appeals to the senses only, and is too often of the sickly sentimental order. In those churches only which have congregational singing is the sense of what is suitable and decorous not offended. In this criticism I do not include some of the Roman Catholic churches. The priest estimates at its full value the power of music over the masses, and coöperates with the organist to produce a good musical service. Why cannot this be done in the Protestant churches? Pleasing music need not be trifling or sentimental; there are many beautiful works, not suited for the concert-room, which are intended for devotional use. But the greater part of the church music is a sort of patch-work—a little piece from this composer and another piece from that, put together by an amateur. A higher aim ought to be set, if not in the first place because of the art itself (though why this is not a praiseworthy purpose I do not see), at least for the sake of truth and propriety. The most exalted and artistic church service is the most proper one. The music which will inspire those feelings which ought to fill the soul of every worshiper is noble, good music—not sentimental, not secular, but lofty and devotional. That this low standard of church music exists is not owing to the want of competent organists, for we have many of ability, but rather to the fact that they are hampered in their attempts to introduce better music by the solo singers, as well as by the want of interest on the part of the minister, and, in many cases, by the desire of the business committee to “draw” and please the congregation. Recent years have also given us composers of undoubted merit.

It can hardly be expected that the managers of our theaters will carry on their business solely on art principles, nor can they afford to make the theater an educational institution; but they ought to try to have the music in keeping with the general character of their houses, and, as far as possible, appropriate to the plays given. A small but well-proportioned band of twenty pieces, for which the leader can adapt and arrange music, such as opera selections, overtures,



dances, with solos for different instruments, is competent to furnish music which will give pleasure to the educated ear, and be at the same time an educator of the popular taste. If an orchestra of twenty is too expensive, it would be better to reduce the number to a half-dozen players, and have, in addition to a piano and a cabinet organ, a fair violinist, a violoncellist, or some other soloist. Instead of that, we have now a blatant cornet or trombone, drums, bells, wood and straw instruments, every one making the greatest possible noise, headed by an important conductor, with a baton in his hand instead of a violin bow. We had better music in the theaters twenty years ago than we have at present. Why appeal in music to a lower class, or allow in the orchestra a lower standard than is in keeping with what is presented on the stage?

I have mentioned thus hastily some of the defects of our methods of musical instruction, and pointed out some of the obstacles to our advancement to a higher musical standard. What are the remedies? I was once asked by a gentleman what he ought to do to make his children musical. He perhaps expected me to advise him to send the girls to Italy to study vocalization, and to set the boys to practicing the violin so many hours a day and studying harmony. I told him to form for them a singing class under the care of a good teacher, that they might learn to use their vocal organs, to form a good tone, and to read music; after they became old enough, to let them join a choral society, where, for two hours once a week, they could assist in singing good music; and, above all, to afford them every opportunity of hearing good music of every kind. This gentleman knew nothing of music, but thought the advice "sounded like common sense."

If we have arrived at that point where it is considered necessary to give music a place in the common-school education, it is time that something like organized work should be done for the general cultivation of taste. The formation of singing societies would reach the people, and the knowledge which the children are supposed to gain in the schools would be sufficient for participation in such societies. So far as the singers themselves are concerned, everybody who has ever sung in a chorus knows that nothing so awakens an interest in music as helping to make it. The sympathies of hundreds are enlisted through their personal

relations with the singers, and gradually a correct taste is formed and developed. If the proper means be put in use, and those who are willing to do something for music will organize for work with a purpose in it, such is the power of music that the growth will be steady until the general state is one of worth and dignity. In European countries, while the highest mark attained by the advanced class is no higher than here, the love for and understanding of music is more widely diffused. The Philharmonic concerts do not appeal to the general public; they are for this advanced class, and are well supported. But this class does not grow in numbers as rapidly as it ought. The steps by which the people can be led up to the plane of these concerts are lacking. They were once partly supplied by the Central Park garden-concerts, which were managed in a way that gave no offense to the social ideas of the people, and hence had their support. It is of great importance at present to give the people the right kind of food. Their taste has been awakened and they are willing to be led. The way in which music is often taught is an insult to any person of common intellect. The intelligence is not appealed to, but the pupil is treated like a child, and often remains, musically speaking, a child his life long.

The value of a visit to Europe, at the proper time, is of course great for those studying music; but pupils should not be sent there for technical instruction, but for the knowledge of other schools and methods—in short, for the experience. A great many singers are sent to Italy; and what results have we? If they devote themselves to vocalization and really learn to vocalize,—and many do not,—they come back without a repertory of practical value. They display their acquirements in some show pieces of operatic airs to which they have given all their attention, and for which there is no demand. Many singers are excluded from opportunities of appearing in good concerts, because they have no pieces in keeping with the character of the programmes. Why send them so far to acquire that which is of no use to them? What a waste of money and, more serious still, what a dreadful ruin of moral character often results! No teacher in a foreign country can rightly understand how to prepare pupils for practical work here. Though the taste for singing was awakened by Italian opera, and though the Italian method of using the voice commends itself to us, the educated American is not



satisfied with the Italian repertory, and soon outgrows it. I am satisfied that we shall never have a standard opera, which will take hold of the people, until we educate our own singers for the stage, and choose our repertory from the best Italian, French, and German works.

We want home education and thorough home education, of a kind suited to the needs and demands of our people, and calculated to promote the new life which we hope is opening before us. We want an end of amateurism in teachers and other professionals. Those who present themselves to guide the people must have thoroughly studied music, not dabbled in it. We need some provision for the talent which is developing every day—we need institutions, well endowed, which will not be obliged to adopt a mere commercial standard for want of the means of support. We need the influences coming naturally from such institutions. We need them, not only to give instruction to pupils, but to keep up a high standard of excellence. We need them for our numerous earnest teachers to come to from time to time, to rub off the rust of teaching, and refresh themselves by contact with those who live in a musical atmosphere. The greatest enemy to fight is mediocrity, and an institution of standing is the only sure defense against it. Such an institution would afford an opportunity for public or semi-public performances, by which ability would be tested and experience gained. It would also give us—what we have not now—a suitable place for the performance of the works of young composers. A concert of a society like the Philharmonic is not the proper place for experimental music.

There are many ways in which such an institution would be of national advantage. It would not only develop our native talent and give us a true standard of excellence, but it would also give fresh impetus to the mechanical branch of the art, wherein this country already occupies an enviable position. It is generally acknowledged that we make

the best pianos. Our organs are good, and our brass and reed instruments are of a superior quality. But the most noteworthy fact of all is that we are making the best violins. Some of the first living violinists claim that the violins made by George Gemünder are worthy to rank with those of the famous Italian makers, needing only age to prove their great excellence. Mr. Gemünder, who has shown himself a master in this most difficult art, says that we have an extraordinary variety of woods suitable for instrument-making, and that his experience, which he has dearly bought by indefatigable labor since 1847, shows our woods to be in no way inferior to the best used by the old Italian makers. We have, furthermore, an abundant supply, whereas in Europe there is a great scarcity. The rough tone of the violins of German manufacture is due largely to the inferior quality of the wood. A striking tribute to the superiority of Mr. Gemünder's work is furnished by the following authentic anecdote: At the Vienna Exhibition there was a collection of the best specimens of violin-making. It included not only the famous instruments of the Italian makers, but those of modern workmanship. Mr. Gemünder sent a remarkable violin, made by him after the pattern of Joseph Guarnerius. The judges, who had been selected from all parts of Europe to pronounce upon the merits of the various instruments, refused to admit this particular one to competition, declaring that the competitor was trying to deceive them with a genuine old instrument in an unusually good state of preservation.

It will be seen, therefore, that we have in this country the possibilities of a great musical future. We have the natural taste of the people for music, their strong desire to have only the best, and their readiness to recognize what is the best when it is presented to them. We have exceptional natural resources for the making of musical instruments. Nature has done her part of the work generously; it remains for us to do ours.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF AMERICAN SOCIETY.

## PART II.

COLONEL THOMAS HANDASYDE PERKINS is a name which should never be forgotten in Boston. He was a tall, fine-looking man, with a dignified and elegant presence, courteous, benevolent, noble, and generous, bestowing favors as if they were kindnesses to himself. He was one of the chief movers for the Massachusetts General Hospital, to which an act of incorporation was granted, and a valuable donation was made by the commonwealth, I think in 1815,—on condition that \$100,000 should be raised for the expenses. Colonel Perkins and Mr. James Perkins headed the subscription with \$5000 each (a much larger sum then than now). To Colonel Perkins is due the success of the Institution for the Blind, and much of the prosperity of the Athenæum. Upon the condition that \$50,000 should be subscribed, Colonel Perkins gave his large residence, with garden and grounds, to the Institution for the Blind. The sum was raised by subscription and by a fair, which was conducted with the usual excitement. Doctor Howe, with his never-failing enthusiasm, was placed at the head of this institution. Colonel Perkins had the great satisfaction of watching the full success of his munificent gift. When I was in London, Mr. Rogers, the poet, showed me some writing of Laura Bridgman's, Dr. Howe's far-famed pupil, which he had preserved with great care.

In the last year of Colonel Perkins's life, a large building in Pearl street was obtained for the Athenæum by contribution. A fund was to be provided for annual expenses, and an effort was made to raise \$100,000. Colonel Perkins had already done so much for the Athenæum that no application was made to him. He, however, sent for the subscription and contributed \$3000. The subscription amounted to \$80,000, the money to be paid provided the amount required was raised within the year. Colonel Perkins gave his assurance that the project should not fail, saying that he would be responsible for any deficiency. He was not called upon, however, for Mr. Samuel Appleton having left \$200,000 for scientific, literary, and charitable purposes, his trustees applied \$25,000 to the Athenæum.

In 1828, my father, Colonel Perkins, and I went to Washington. We went by stage to

Providence, thence by one of the two Long Island Sound boats, *Captain Bunker*, to New York. We staid at Bunker's, hardly a hotel, in the lower part of Broadway, below Trinity Church. How beautiful the Battery was, and all the lower part of the town, then the fashionable residence! The evening of our arrival, we were at a musical party at Mr. Philip Hone's,—the mayor of the city, and a prince of hospitality. We heard a great deal of music, some very good, and saw a degree of fashionable and extravagant dress far in excess of quiet Boston.

We left New York the next day, and had a most terrific stage journey from Amboy to Camden, on absolutely dangerous roads. It was on this road that Wallack had his leg broken, when he came first to the United States from England. Arriving in Washington, we drove immediately to "the House," where my father and Colonel Perkins alighted. I went on with Colonel Perkins's man-servant to "Gadsby's," where our rooms were engaged. The object in going to Washington was to hear the debates on the tariff, then a subject of immense importance. Our daily dinner-party usually consisted of Mr. Webster, Mr. Prescott, Mr. Everett, Mr. Ticknor, Colonel Perkins, and my father, with an occasional member of Congress, I being the only lady. I should have enjoyed it more had I been older. The morning after our arrival, I went to "the House" with the gentlemen, and saw John Randolph, and heard him speak on this issue. He was a tall, slight man, with long, thin legs in buckskin breeches, high-topped boots, blue coat with bright buttons, made in the fashion of the day, with the buttons half-way up the back, and with a high collar. He carried a short cane or whip-stock in his hand. His coming drew the attention of all. In speaking, he extended two fingers, and said, in a high, thin voice, as far as I remember: "The object is not a tariff on manufactures, but the manufacture of a president." I regret that I cannot remember more of "the House" and the debates, but I was much more occupied with the gay society.

We attended a great ball at the Russian ambassador's the evening after our arrival. My father had forbidden my waltzing, and, as I did not care for the crowded quadrilles,

I amused myself with walking about with various escorts and looking at the people. Mr. Van Buren, then senator, afterward president, gave me more than an hour's amusement, telling me who the people were and for what they had come to Washington. I remember a great many people from Europe, from the West, from the South, and from the East, all new to my inexperience,—such an assemblage as could only be seen in Washington at that time. Miss Silsbee, afterward Mrs. Sparks, was then very prominent in Washington society.

The next morning, in the Senate Chamber, Mr. Van Buren came and sat by me in the balcony. Some one was speaking—I think Mr. Haines, of Ohio—and was attacking Mr. Van Buren. Our party was much amused by my telling him that he should not talk to me, but listen to what his opponent was saying. He laughed and said: "I hear enough."

John Quincy Adams was then president. The gentlemen who were with me belonged to the opposition, and party spirit ran so high that none of them called at the White House, so I did not see it.

We went to balls and assemblies evening after evening while in Washington. On our return I was left with my aunt, in Philadelphia, for six weeks. Philadelphia was the gayest of the Atlantic cities at that time, and I had gayety enough in those six weeks. There was a circle of young men who seemed to have nothing to do but to amuse themselves and others. With no apparent business or profession, and, as I have heard, no fortunes, they seemed to take life as if intended only for enjoyment. Among the prominent figures of Philadelphia at that time was old John Vaughan, brother of Charles Vaughan of London, who was one of the chief promoters of the London docks. John Vaughan was interested in everything that concerned Philadelphia; he took strangers whom he knew under his special care, and, being an old friend of my parents, he kept a special watch over me. He went about in a plaid cloak and carried a red-and-white striped umbrella, giving as a reason that no one would ever take it. His habits were so regular that one could almost tell the time of day by the appearance of Mr. Vaughan. He was a very early riser, and was in the habit of going to the boat to see any of his departing friends off. One day he was missed from his usual haunts, and there was a great commotion; but late in the after-

noon he re-appeared. He had been carried off by the boat.

A few weeks later we went from Boston to Saratoga, by a tedious stage journey across country. We remained at Saratoga about ten days—and found it gay, amusing, and confusing—but a very different place from the Saratoga of to-day. I think Mr. Legaré, of South Carolina, was one of the most distinguished persons there. He was a man of great literary acquirement, almost deformed by the shortness of his legs, but capable of being very agreeable. Mr. Dominick Lynch delighted the assembly both by day and evening with his singing. Congress Hall was then the favorite hotel.

About 1830, De Tocqueville and his friend Mr. Beaumont came to Boston. De Tocqueville was dark in complexion, quiet, humorous, charming in manner, and impressive, though small. Mr. Beaumont, the author of his biography, was larger in frame and lighter in color. They were often at my father's, and I was old enough to appreciate and enjoy their earnest conversations with my father, and De Tocqueville's charming manner to me, though I could not realize the depth of his sound philosophy and learning.

From 1828 to 1832, I was much in the society of Boston, New York and Philadelphia. Society was smaller, more simple, less extravagant than at present. The hours for dining were two and half-past two, and for dinner parties as late as four o'clock. There were, therefore, no elaborate lunch parties. The dishes—and often very substantial ones—were carved at the table by the host: there was no dining *à la Russe*. The dinners were luxurious, including expensive wines,—Madeira, sherry, and port, chiefly,—and elaborate desserts, with polished tables of handsome fruit and glass. At tea parties, the tea and cakes were handed on trays. Later in the evening, apples, nuts, figs, and grapes were considered an appropriate entertainment for a few friends, or blanc-mange, fruit-creams, custards, and preserves. When a dancing party was given, there was an appropriate supper in a supper-room. Balls began at eight, and rarely lasted after twelve o'clock, and were not, as now, of nightly occurrence. A ball was not a matter of course, but an occasion, and sometimes a great occasion, two houses being thrown into one. Waltzing was rather frowned upon, but there was a small set who faced the opprobrium for the pleasure of the waltz, and groups gathered around the

ring of dancers. It may be well called a "ring," for we spun round and round without any "reverse"; we must have had very steady heads. Cotillons and *contra-dances* were usual, and sometimes a Virginia reel, and a dance called the "Spanish dance," where the partners stood opposite, as in the *contra-danse*, and the men knelt from time to time while the women waltzed around them in figures. It gave rise to some amusement in making knee-cushions. The galop was introduced about this time. The polka came later.

Dancing meant dancing in those days. We "took steps," and prided ourselves upon the skill and grace of the performance, and had an admiring circle. The music was a very small affair. As I look back and remember the three or four musicians,—sometimes only one, and, when more than one, the leader standing on a foot-stool of some kind and often calling out the figures,—it seems very primitive. The music in New York was superior to that in Boston. In Philadelphia they had "Johnson's band"—colored men—who made themselves rather obtrusive by joining in the music with their voices. It seemed to me good dancing music, however. Assemblies (subscription balls) were introduced several years later, when we had a delightful band, and the musicians were much less prominent.

All these fashions were much the same in the three cities, but there was a difference. Boston was more simple, the society formed of people whose parents and grandparents had known one another, and with few strangers, the inhabitants calling one another by the Christian name, and having a general knowledge of one another's affairs. This peculiarity was strongly brought to mind by some English friends who dined with us, and with whom, after dinner, we drove out to a party at Cambridge. The gentleman—a colonel in the English army—was driven out by my brother, and they arrived before us. When our carriage drove up they came to the door, and the lady (the colonel's sister) said: "William, who is here?" To which he answered, amid general merriment: "Sarah, John, Jane, Susan. That's all I know." New York was much more metropolitan; more strangers congregated there; there was much more display, more extravagance of dress, more and finer equipages, and more private and public entertainments. Philadelphia was more given to amusement than either city, but there was not the same display or extravagance of dress as in

New York. There was, however, a very "fast" set of both men and women.

At this time dresses were worn short and full, with stiff, short sleeves and low neck for the evening, and in the day-time low neck with collars of various forms—sometimes falling in long points upon the sleeves, which were large at the top, held out with whalebone or under-sleeves of down, and tight below the elbow. Fancy aprons of all kinds were used with morning dress. All wore slippers for walking, and I now wonder how any one so shod lived through those severe Boston winters. The first boots I remember were in 1828, and these laced at the side; gaiters usually had fringes around the top. The bonnets were enormous, and the hair was dressed in many fanciful ways. "*À la Giraffe*" was a favorite style: the hair drawn to the top of the head, and formed into three or more bows standing separate, either on a small frame, or, if the wearer had hair enough, *crêpé*, and a piece of hair twisted around, making, as it were, a stem for the bow, and with flowers between the bows. I have seen ladies with this head-dress on top, one side of the hair curled, and on the other side a small bunch of flowers. The hair was also braided into a basket on the top, filled with curls, or "*à la Chinoise*,"—taken entirely back from the face and puffed on the top of the head. The gloves were short, trimmed with lace, ribbon-ruches, or swan's-down. Young married women wore turbans, or little hats with feathers, sometimes without a crown, so that the hair came through. The men had tight pantaloons, tied or buttoned at the ankle, silk stockings and pumps; very well for a good and graceful leg. They wore fancy waistcoats of all kinds—plaid, velvet, satin; and (with white or black) colored under-waistcoats, showing above the edge of pink, blue, and red, and a great deal of cuff.

During these years (from 1828 to '32), I often heard Doctor Channing preach. His attenuated figure and face, his large, luminous eyes, and his sweet but pervading voice, formed a peculiar presence not to be forgotten. His manner was calm and rarely aided by gesture, but earnest and deeply impressive, and he possessed the magnetism that carried the audience side by side with him, from point to point of his discourse. In social life he was not unamiable, but his grand views of humanity seemed to lift his attention above social surroundings.

About 1828, I became acquainted with



Charles Sumner. He was then a tall, bony, and not graceful youth, with a great deal of brown, waving hair. He was natural, ingenuous, enthusiastic, had a way of blushing frequently when interested in his subject. He was full of ideas, and fond of expressing them. In 1831, I think, during Judge Story's absence in Washington, he took charge of the law-school, and to save time and fatigue he used to go to Cambridge on a velocipede (then in their youth, and propelled by touching the feet to the ground). I had never seen one, and he came down Chestnut street one morning for my benefit. I recently spoke to Mr. Pierce (his biographer) about this, but he had never seen or heard of it. Mr. Sumner may have tried it for a few times, and found it a failure. Our friendship continued throughout his life.

In the autumn of 1831, Gilbert Stuart Newton, the artist, came to Boston, after a voyage (as he wrote to Leslie) of unmitigated misery. Mr. Newton was the youngest child of a large family. He was born in Halifax in 1793. His father held the position of collector of customs under the English government. His mother was the sister of Gilbert Stuart. After Mr. Newton's (the father's) death, Mrs. Newton removed with her family to Boston, and kept a school. In 1815 Mr. Newton went to Italy to study. He had painted some portraits and fancy pictures, before he left Boston, which had attracted a great deal of attention, among them a "Greek Girl," now in the Lenox Library, which contains also "The Dull Lecture." In Florence he painted a portrait of an official, which was so much admired that the young artist was quite elated, and his friend, the Countess of Albany, who had been the wife of the "Young Pretender," and at the time of which I write was the wife of Alfieri, advised Mr. Newton to go to England, which she thought the best school of the arts. We find Mr. Newton, in 1817, in Paris, on his way to London. Here he met Leslie, Wilkie, Allston, and, I think, Moore. Here I give Leslie's account:

"I met Newton for the first time in Paris, in the winter of 1817. He was then on his way to England from Italy. I was returning to England, and he agreed to accompany me, by the way of the Netherlands. We visited Brussels, and walked in the field of the recent battle of Waterloo, accompanied by De Costa, the peasant who had acted as Bonaparte's guide. I recollect Newton's being much amused by a ragged urchin who followed us, and who, from habit, had become very quick-sighted in distinguishing bullets among the clods of the plowed

fields, which he handed to us as he picked them up. At one place he slunk toward a hedge, and soon returned running to us with a skull, which he pretended to have just found, hoping we would buy it; and on our declining to do so, he returned and carefully deposited it under the hedge, to find it again for the next traveler.

"We spent two days at Antwerp. The great works of Rubens were now restored from the Louvre and in their places in the cathedral and other churches, and afforded us a rich treat. We passed through Ghent in the night, but it was bright moonlight, and as we were detained there two or three hours, we spent the time in walking over the town and loitering about the magnificent cathedral, to the apparent discomposure of the ancient and quiet watchmen, who were armed with long spears, and were the only persons in the street besides ourselves.

"From Ostend we took passage in a small trading-vessel for London (steam-boats were not then established). The captain promised us every accommodation and comfort, but we found neither when we went on board. Though we had paid for our passage to London, we were glad to land at Dover, after a gale which, at one time, threatened to drive us back to Ostend.

"I found Newton on this, as upon all other occasions, a most pleasant traveling companion, making light of disagreeables that could not be avoided, and with a delightful flow of spirits, extracting amusement for us both from all that happened.

"Washington and Peter Irving came to London soon after Newton's arrival, and as long as they remained here were among his most intimate associates. Newton's pictures soon attracted notice in the exhibitions, and his agreeable qualities gained him valuable personal friends.

"Newton became a student of the Royal Academy, and there is a slight sketch he made of Fuseli\* (who was then keeper) while sitting in the antique school—extremely like."

For a short time, Leslie, Washington and Peter Irving, and Mr. Newton had lodgings in Langham Place, where Irving began his "Sketch Book," and read aloud the first sketches to his companions. To resume Leslie's reminiscences:

"Newton's life, from this period to that of his embarking for America, was attended with brilliant professional success, which led him more and more into society, his wit, his humor, and his gentlemanly manners securing him a most welcome reception wherever he appeared.

"Wilkie mentions his visiting 'Woburn Abbey' in 1831, where he was most hospitably entertained by the Duke and Duchess of Bedford. He was sometimes taunted with being proud of the attentions shown him by persons of rank, but he never courted their attentions, and he surely might be proud of being well received by such men as the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Holland, Lord Dudley, and Lord Lyndhurst—men distinguished as much for talent as for rank. In this circle he constantly met Mr. Rogers, Moore, Mr. Kenny, Sydney Smith, and Sir Humphrey Davy, and most other men distinguished for genius who were to be met in London.

"That he appreciated the intellectual society he mingled in when in America, will appear from an

\* Now in the possession of Mrs. Oakley.



answer he gave to Sydney Smith, upon his return to England, who asked him: 'What sort of people did you meet in America?' Newton said: 'I associated every day with such men as I am very glad to meet with here occasionally.'

"I recollect his telling me that when he was in Italy he frequently visited the Countess of Albany. A Polish gentleman, with whom Newton traveled through Switzerland, said to me: 'When I heard Mr. Newton talk of the Countess of Albany, I thought she was some beautiful young lady, but he has just told me she is eighty years of age, so I find he was in love with the ghost, and not the body.'

"Newton was elected an associate of the Royal Academy in November, 1828, and academician in February, 1832."

Mr. Newton was tall, and of elegant appearance, and graceful manners. He sang with a sweet tenor voice and much expression, and with a good method.

In the winter of 1831 we often saw Mr. Allston. He had peculiar habits; he secluded himself very much from society, and when he made visits, made them at a very late hour and remained until the early hours. He was very attractive, and his powers of story-telling—especially of telling ghost stories—were wonderful. It was said that he believed in ghosts, and one is inclined to believe so from his impressive relation. He was very quiet at dinner, and his voice at all times was low and sweet. He looked like a poet, and I think in wearing a green coat he showed his taste in the color most becoming to his clear, pale skin and white hair. He once asked me to come to his studio—a building at Cambridge standing apart, and looking very much like a small old "meeting-house" without a spire. I was very much pleased, and asked when I should come. He said I should be welcome whenever I came. One afternoon we rode out on horseback; we looked through the windows and saw Allston's head, we thought. We knocked at the door, but it was not opened. We knocked at the windows with our whips, but all in vain, and we rode away without gaining entrance. Whether Allston was there or not we never knew.

One day, when dining at my father's, he looked up at a picture hanging over the mantel-piece. My father, observing him, said:

"I do not think you could do better yourself," or something to that effect.

Mr. Allston bowed.

It was "Falstaff Summoning his Ragged Regiment." I never liked the picture, and did not know who was the artist, and was astonished at my father's remark. After our guests had departed, I said:

VOL. XXI.—57.

"How could you tell Allston he could not do better than that picture?"

My father replied:

"It is one of Allston's,—painted some years ago,—and it has been severely criticised."

In the summer of 1832, Washington Irving returned to America. The excitement produced by his coming and the enthusiastic reception he had were unexpected to him, and I think gave him extreme pleasure. The dinner given to him in New York, at which Mr. Duer spoke with so much eloquence, was an unequalled ovation. He passed some days at my father's, in Boston. He was a very different looking person from the one I had expected to see. He was short, stout, and dressed in a tight suit of black, with a wig; but his beautiful eyes and delightful smile and his expression of benevolence and sweetness gave a prevailing charm.

The meeting between him and Mr. Newton (Stuart Newton), who was with us, was pathetic. They embraced and kissed like Frenchmen, and almost shed tears. Mr. Irving was shy and quiet, as I believe he always was among strangers. He fell asleep after dinner. Many persons came in the evening. The next morning Mr. Irving, Mr. Newton, and I drove out to Fresh Pond. We sat upon the banks, and in this social intercourse he was delightful, as he ever was to me afterward. He and Mr. Newton talked and laughed over old scenes and events with wit, humor, and pathos; talked of Peter (Washington's older brother), Jekyll, Powell, and other old friends, and I am fortunate in being able to recall such a morning.

In 1849, when dining with us in New York, Mr. Irving told us he was on the dock when the first experiment was made with Fulton's steamer. The crowd looked on with breathless interest, but as the boat moved off a voice was heard saying:

"She may go very well for a time, but give me a good sloop."

Mr. Irving was a great lover of music—a tender, not a knowing, lover of it; he knew nothing of the technique. I have seen him shed tears at a ballad. He enjoyed hearing Gilles, the famous violoncello-player at that time; and once in speaking of him the color rose to his face and he exclaimed: "Ah, it was delightful! He is a fine fellow. He plunges down and seizes a fat semibreve by the tail, and brings it wriggling up."

Irving's love for children and patience

with them were very great, and once called forth from a woman, whose restless children he had amused while traveling, this grateful comment:

"Many thanks, sir, for your goodness; it is plain you are the father of a large family."

Washington Irving's career is so familiar to every American that it would be useless to say more of him; but the love, affection, and tender interest he inspired can only be known by those who have lived among his friends.

## NOTES OF A WALKER. V.

### SHAKSPERE'S NATURAL HISTORY.

It is surprising that so profuse and prodigal a poet as Shakspeare should seldom or never make a mistake in his dealings with Nature, or take an unwarranted liberty with her. Nature herself makes mistakes sometimes—puts two yolks into one egg; says white in the albino when she means black or brown; brings a flower or bird out of season, or a child into the world before its time. But it would be difficult to point out analogous departures from the physical fact in the pages of Shakspeare. True it is that his allusions to nature are always incidental,—never his main purpose or theme, as with many later poets; yet his accuracy and closeness to fact, and his wide and various knowledge of unbookish things, are seen in his light "touch and go" phrases and comparisons as clearly as in his more deliberate and central work.

In "Much Ado About Nothing," *Benedick* says to *Margaret*:

"Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth—it catches."

One marked difference between the greyhound and all other hounds and dogs, is that it can pick up its game while running at full speed, a feat that no other dog can do. The fox-hound, or farm-dog, will run over a fox or a rabbit many times without being able to seize it.

In "Twelfth Night," the clown tells *Viola* that

"Fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings—the husband's the bigger."

The pilchard closely resembles the herring, but is thicker and heavier, with larger scales.

In the same play, *Maria*, seeing *Malvolio* coming, says:

"Here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling."

Shakspeare, then, knew that fact so well

known to poachers, and known also to many an American school-boy, namely, that a trout likes to be tickled, or behaves as if he did, and that by gently tickling his sides and belly you can so mesmerize him, as it were, that he will allow you to get your hands in position to clasp him firmly. The British poacher takes the jack by the same tactics; he tickles the jack on the belly; the fish slowly rises in the water till it comes near the surface, when the poacher having insinuated both hands under him, he is suddenly scooped out and thrown upon the land.

Indeed, Shakspeare seems to have known intimately the ways and habits of most of the wild creatures of Britain. He had the kind of knowledge of them that only the countryman has. In "As You Like It," *Jaques* tells *Amiens*:

"I can suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs."

Every gamekeeper, and every farmer, for that matter, knows how destructive the weasel and its kind are to birds' eggs, and to the eggs of game birds and of domestic fowls.

In "Love's Labor's Lost," *Biron* says of *Boyet*:

"This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons peas."

Pigeons do not pick up peas in this country, but they do in England, and are often very damaging to the farmer on that account. Shakspeare knew also the peculiar manner in which they fed their young—a manner that has given rise to the expression "sucking dove." In "As You Like It" is this passage:

"*Celia*. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

"*Rosalind*. With his mouth full of news.

"*Celia*. Which he will put on us as pigeons feed their young.

"*Rosalind*. Then shall we be news-crammed."

When the mother pigeon feeds her young she brings the food, not in her beak like

other birds, but in her crop; she places her beak between the open mandibles of her young, and fairly crams the food, which is delivered by a peculiar pumping movement, down its throat. She furnishes a capital illustration of the eager, persistent news-monger.

Says *Bottom* to the fairy *Cobweb*, in "Midsummer Night's Dream":

"Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag."

This command might be executed in this country, for we have the "red-hipped humble-bee," and we have the thistle, and there is no more likely place to look for the humble-bee in midsummer than on a thistle-blossom.

But the following picture of a "wet spell" is more English than American:

"The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,  
The plowman lost his sweat; and the green corn  
Hath rotted ere his youth attain'd a beard;  
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,  
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock."

Shakspeare knew the birds and wild fowl, and knew them perhaps as a hunter, as well as a poet. At least this passage would indicate as much:

"As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,  
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,  
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,  
Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky."

In calling the choughs "russet-pated," he makes the bill tinge the whole head, or perhaps gives the effect of the birds' markings when seen at a distance; the bill is red, the head is black. The chough is a species of crow.

A poet must know the birds well to make one of his characters say, when he had underestimated a man, "I took this lark for a bunting," as *Lafew* says of *Parolles* in "All's Well That Ends Well." The English bunting (*Emberiza miliaria*) is a field bird like the lark, and much resembles the latter in form and color, but is far inferior as a songster. Indeed, Shakspeare shows his familiarity with nearly all the British birds.

"The ousel-cock, so black of hue,  
With orange-tawny bill,  
The throstle with his note so true,  
The wren with little quill."

"The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,  
The plain-song cuckoo gray,  
Whose note full many a man doth mark,  
And dares not answer nay."

In "Much Ado About Nothing" we get a glimpse of the lapwing:

"For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs  
Close by the ground, to hear our conference."

The lapwing is a kind of plover, and is very swift of foot. When trying to avoid being seen they run rapidly with depressed heads, or "close by the ground," as the poet puts it. In the same scene, *Hero* says of *Ursula*:

"I know her spirits are as coy and wild  
As haggards of the rock,"

or as a wild, untamable hawk. Had Shakspeare been an "amateur poacher" in his youth? He had a poacher's knowledge of the wild creatures. He knew how fresh the snake appeared after it had cast its skin; how the hedgehog makes himself up into a ball and leaves his "prickles" in whatever touches him; how the butterfly came from the grub; how the fox carries the goose; where the squirrel hid his store; where the martlet builds its nest, etc.

"Now is the woodcock near the gin,"

says *Fabian* in "Twelfth Night," and

"Stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits,"

says *Claudius* to *Leonato* in "Much Ado."

"Instruct thee how  
To snare the nimble marmozet,"

says *Caliban* in "The Tempest." Sings the fool in "Lear":

"The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long  
That it had its head bit off by its young."

The hedge-sparrow is one of the favorite birds upon which the European cuckoo imposes the rearing of its young. If Shakspeare had made the house-sparrow, or the blackbird, or the bunting, or any of the granivorous, hard-billed birds, the foster-parent of the cuckoo, his natural history would have been at fault.

Shakspeare knew the flowers, too, and knew their times and seasons:

"When daisies pied, and violets blue,  
And lady smocks all silver-white,  
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,  
Do paint the meadows with delight."

They have, in England, the cuckoo-flower, which comes in April and is lilac in color, and the cuckoo-pint, which is much like our "Jack-in-the-pulpit"; but the poet does not refer to either of these (if he did we could catch him tripping), but to buttercups, which are called by rural folk in Britain "cuckoo-buds."

In England the daffodil blooms in February and March; the swallow comes in April usually; hence the truth of Shakspeare's lines:

— "daffodils,  
That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty."

The only flaw I notice in Shakspeare's natural history is in his treatment of the honey-bee, but this was a flaw in the knowledge of the times as well. The history of this insect was not rightly read till long after Shakspeare wrote. He pictures a colony of bees as a kingdom, with

"A king and officers of sorts,"

(see "Henry V."), whereas a colony of bees is an absolute democracy; the rulers and governors and "officers of sorts" are the workers, the masses, the common people. A strict regard to fact also would spoil those fairy tapers in "Midsummer Night's Dream,"—

"The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,  
And, for night-tapers, crop their waxen thighs,  
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,"—

since it is not wax that bees bear upon their thighs, but pollen, the dust of the flowers, with which bees make their bread. Wax is made from honey.

The science or the meaning is also a little obscure in this phrase, which occurs in one of the plays:

"One heat another heat expels"—

as one nail drives out another, or as one love cures another.

In a passage in "The Tempest," he speaks of the ivy as if it were parasitical, like the mistletoe:

— "now, he was  
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,  
And sucked my verdure out on't."

I believe it is not a fact that the ivy sucks the juice out of the trees it climbs upon. Its aerial rootlets are for support alone, as is the case with all climbers that are not twiners. But this may perhaps be regarded as only a poetic license on the part of

Shakspeare; the human ivy he was picturing no doubt fed upon the tree that supported it, whether the real ivy does or not. It is also probably untrue that

"The poor beetle that we tread upon,  
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great  
As when a giant dies,"

though it has suited the purpose of other poets besides Shakspeare to say so. The higher and more complex the organization the more acute the pleasure and the pain. A toad has been known to live for days with the upper part of its head cut away by a scythe, and a beetle will survive for hours upon the fisherman's hook. It, perhaps, causes a grasshopper less pain to detach one of its legs than it does a man to remove a single hair from his beard. Nerves alone feel pain, and the nervous system of a beetle is a very rudimentary affair.

In "Coriolanus" there is a comparison which implies that a man can tread upon his own shadow—an impossible feat at all times except at midday; Shakspeare is particular to mention the time of day:

"Such a nature,  
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow  
Which he treads on at noon."

#### THE FEELING OF FALL.

WITH me the feeling of fall is sometimes borne in upon the mind very suddenly. The first gradual changes are not noted, or if noted are not felt. But there comes a day, in the latter part of September or early in October, when the signs have accumulated. Cold, grayish-blue clouds cover the sky, the trees are shaken by a rude, raw wind, the rarer birds are gone, and the more hardy ones are flocking ready to go; and as you walk or ride along the road, a whiff of smoke from some burning in the open air, or from some neighboring hearth, is brought to you, when suddenly, and as if some secret spring in the heart had been touched, there comes a vision of a fire in the grate, of the warm interior with books and papers, and the privacy and coziness of one's own chimney-corner. This sudden and strong attraction for in-doors is a part of the compensation of a climate like ours; what we lose without we gain within; the domestic and home instincts thrive under an inclement sky. With the chill November rains beating against the pane, and the newly fallen leaves blowing about, one can sit down in-doors with a feeling of content-

ment and satisfaction, yea, a deep sense of the security and deliciousness of four walls, that a dweller in a more favored clime can never know.

#### A GOOD SEASON FOR THE BIRDS.

THE season of 1880 seems to have been exceptionally favorable to the birds. The warm early spring, the absence of April snows and of long, cold rains in May and June,—indeed, the exceptional heat and dryness of these months, and the freedom from violent storms and tempests throughout the summer,—all worked together for the good of the birds. Their nests were not broken up or torn from the trees, nor their young chilled and destroyed by the wet and the cold. The drenching, protracted rains that make the farmer's seed rot or lie dormant in the ground in May or June, and the summer tempests that uproot the trees or cause them to lash and bruise their foliage, always bring disaster to the birds. As a result of our immunity from these things the past season, the small birds in the fall were perhaps never more abundant. Indeed, I never remember to have seen so many of certain kinds, notably the social and the bush sparrows. The latter literally swarmed in the fields and vineyards, and as it happened that for the first time a large number of grapes were destroyed by birds, the little sparrow, in some localities, was accused of being the depredator. But he is innocent. He never touches fruit of any kind, but lives upon seeds and insects. What attracted this sparrow to the vineyards in such numbers was mainly the covert they afforded from small hawks, and probably also the seeds of various weeds that had been allowed to ripen there. The grape-destroyer was a bird of another color, namely, the oriole, and if he goes on as he has begun, his tribe will not be likely to increase in the future, even though the season is favorable as it was the past year. One fruit-grower on the Hudson told me he lost at least a ton of grapes by the birds, and in the western part of New York State I hear the vineyards suffered severely. The oriole has a sharp, dagger-like bill, and he seems to be learning rapidly how easily he can puncture fruit with it. He has come to be about the worst cherry bird we have. He takes the worm first, and then he takes the cherry the worm was after, or rather he bleeds it; as with the grapes, he carries none away with him, but wounds them all. He is welcome to all the fruit he can eat, but why should he murder

every cherry on the tree, or every grape in the cluster? He is as wanton as a sheep-killing dog, that will not stop with enough, but slaughters every ewe in the flock. The oriole is peculiarly exempt from the dangers that beset most of our birds; its nest is all but impervious to the rain, and the squirrel or the jay or the crow cannot rob it without great difficulty. It is a pocket which it would not be prudent for either jay or squirrel to attempt to explore, when the owner, with his dagger-like beak, was about; and the crow cannot alight upon the slender, swaying branch from which it is usually pendent. Hence the orioles are doubtless greatly on the increase, and they may have to be checked by fruit-growers.

There has been an unusual number of shrikes the past fall and winter; like the hawks, they follow in the wake of the little birds and prey upon them. Some seasons pass and I never see a shrike. This year I have seen at least a dozen while passing along the road. One day I saw one carrying its prey in its feet—a performance which I supposed it incapable of, as it is not equipped for this business like a rapacious bird, but has feet like a robin. One wintry evening, near sunset, I saw one alight on the top of a tree by the road-side, with some small object in its beak. I paused to observe it. Presently it flew down into a scrubby old apple-tree, and attempted to impale the object upon a thorn or twig. It was occupied in this way some moments, no twig or knob proving quite satisfactory. A little screech-owl was evidently watching the proceedings from his door-way, in the trunk of a decayed apple-tree ten or a dozen rods distant. Twilight was just falling, and the owl had come up from his snug retreat in the hollow trunk and was waiting for the darkness to deepen before venturing forth. I was first advised of his presence by seeing him approaching swiftly on silent, level wing. The shrike did not see him till the owl was almost within the branches. He then dropped his game, which proved to be a part of a shrew-mouse, and darted back into the thick cover, uttering a loud, discordant squawk, as one would say, "Scat! scat! scat!" The owl alighted, and was, perhaps, looking about him for the shrike's impaled game, when I drew near. On seeing me he reversed his movement precipitately, flew straight back to the old tree, and alighted in the entrance to the cavity. As I approached, he did not so much seem to move as to diminish in



size, like an object dwindling in the distance; he depressed his plumage, and, with his eye fixed upon me, began slowly to back and sidle into his retreat till he faded from my sight. The shrike wiped his beak upon the branches, cast an eye down at me and at his lost mouse, and then flew away. He was a remarkably fine specimen,—his breast and under parts as white as snow, and his

coat of black and ashen gray appearing very bright and fresh. A few nights afterward, as I passed that way, I saw the little owl again sitting in his door-way, waiting for the twilight to deepen, and undisturbed by the passers-by; but when I paused to observe him, he saw that he was discovered and he slunk back into his den as on the former occasion.

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## TWO HOMES.

I HASTEN homeward, through the gathering night,  
Tow'rd the dear ones who in expectance sweet  
Await the coming of my weary feet,  
With faces in the hearth-fire glowing bright,  
And please my heart with many a lovely sight  
Of way-worn neighbors, stepping from the street  
Through doors thrown wide, and bursts of light that greet  
Their entrance, painting all their paths with white;  
And then I think, with a great thrill of bliss,  
That all the world, and all of life it brings,  
Tell me true tales of other realms than this,  
As faithful types of spiritual things;  
And so I know that home's rewarding kiss  
Insures the hope of heaven that in me springs.

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## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

George Eliot.

ONE after another, in these late years, the great English lights in the field of eminent fiction have gone out—Dickens, Bulwer, Thackeray, George Eliot. To have lived during the active, productive life of these brilliant people is something to be grateful for. With what intense interest we all watched for the appearance of a new novel by Dickens! His prolific pen was the wand of an enchanter, summoning new types of character, and fresh, amusing, and interesting forms of life into existence; and we re-read the books, now that they are growing old, and find them clothed with a perennial charm. We can but feel that there never was but one Dickens, and that there will never be another. We doubt whether, in the history of literature, a writer has ever lived who drew to himself such wide and enthusiastic love and admiration as Dickens. The whole English-reading world delighted in him, and it was with great pain that it contemplated his personal deviation from the path of sobriety, and his separation from the wife of his youth. The idol's feet were of clay, and the master of his art and of the world was not the master of himself. There was a great deal of twaddle over him, when men spoke of his per-

sonal and domestic career, in extenuation of his wrong or wayward doing, but every Christian reader of literature felt that he owed a spotless example to the millions of admiring eyes fixed upon him, and that he failed to recognize or pay the debt.

George Eliot, the last great English novelist who has left the world, was easily the most eminent woman of the century. She was different from nearly all other women, in the fact that she could be named with eminent men without any sense of incongruity. She had the mental grasp, steadiness, and cool intellectuality which are supposed to characterize great men, and she suffered in no way by being brought into comparison with them. Mrs. Browning, the most remarkable female writer of English verse who has lived in this century, was a woman in her mind as well as body; and while we do not intend to deny to George Eliot a true type of womanhood, she was intellectually a man, and challenged the attention and commanded the admiration of the best and highest men. As much as Mrs. Browning was admired, both by men and by her own sex, it is beginning to be apprehended that her work has few lasting qualities. It was intense, nervous, almost hysterical, and seems very girlish beside the work of George Eliot in the field of prose. One

was a brook; the other was a river. One sported amid the crests of fancy and feeling; the other took deep-sea soundings. No novelist of the century, man or woman, was so subtle, so keen of insight, and, on the whole, so philosophical as George Eliot. She was at home among motives, and she analyzed a character with all the skill and precision with which a chemist analyzes a compound. Nor did she lack wit of a very trenchant character. She was never trivial, and one could but feel that in all her work she was thoroughly in earnest.

There was a time in her life when she seemed to have been possessed by religious convictions. There was certainly a time when she had an intellectual comprehension of the power and beauty of Christianity. The sermon which she put into the mouth of Dinah, in "Adam Bede," was one of the sweetest that was ever written, and betrayed an intimate acquaintance with the genius of Christianity; the application of the gospel to the poor never had a better expression. But in her later life, and in her maturer work, she seemed to have left all her Christian convictions behind, and to have become as hopeless as modern philosophy could make her. From none of her later novels did any reader ever rise with his faith or hope or courage inspired by the words he had read. We remember a thoughtful and sensitive young man, who rose from the perusal of "Middlemarch" with his eyes suffused with tears, exclaiming: "My God! is that all?" Now, to write a book that deals exclusively with human life in such a way as to leave a doubt on the reader's mind as to whether life is really worth living, is to write unworthily. To write a book that deals exclusively with human life in such a way that no uplift, no inspiration, no accretion of strength, comes of it, is to fail to improve one's opportunities; and we fear that it must be said that George Eliot wrote several of these, especially among the last that issued from her pen.

It is not pleasant to recall the one blot upon George Eliot's life; and if she had been a giddy girl, led away by a youthful burst of passion, we could well forbear to speak of it. But in the cool maturity of her powers,—understanding perfectly what she was doing, how she was braving public opinion, trampling upon the public sense of propriety, and defying law,—she consented to live unmarried with Mr. Lewes. We have not much sympathy with a community that could taboo her for this, and then through the *salon* of an actress notoriously at fault in social purity without a sense of degradation; yet we are bound to say, in the interest of good morals and pure society, that this step was one most heartily to be condemned. Not that we believe that Marian Evans was a gross woman, or that she was led to this step by low motives. On the contrary, we believe she acted in loyalty to an honest love, and that, in her heart of hearts, she believed she did what she had a right to do. The disposition among her admirers has been to excuse her misstep upon this ground. It was believed, on this side of the Atlantic, at least, that she yielded herself to this false step in obedience to an overmastering passion,

and with the feeling that before God—if she believed in God at all—she had a natural right to do what she did. A great revulsion of feeling took place among her admirers in this country when, after Mr. Lewes's death, she was married to Mr. Cross. It was felt that the old theory—so full of charity and consideration—did not fit the case. However this may be, it is a comfort to know that she bowed at last to the legal sanctions of marriage; and we believe that Mr. Cross mourns the loss of as pure and true a woman as lives in England.

It was all a mistake. It was an infringement of the rules of social order; it was an offense against the law; it was one of those deeds that will not bear repeating. Its quality can easily be determined by imagining it universal, and by the power of a great example in helping to make it so. Society would go to wreck under this policy, and that must be its condemnation, even if we look to no higher source for it. George Eliot raised the intellectual status of her sex. She caused an enormous amount of intellectual interest in her creations, and illustrated the power of a consummate genius; but we fear that she has helped few in the path of moral and religious progress, either by her writings or her life. She furnishes another illustration of the prevalent feeling among literary people, that they owe no special debt to society or the world, and that it is none of the world's business how they write or what they do.

#### The Metropolitan Museum.

EVERY man has legally a right to do what he will with his own. It is possible that the New York Historical Society thought this when Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted suggested that the art treasures in its possession should, for the benefit of the public, be placed on exhibition in the halls of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Yet there are other aspects of the matter than the legal one. The fact that comparatively few people in the city, and fewer still in the country, know anything of the treasures in archaeology and art in the possession of the Historical Society, shows how very feebly they serve the purposes of such collections. We have before us the catalogue of the society's Museum and Gallery of Art, published in 1877, and it is really an astonishing document. It shows that in many respects the society holds the most remarkable collections in the country. It owns the well-remembered Abbott collection of Egyptian antiquities, consisting of one thousand one hundred and twenty-seven most interesting objects, a gallery of six hundred and twenty-four pictures, fifty-seven examples in modern sculpture, the Lenox collection of Nineveh sculptures, and other minor treasures. The picture-gallery is richer in examples of the old masters than any other in America. Cimabue, Perugino, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Fra Bartolommeo, Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, Andrea del Sarto, Correggio, Annibal Caracci, Domenichino, Guido, Salvator Rosa, Cuyt, Gérard Douw, Ostade, Paul Potter, Rembrandt, Rubens, Teniers, Wouvermans, Holbein, Velasquez, Murillo, Nicholas Poussin,

Greuze, Horace Vernet, Copley, Sully, Hogarth, Reynolds—all these names, a number of them well authenticated, and a hundred more, only less famous, find themselves in this catalogue, and many of them associated with important, characteristic works. There is not such another mine of art-wealth in this country, yet how few know anything about it, and how many will be surprised by this announcement!

Now we are not going to say that the Historical Society ought to give the public free access to its collections, or that they ought to be placed immediately where they will accomplish their appropriate work in the art education of the country—now in its most promising beginnings; but we are free to say that it is a great pity that such a source of culture and of pleasure cannot be freely opened to the popular desire and the popular convenience. They are now, so far as we know, only approachable by the same forms that stand between the public and the various important private collections of the city. There is nothing like freedom of access to them for artists or people. We say it is a great pity that treasures like these, which serve no purpose whatever when they are shut away from sight, should not be where the people go, and go freely, and be permitted to exercise the educating and refining influence which gives them all their practical value. Our people are young in all matters pertaining to art, and we have not in the aggregate enough of art-treasure yet to be able to afford to multiply collections in separate buildings, or to be in any way exclusive or stingy in their exhibition. It is undoubtedly true that one of the greatest favors that any society has ever had it within its power to show a city is in the hands and awaiting the enlightened will of the Historical Society. It is undoubtedly true that if their collections were in the rooms of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, either as a gift, or a loan for a limited number of years, they would be of incalculably more value to the city and the country than they will ever be where they are. Of course the Museum has no claim upon the society, and the society has a perfect right to do what it will with its own. We appeal to its members—gentlemen who are numbered among the best and wisest men we have in the community—to say whether they think their collections are accomplishing, as they are now managed, what they ought to accomplish, considering their value and the circumstances of the time. Is the management of the society a liberal one, heartily devoted to the public service? It certainly ought to be that. Has it not a good deal of red tape and conventionality about it? That is the popular impression.

There is another matter in connection with the Metropolitan Museum which we take the opportunity to speak of here. We have not in this great city of New York anything like a complete collection on public exhibition or even for study, of casts of antique statuary. Washington, in the Corcoran Gallery, has a fine and quite complete collection. Baltimore has a fine collection also, and we believe Philadelphia possesses a fairly good one. Now the

most complete collection costs only about \$15,000. Such a treasure as this for exhibition at the Museum, to which artists and the public can have the same free access that they have to the other collections, is most desirable. We have men of money and women of money in plenty here, who, if the matter were strongly brought to their attention, would be glad to bestow such a gift as this upon the people of the city. The people are comparatively few who can ever see the great originals of these casts, as they are comparatively few who can ever see, on foreign soil, examples of the old masters such as the Historical Society has in its possession, and to bring both into one building for free exhibition, would be to bring Europe to our doors, and to import the early ages of art into the nineteenth century for American use.

All great associations have a tendency after a time to consider themselves the arbiters and masters of their field, and to forget what they were made for. A museum, or a collection of the works of art, is never instituted for the glory of a board of trustees, or the exploitations of a director in the realm of authority. Their office of usefulness lies in the education of the people and the ministering to their innocent pleasures. The managers of the Museum of Art itself are not beyond the danger of forgetting that the Museum was not established for them, and that their ambitions and prerogatives and differences are not of the slightest consequence when compared with the relations of the people to the treasures over which they are placed in charge.

#### A Correction from Bishop Cox.

It was stated, in Rev. Dr. Robinson's recent very interesting and valuable article on "The Bible Society and the New Revision," that Bishop Cox's pamphlet, published in 1857, criticising the corrected version of the Bible previously issued by the American Bible Society, "went on to state, more than once, that the Society had made twenty-four thousand changes in the version of 1816." This statement Bishop Cox denies, and Dr. Robinson accepts the correction, saying that he should not have used the word "state," but should have used the word "intimate," instead. We admit so much of Bishop Cox's correction of facts, but when it comes to a "correction" of Dr. Robinson himself, we object to furnishing the medium for its administration. It would open an acrimonious controversy, which could lead to no good to any man or any cause.

We are free to say that we have no sympathy with those who are willing to perpetuate, for any reason, known errors in the sacred text, and have the keenest sympathy with all men and all bodies of men who devote their scholarship to the purification of the Bible in the vernacular from all errors introduced by translators and printers; and we welcomed to our pages what seemed to us to be a well-considered and timely defense of that committee of scholars who, so many years before, anticipated the work of this later day, whose results all English readers are anticipating with the keenest interest.

## HOME AND SOCIETY.

## A Mother's Duty to her Girls.

MODERN education, so far as girls are concerned, busies itself with teaching them a little—a very little—of everything under the sun, except that which it most behooves them to know. In spite of the utter denial of nature in much of the modern philosophy—in spite of the efforts of the strong-minded to eliminate the womanhood from our women, every true woman will continue to find her fullest development and her serenest happiness as wife and mother.

And yet, who does not know that, with all her learnings, no hint concerning the things which shall constitute the chief interest in her probable future is ever given her, either at home or in school? In fact, the subject is as sedulously avoided as if it were prohibited by the laws of God and man.

The difficulty lies mainly in a false notion of what parity is. The old-fashioned idea, that women should be guarded from all knowledge of evil, is hardly practicable in these days of newspapers, French novels, and free-and-easy manners. A knowledge of the utter corruption of human nature must in some degree reach the most sheltered women of the present day, and it lies with every mother to accept the responsibility of seeing that it comes in the right way. If the alternative were between the knowing and not knowing of certain things on the part of young girls, a mother might feel a natural pang at the thought of disturbing the vestal purity of the girlish imagination; but it is usually a very different alternative from this. The choice lies too often between knowing the right things and knowing the wrong—between looking at the most solemn realities of life in an earnest and reverent spirit, or in making them the subject of mysterious and giggling confidences and *double entente*, though mothers may fondly dream otherwise.

It is quite time that we—women and mothers—should face this question square, and that we should come to a true idea of what constitutes purity. Purity means spotlessness, not mere ignorance. It is a mental poise—that attitude toward evil which can only be taken and maintained where a knowledge of evil exists. It is not what one knows that constitutes impurity, but what one loves.

A mind waking up to the life around it feels naturally a profound interest and curiosity in regard to all unexplained phenomena which are rare enough to attract attention. This curiosity is not ignoble; it is as healthy and normal as physical hunger. It is one of nature's demands, which has a perfectly natural means of supply. A wise mother will watch the development of this wonder, and, as the time seems ripe for it, will gently appease it, not by silly fables, but by facts. No mother has a right to permit her daughter to grow up ignorant of the laws which she must obey if she would be healthy, and strong, and useful. Still less has a mother a right to permit her daughter to marry without the

fullest notion of the responsibilities she is about to assume.

It is an immense advantage to a woman, in every way, to have made her children her companions. The habit of talking with them and explaining difficulties of various kinds will open the way for such teaching as this, and if, in addition, she has informed herself in scientific matters, so that she can lead the way from physiological botany to human physiology, she will find the familiarity with scientific terms and the habit of dealing with the subject impersonally a great aid.

If the task be too difficult, there is still another resource. For the younger daughters, there are admirable books, containing all necessary information and without a suggestion of indelicacy, which may be substituted for personal counsel. For those who have left the family circle and upon whom the sweet dream of maternity is dawning, I know no better book than "The Mother and her Offspring," published by Harper and Brothers.

When a natural and healthful curiosity is met by a frank and simple statement of facts, the greatest danger is avoided. All temptation to discussion of these matters among girls is removed. Knowledge, instead of weakening and corrupting the character, really strengthens and purifies it, if it be the right kind of knowledge, rightly given. There must be a pure and a right way of looking into whatever God has ordained. Let us seek until we find it, and then gently guide our daughters till they find it too.

S. B. H.

## A New Cooking-Stove.

IN "The World's Work" department of the present number may be found a full description of a new cooking-stove invented by an Englishwoman, Mrs. Amelia Lewis. Of the myriad new inventions which find their way to the American market, very few are addressed to the most urgent domestic needs of women. This is one of the few, and for that reason a notice of its advantages finds a place in this department.

No question in domestic economy needs closer study than the economy of heat. In our ordinary ranges and cooking-stoves, certainly not less than ninety per cent. of the energy generated by combustion is lost; it simply passes up the chimney, and we do not even have the comfort of knowing that somebody or something gets the benefit of it, as is the case with the waste from our tables. This little stove, with its tiny fire-box, its broad, heavy upper plate, and the course which the heated air is made to pursue before passing off, concentrates an amount of heat, just where it is needed, that is remarkable, when we consider the amount of fuel necessary to do the same work in an ordinary range. The height of the stove from the floor, and the ease with which the ashes and cinders are removed, its cleanliness, and its heating qualities, make it an

admirable help to housekeepers. The class who will best appreciate its merits is not the one to which the ignorant Biddies or prejudiced Dinahs belong, but the intelligent and thrifty housewives, who are obliged to do their own work in limited quarters and with narrow resources: for an intelligent use of the stove and its various utensils will best bring out its real merits.

A set of admirable cooking-utensils belongs to the stove, though (with the exception of the ovens) they are not necessary to it. Mrs. Lewis's stove may be used with ordinary gridirons, frying-pans, griddles, etc., or her utensils may be used with an ordinary stove, though they work best together. The ovens are peculiar, and are placed like a frying-pan upon the upper plate of the stove, just above the fire-box. They are simply two tin baking-pans, hinged together at the back like box and lid, with long handles, like those of a double wire gridiron. The beef, mutton, or fowl is placed in the oven, and allowed to cook without basting. The advantage of this is that the direct heat from below, and the reflected heat from the uppermost pan above, cook the meat through and through, thoroughly and equally, without reducing the fat to an indigestible oil, or the lean to tasteless and innutritious fibers, as is too often the case in an ordinary oven. Space on the top of the stove is economized by the use of three-storied steamers, in which the most highly seasoned and most delicate dishes may be prepared at once, without (it is claimed) in the slightest degree injuring one another,—a meat-stew, a vegetable, and a pudding, for instance. This idea of a combination steamer is already in practical use in many parts of the country.

Every good housekeeper knows that, with very few exceptions, whatever is good boiled is far better steamed. The vessels for steaming have one excellent feature—the lids are all double, so that no heat is lost by radiation from above, and there is no condensation of moisture on their under surface.

The main point in the construction of this stove and its utensils is economy,—economy of fuel, of which the saving is about fifty per cent.; economy of food, in preserving the nutritious qualities by the method of preparation, and economy of labor, from the simplicity of its arrangements.

S. B. H.

#### Servants' Rooms and Quarters.

SERVANTS' rooms should be papered, painted, kalsomined, curtained, and fitted up with nicety in every detail, with harmony in color, with womanly regard for womanly needs. Each maid should have a bed to herself; the blankets, spreads, and sheets passing from time to time under the eye of the mistress. The floor should be stained or oiled, and beside each cot should be laid a neat strip of carpet, or of the English "Napier" matting, in stripes of maroon and écreu hemp,—than which one can find nothing more neat and durable. A dressing-glass in a good light, a chest of drawers for clothes, a pin-cushion, a picture or two, low splint-bottom chairs, and ample washing apparatus, are little enough to bestow on the comfort of your maids, upon whom so much of

your own comfort daily and hourly depends. Let them hang up their palms, and their photographs of cousins in Sunday clothes. Instead of a neck-ribbon, bestow upon them from time to time a little vase, a gay Japanese box, a "Holy Family," or a work-basket. Give them a helping hand, and you will be astonished at the steady growth of just appreciation.

Below-stairs, so much depends upon the temper and tendencies of the queen of the kitchen—the cook—it is almost impossible to make any general rule for the ordering of our servants' home life. That the kitchen may be made an abode of pleasantness, every one can attest who has invaded that "haunt of ancient peace" in a New England country dwelling. There unite all things sweet-smelling, appetizing, wholesome (barring the pies!), heart-cheering. The tins shine like the finest silver-ware; the very boards are fragrant. This is not common in New York kitchens; but a great deal may be done to render those under-ground prisons less gloomy. The servants' sitting-room, generally found in houses where a number of maids are kept, can be made inviting at very small cost. One is apt to underestimate the influence of a pot of scarlet geraniums in a basement window, behind clear white muslin curtains, open to catch every wandering shaft of sunshine. Let your cook even keep her parrot, if his voice do not penetrate too sharply to the regions above. Compliment her neat shelves of blue china, choose her kitchen oil-cloth with a view to brightening her domain, buy for her pretty striped Algerian cotton table-cloths, leave a chair or two below that are not as hard as the nether mill-stone, when tired bones seek a moment of repose. Depend upon it, these little acts of thoughtfulness will come back to you in your roasts, in your gravies, and your puddings, even if there were no higher motive for displaying them.

CONSTANCE CARY HARRISON.

#### Prizes for Decorative Art and Needle-work.

THE Society of Decorative Art of New York has issued a circular, offering the following prizes for a competition to close April 27, 1881:

\$500 for the best, \$100 for the second best, design for a portière or window-hanging.

\$200 for the best, \$50 for the second best, design for screens, of not less than three panels.

\$125 for the best, \$25 for the second best, design for frieze or band, applicable to table-cover, lambrequin, or other decorative purposes.

Seven additional special prizes, netting \$300, are offered for the best table-cover; for the best and most artistic example of needle-work not included in the above competition; for the best design in outline work on silk; for the best design in outline work on linen; for the best example of drawn work; for the best figure design suitable for a panel, and for the best color treatment in the above designs.

The competition is subject to conditions and rules which may be learned upon addressing "Prize Design Competition, Society of Decorative Art, 34 East 19th street, New York City."



## CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

The New Edition of Dr. Schliemann's  
"Mycenæ and Tiryns."\*

THE principal facts of Dr. Schliemann's wonderful discoveries at Mycenæ have now been before the public of Europe and America for several years; and the splendid volume describing them, which was published in 1877, has been earnestly studied and minutely discussed by multitudes of critics, in the light of history, philology, archæology, and whatever other science might hope to solve any of the strange problems it presents. But the result has still been to excite curiosity rather than to allay it. The discoverer's own theory of the origin of the treasures disclosed has not, indeed, been generally received, but no other has been framed which can claim to have supplanted it; and the author makes this fact somewhat defiantly conspicuous by reprinting, in his new edition, the entire matter of the earlier one, while he adds to it an account of the most important contributions which recent scholarship has made to the question of the true place of Mycenæ in history, and its relations to ancient civilization.

These additions consist mainly of inquiries, by Professor A. H. Sayce, of the University of Oxford, and Professor J. P. Mahaffy, the historian of Greek literature, into the date of the destruction of Mycenæ. These high authorities agree in the conclusion that the date in question cannot have been so late as the Persian war; nor, indeed, later than the second Messenian war, which began 685 B. C.; while the state of the arts, as shown by the articles rescued, seems to be most closely connected with that attained in Babylon in the sixteenth century B. C. Such authoritative judgments as these, while they do not determine the questions suggested by these discoveries, are yet a complete answer to all criticism which has denied or doubted either their extreme antiquity or their vast importance. As a whole, they are unique as a collection of works of prehistoric art found in Greek soil; the best and substantially the only key we have to the earliest period of that magnificent civilization which, in later ages, suddenly enriched the world, and became the wonder and envy of all time. Whatever shall be determined hereafter concerning Dr. Schliemann's Homeric fancies and historical dreams, his heroic devotion to the pursuit of truth, his candor and generosity in serving knowledge rather than self-interest, entitle him to gratitude, which is sure to be felt more deeply by posterity than by ourselves. And his book, the fresh and authentic description, not only of his discoveries, but of the romantic course of struggle and inquiry of which they were the reward, will grow in

value and interest, whether the mystery of their origin be solved, or they remain forever a fascinating riddle.

Readers of this new edition will be especially interested in the discovery, described in appendix D, that the blade of a two-edged bronze sword, formerly pictured covered with rust, as it was found, is one of the most significant works of art in the collection. The rust has been removed, disclosing gold plating on both sides, with engraved figures of men and animals drawn and grouped with effect. We are assured that no inscriptions of any kind have been found at Mycenæ, and it seems certain that the Greeks of that period had no alphabet. But no reader whose eye falls on the plates representing the sides of this sword can fail to read in them, with a plainness no alphabet could increase, the legend, "The lion is king of beasts, but man is lord of creation."

It is gratifying to observe that the new edition is published at a greatly reduced price, though it includes all the beautiful illustrations and maps; for it seems to indicate that the demand for the work is already very large, and that it will now reach a much wider public, carrying with it an intelligent interest in a branch of study which, in its present comprehensive form, is the peculiar pursuit of our own times—that of the origin of civilization.

## James's "Washington Square."

UNLESS it be Mr. Thomas Hardy, there is no one now writing novels in English who brings to the task so complete a training and so fine a hand as Mr. Henry James, Jr. The English writer has elements of superiority which it may be never in the life of Mr. James to equal; he has an imaginative side that the American lacks. But merely as an artist in the management of a novel, Mr. James can readily afford to give him odds. The comparison between the two comes to be instituted all the more easily and naturally, since they have been publishing novels side by side in the same great popular magazine, "Harper's." Mr. James is especially remarkable for the patient care which he bestows upon his style, and the elaboration of his notes on modern society. More cool-headed than Hawthorne, and quite as industrious, he stores away the most minute observations on the daily conduct of people of all kinds. It is not the exceptional person who interests him particularly; he is rather occupied with cataloguing his impressions of commonplace characters such as one meets every day. In that respect he is eminently an observer such as the present quarter of the century has to show in other paths of research; men who are not rebuffed by the dryness of a task, or the amount of time involved in an ex-

\* Mycenæ: a narrative of Researches and Discoveries at Mycenæ and Tiryns. By Dr. Henry Schliemann, citizen of the United States of America; author of "Troy and its Remains," "Ithaque, le Péloponnèse et Troie," and "Le Chine et le Japon." The preface by the Right-Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M. P. Maps, plans, and more than seven hundred other illustrations. A new edition, with important additions and new plans. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

\* Washington Square. By Henry James, Jr., author of "Daisy Miller," "An International Episode," etc., etc. Illustrated by George du Maurier. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1881.

amination of facts, so long as the result is some small gain to science. "Washington Square" is a tale that seven novel-readers out of ten vote dull; but to us it seems one of the best and cleverest Mr. James has produced. In the first place, he has shifted his old ground completely, and writes of people upon American soil, for the trip the heroine takes to Europe is too slightly sketched to make any appreciable mark on the book. Some weakness, it is true, results from the removal of his scenes to a country which either is not as suggestive to Mr. James, or else is not so thoroughly examined. The view of New York City, between 1820 and 1840, is more like that of a foreigner, who has lived a good portion of his life in America, than that of a person American-born. And every now and then, one comes upon a touch which is distinctly French, not American, nor even English in its origin. An exact analogy to this curious fact in Mr. James's novels may be seen in the kindred touch on the canvases of our young painters who have studios in France. With a writer it shows in modes of expression foreign to Americans, in turns of thought, and, less often, views of the relative positions of people toward each other in society, which are not usual here. Particularly liable to misconstruction are the delicate adjustments of the relations between young girls and young men. In the United States it requires a great deal of patient study to reach the truth on this matter, for no one rule, indeed, no ten rules, govern it. In Europe the matter is, or is conventionally supposed to be, simple, and practically invariable. It cannot fairly be said that "Washington Square," with all its realism, shows a thorough understanding of this relationship of the unmarried sexes. Yet, with such modification, the picture offered is exceedingly good. The society physician, who is disappointed that his daughter, the child of a brilliant man and his brilliant wife, should be a dull, plain, timid creature, is an admirable study; his unusual hardness being easily explainable as gradually growing upon him, and leading him in the end to a relentless cruelty to the unhappy girl, which he could not have entertained at first. He watches her "case" intellectually and morally, as he had learned to watch the symptoms of his patients. In all of Mr. James's novels there is some such cool observer, who is "watching the case." It is Mr. James himself, who stands in his own novels with note-book and pencil in hand, conning the foregone facts, jotting down the new, and trying to make up his mind as to the probable course of the coming situation.

The character of Catherine Sloper is a true triumph for Mr. James; it is one of the best outcomes of his generalizing realism. Some women may readily be exasperated at such a picture as she presents intellectually; but she is true to the life; are there not Catherine Slopers all around us—good, amiable girls, who have hosts of friends who admire them from a distance, but at close quarters find them unutterably dull? This is the kind of women Mr. James, who is a biting cynic under the calm flow of his novels, chooses for his heroines. It is no wonder that people ask, why does Mr. James select

the dullest of a dull class for a Catherine Sloper, the worst educated of a badly brought-up class, for a Daisy Miller. From a nation celebrated for brilliant and beautiful women, why does he select the most faulty, those that represent the bad minority, instead of painting types of the better majority? To such impatient questionings the answer is: Mr. James prefers to—and one must not quarrel with an artist's choice. It is sufficient if he carries out what he attempts.

Notwithstanding his realism, Mr. James does not dare to make these commonplace types truly real. They talk and act after a superior fashion, and in fact, if they are to be located in any one town of the United States, belong to Boston rather than to New York. The atmosphere in which they move is not exactly that of New York, even in 1820; they are a trifle too precise, and a trifle too provincial. There is a grimace of intellectual superiority in Dr. Sloper which is hard to fit into the surroundings. His sister is a character who must be found everywhere—from remote New England villages to the bayous of Louisiana. Without any sort of doubt, the aunt who enjoys twice as much as Catherine the love affair of the latter, and in trying to be a clever match-maker only contributes to her niece's confusion, is the best character in the novel. She forms a pendant to the little old lady in "Middlemarch," who is guilty of "little beaver-like noises." To consider the novel from the close, we must again admire the workmanship, and notice again a recurring trait in the books of this able writer. This is the want of force in the *dénouement*. Like most, and perhaps all of his novels, "Washington Square" seems to have been worked up with extraordinary care and skill—and come to nothing. We do not care two straws for the fate of the actors; we are merely concerned with the evident cleverness of the author.

#### Disraeli's "Endymion."\*

THE merit of Mr. Disraeli's novels is the critical knowledge they display of human nature and society. He has little power of invention, or of making his characters appear to be real. But his keen knowledge of the world enables him to make good sketches of persons who are under the influence of passions or qualities which he has closely studied. There are at least three good sketches of this kind in "Endymion," viz.: Zenobia, Mr. Bertie Tremaine, and St. Barbe.

Zenobia is a kind of woman very common in British novels of fashionable life, who talks on political subjects, if not profoundly, continually, glibly, and with great confidence, and who fancies that revolutions and party changes are matters which she and a few other persons of good social standing have under their thumbs. The novels of Disraeli and Bulwer, both of whom were well acquainted with British political society, no doubt do not exaggerate the power of women in British politics. That power is

\* *Endymion*. By Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

of a personal kind. Changes of government mean that certain great offices are to be vacated by one set of men, and occupied by another; that this or that family is to have for months, or for, perhaps, a term of years, a large income, and a big official house in which to give parties; that there are to be pleasant berths going into which to put nice young men. It is of course natural that women should have a keen interest in the personal part of politics, and should have influence in it. Mr. Disraeli has always taught his young readers who are ambitious that they should not neglect women. He says of his Vivian Grey, for instance, that he was a young man who knew too much of the world to make this mistake. Women undoubtedly do get private-secretaryships for relations, and there are times when they may help an ally to a cabinet position; whether many of them are serious critics of such matters as war and peace abroad and popular progress at home, we do not know. One cannot help thinking that Mr. Disraeli, while professing to admire, is slyly making fun of his Zenobia.

In Myra and Lady Monfort we have women of somewhat the same character as Zenobia. But they have little consistency or life. They are, of course, worldly women, and in his description of Myra the author is at his old trick of imparting a fine dress to what are, after all, very commonplace incidents. Myra is a young woman who takes the first offer she has from a man of fortune and position, and marries a person twice her age. She is no better nor worse than other equally prudent and sensible young women who do the same thing. But Mr. Disraeli throws about his adjectives in such a way as to make it seem something different.

Mr. Bertie Tremaine is a discerning, if somewhat thin and loose, sketch of a certain class of persons. Any one familiar with English society will know a half-dozen people like him. They are of a kind which does not exist in this country. They can only be found in an old society, which contains a great assemblage of people who are idle, and are bent upon amusing themselves, some in a frivolous and some in a solemn way. People who have to work may be dull and have few thoughts, but they are apt to be genuine and unaffected. But we like Mr. Bertie Tremaine and his class. We like those mild-mannered young men one meets at English dinner-tables, with their amiable generalities and their pleasant devotion to the abstract.

Mr. Bertie Tremaine becomes a member of the House of Commons at the same time with Endymion. The following reference to Mr. Tremaine's career in the House, we have no doubt, is a leaf from the recollections of the author. One can see Mr. Disraeli sitting with his chin on his chest, and listening to a real Mr. Bertie Tremaine, the humor of the sure-sighted man of genius stirred by his observation of that gentleman. Notice of a question, we are told, was sometimes publicly given by Mr. Bertie Tremaine, "so abstruse in its nature and so quaint in its expression, that the House never comprehended it, and the unfortunate minister who had to answer, even with twenty-four hours' study, was obliged to com-

mence his reply by a conjectural interpretation of the query formally addressed to him." Mr. Bertie Tremaine is a gentleman who considers himself already as good as a prime minister, is much vexed with the subject of his cabinet, and says of Mr. Vigo (evidently Poole, the tailor), "I think I will offer him India." In his manner of regarding himself as a serious personage, there are people in this country who resemble Mr. Bertie Tremaine. We wonder how many citizens there are of this republic who have seriously considered the exigency of their election to the Presidency, have been much puzzled by the question of the policy they should pursue in that event, and of the men they should call to their aid.

In his character of St. Barbe (apparently meant for Thackeray), Mr. Disraeli does not present himself to advantage. We are not about to write an essay on the duty of forgiveness. All good people are agreed that it is not right to cherish a revengeful spirit, and we suppose one ought not to do so. But still, people will be revengeful. A disposition to remember injuries and to get even with enemies, is a quality which a man may have, and yet hold a good place in society, and retain the respect and regard of friends. But though men will not cease to be revengeful because the Bible says they should forgive their enemies, there are still circumstances which, with most men, have the effect of subduing the fierce recollection of injuries. Among these are success and the lapse of time. It is now nearly twenty years since Thackeray died, and in the meantime Mr. Disraeli has become one of the greatest men in Europe; has been made a Knight of the Garter, and has obtained a variety of distinctions which even he, lavish as he is with his pen, would have been chary of giving to the hero of one of his novels. Under these circumstances, most men would have forgotten, or half forgotten, an animosity which was a generation old. And we are not prepared to say that it is a spirit of revenge which has dictated the character of St. Barbe. Mr. Disraeli may have merely been satisfying the proper critical instinct to describe a character which he has keenly apprehended. If that is the case, however, the description should have been complete. It is, of course, evident that St. Barbe is a description of Thackeray, or of what the author believes Thackeray to have been. That it is an incomplete and unjust character of the man, no one can doubt. The blame is very likely true, as far as it goes. It is very evident that Thackeray was a man upon whom social distinctions had a great influence, and whose nature it was to feel most intensely the relation in which he stood to individuals and the world. That he was morbidly egotistical, the reader of his works may see with half an eye. He may have had his share, or more than his share, of envy. It is a general human failing; and one of the world's mistakes is to suppose that people who produce great books, and who, from fear of its opinion, talk a little too much like saints, are destitute of those evil temptations of which all are conscious. But Mr. Disraeli fails entirely to credit Thackeray with that poetry, that power of pathos and sympathy, and that generosity of feeling, which he possessed. The character as it stands is a

substantial injury to the memory of Thackeray. From Mr. Disraeli's reputation, and the wide popularity of his work, he has been able to throw into the mind of the world a picture of Thackeray which has done and will continue to do him harm. Mr. Disraeli must have been perfectly aware, in preparing the sketch, that such would be the effect of it. What he has done in this case is so marked and so unusual that most people will think it an effort to get even with a man from whom he had suffered some punishment in the past, and will look into "Coddingsby" to find some justification for such a state of feeling. That sketch is very amusing, but very innocent. The allusion to the "Duke of B—", a dashing young sizar of St. John's College, Cambridge," might have made Mr. Disraeli wince, but we cannot understand that a man of his cast of temperament should mind this very much.

The main attraction of this work, however, is that it is written by one of the most singular and famous characters of the time. The reader will be always trying to spell out something of the nature of the mind from which the work proceeds. Mr. Disraeli is a good deal like the sphinx. He has the sure perceptions, the quiet, the unconsciousness or carelessness of thoughts other than his own, the absorbed will, of the sphinx. A mind such as his invariably attracts the curiosity of mankind, even when it belongs to a merely literary man—to one who does nothing but think and write. But we are greatly more curious about a man whose thoughts result in transactions which affect empires. The trait of Mr. Disraeli's character most visible in "Endymion" is his frank admiration of success, his faith in getting on and up in the world. We do not mean to blame him for this. There are two quite permissible ways of looking at the world. One man wants love, the domestic affections, the pleasures of an enlightened and refined mind; another wishes to be great, rich, and well placed in society. The copy-books and moralists are usually on the side of the first of these persons. We, for our part, are of the opinion that men should follow the law of their natures, and should seek, as they no doubt will, those things which they really wish, providing there be no harm in them. To us, the frankness and unaffectedness of Mr. Disraeli's admiration of worldly success are interesting.

But we may venture a reflection or two upon the ambition of Endymion and Myra. This ambition is in part English, and in part Jewish. It is English in its intense sense of the misery of social inferiority. Myra devotes her efforts from a girl to raising the Ferrars family from the position of squalor and humiliation in which it found itself. Now, had Ferrars and his sister lived in some village in this country, they would not have felt themselves in a position of squalor and humiliation; that is the advantage of democracy and of living in a vast republic like ours. In their manner of getting on in the world, these young people are Jewish. We think we observe something Hebraic in the way in which Endymion is put upon English society. It reminds one of that sense cherished by a dealer of

Oxford street of his just right to sell you a garment for £1 15s. for which he has paid 10s. Throughout the work, from his coming to London to his marriage, Endymion conforms to the duty of the chosen people to spoil the Egyptians. The truth is, Endymion is a sponge. All his kind friends, both grand and humble, give him something. One sends him £20,000; another asks him to tea; another mends his gloves. He is in a capital line of business, from the beginning to the end of the story.

Quite distinct from his admiration of wealth and success, we should note Mr. Disraeli's curious passion for celebrity, pure and simple. He values rather the renown of things than their intrinsic nature. He says, for instance, of one of his characters, that her hair was the most celebrated in Europe. What a number of fine heads of hair there must be on that continent! All of his characters are celebrated. We have in this volume Lord and Lady Palmerston, Queen Hortense, the Empress Eugénie, and other famous men and women. Barnum himself has not a greater zest in the mere fact of renown than Mr. Disraeli. He puts one in mind of the mediums at the spiritualistic seances, who will produce a communication from no less a person than Cavour or the late Emperor Nicholas.

Lord Beaconsfield's worldliness is very frank, but the most worldly people are not entirely worldly, and the most worldly philosophy of life must take into account the fact that men have affections, pains and pleasures, opinions and principles. The author of "Endymion" knows all this. He even goes so far as to admit that love is better than fame and fortune. He says of Myra that "it was not in the nature of things that she could experience those feelings which still echo in the heights of Meilleraie, and compared with which all the glittering accidents of fortune sink into insignificance." His sketch of Mrs. Ferrars, Endymion's mother, shows the place which, in his mind, the finer human qualities may hold by the side of ambition. It is very interesting to study the combination of human traits in such a character as Mr. Disraeli's. We are sure that the extremists who have been in the habit of speaking of him as a purely selfish and cynical politician are not correct, as they are certainly not true to nature. Mundane ambition is, no doubt, his controlling characteristic, but, like the rest of us, he is a mixture, and it would be interesting to find out the degrees and proportions in which the elements are made up.

#### George Fleming's "Head of Medusa."\*

GEORGE FLEMING is doubtless a clever and cultivated lady, and after reading "The Head of Medusa," one can hardly escape the conclusion that she has also clever and brilliant friends. The conversations in this novel make the impression of a piece of mosaic, consisting of highly polished, glittering bits,

\* The Head of Medusa. By George Fleming, author of "Kismet" and "Mirage." Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

but lacking all organic coherence. In Roman society, epigrams and profound observations keep constantly buzzing about one's ears, until they become positively oppressive, and a comfortably dull and commonplace friend, who has no opinions regarding the date of the catacombs and the precise direction of the Via Sacra, is hailed as a godsend. When we venture to conjecture that George Fleming has absorbed some of the unclaimed brilliancy with which the Roman atmosphere is charged, we are really paying her a compliment; for that kind of absorption requires sensitive intellectual antennae and a considerable degree of aesthetic culture. If she only had succeeded in incorporating her really striking remarks on archaeology, history, art, etc., into the organism of her story, we should not have advanced any hypothesis as to their probable origin. Nevertheless, there are at least a hundred passages in the present book which prove that George Fleming prefers being somebody else to being herself. If she has any confidence in her own style and her own thought, it is a pity that she should on every page remind us that she has chosen George Eliot as her model. In the first place, the very division of the novel into "books," with separate titles and quotations from poets and political economists on the fly-leaf of each "book," seems to have been suggested by "Middlemarch" or "Daniel Deronda"; then, again, the titles of these divisions, "A Girl's Choice" and "In Deep Water," recall the exactly parallel titles of Books II. and III. in "Daniel Deronda,"—"Meeting Streams" and "Maidens Choosing." But in order to convince the reader who is familiar with George Eliot's elaborate, and sometimes a little cumbersome style, as well as the spirit of her writings, we quote the following passages, which almost read like parodies on the philosophical reflections of the great Englishwoman:

"In the twilight, the bitter, immutable mouth of the dead poet seemed to smile with implacable negation from its forgotten corner among the clustering leaves of a new spring." (Page 27.)

"For those earliest impressions of hers were all inextricably interwoven with enthusiastic recollections of a larger ideal of life, and devotion, and duty, than commonly falls to a girl's share." (Page 74.)

"He was frowning, and this unchecked evidence of bad temper seemed to give the last affirmative touch to the assurance of liking and sympathetic understanding which had sprung up between them." (Page 78.)

We are told that Hardinge's bright presence was like a change in the weather; very nearly the same observation is made by George Eliot about Lydgate, whose coming was "like a change of light." Octave's throat and chin were "flower-like"; so were Rosamond's in "Middlemarch." George Fleming's peculiar mannerism in the use of her adverbs may possibly also be ascribed to the influence of her model: thus, the rivers "run broadly," the heath "glimmers palely," processions "defile blackly," etc.

On page 226, the admirable apothegm: "But two happy people always imply the misery of a shadowy

third," recalls a little too distinctly Browning's verse in the poem "By the Fireside":

"If you join two lives, there is oft a scar,  
They are one and one, with a shadowy third;" etc.

Such resemblances can hardly be accidental, especially as the author takes occasion to quote Browning on the fly-leaf of her "Book II." We do not desire, however, to convey the impression that all George Fleming's brilliancy is reflected or borrowed, although we confess that where so much is imitation it is puzzling to decide what is really original. Thus, for instance, the following observations, for which we should like to give the author full credit, have, nevertheless, an indefinable flavor of George Eliot:

"We all have our ideals. It is possible that even our least worthy actions may arouse some admiring and imitative echo in some subordinate mind." (Page 82.)

"Let us not fall into the common error of estimating suffering by its apparent intensity; I think it highly probable that there have been martyrs who would have found it impossible to submit to chronic rheumatism."

In conclusion, let us confess that we are quite at a loss to account for the singular transformation which this author has undergone since writing "Kismet." It is a very common phenomenon, that a young writer begins by echoing the great masters of song and romance, and then gradually discovers his own individuality, and learns to express it. But for an author who made her *début* with a striking and interesting romance to end as an imitator is, we believe, a very unusual occurrence. And still, when this is said, we have a feeling that we have not done full justice to George Fleming. A woman who can write such a charming bit of characterization as that of Madame Raimondi (pages 208 and 209), or such a strong and vivid piece of description as that of the sheep passing outside the windows where Regina is dying (pages 328 and 329), must certainly have something in her which is worth expressing. But, the next time, let her discard all models, and speak with the simplicity and force which, we trust, are still at her command.

#### Eggleston's Famous American Indians.\*

UNTIL very recently, Americans have unwisely underrated the dramatic dignity and interest of their early history, discovering in it few of those elements of picturesque heroism which attract every school-boy to the story of Alfred and the Danes, John and his obstinate barons. As a matter of fact, no such interest ever gathered around the birth of any other nation. The imagination of Europe, already stimulated by the splendid intellectual impulse of the Renaissance, was captivated by the possibilities of the new continent miraculously opened for the realization of those dreams of wealth, progress, and a new

\* 1. Red Eagle. By George Cary Eggleston. 2. Tecumseh and the Shawnee Prophet. 3. Brant and Red Jacket. 4. Monteruma and the Conquest of Mexico. 5. Pocahontas. By Edward Eggleston and Lillie Eggleston Seelye. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.



social state which hung, half luminous and half misty, over the mind of the Old World. No voyagers returning in Greek galleys, no Norsemen bringing home strange tales of the Mediterranean, were ever welcomed with such eager curiosity as were the early explorers of America, laden with Indian trophies and with gold. And when spasmodic exploration gives place to permanent colonization, the interest deepens, and the drama unfolds in act after act of struggle, and bloodshed, and conquest, until the growing sense of a great historical tragedy becomes almost painful. No other tragedy on so vast a scale and stage has been enacted in historic times. The inexorable operation of the law of the survival of the fittest is felt from the beginning, like the consciousness of doom in which a Greek tragedy darkens to its close. There are, too, elements of interest in this story which one misses entirely in those histories which are rich mainly in the heroisms and achievements of individual actors.

He who would glean wisely in a field so wide as this must possess in marked degree the sense of historic proportion, so as not to waste on episodes space which ought to be given to significant characters and events. The writers of these volumes have evidently made careful study of the ground, and have chosen points of view from which the movement of events is seen in orderly and dramatic sequence. Thus, in accordance with this plan, in "Montezuma" they describe the rash but splendid conquest of Mexico by Cortez; in "Pocahontas" they tell the story of early voyages and explorations in search of gold, the strange adventures of that redoubtable warrior, Captain John Smith, the charming episode of Pocahontas, and the settlement of Virginia; in "Brant and Red Jacket" they outline effectively the incessant warfare between civilization and barbarism which desolated central and northern New York, enriching them with historic and legendary associations in exchange for despoiled homes and ravaged fields; in "Tecumseh" the current of story flows on uninterrupted, but the points of interest, the centers of struggle, are moved westward from New York to the Ohio and the chain of forts which joined the great lakes with the Mississippi—the bold scheme of Tecumseh to knit into confederacy the scattered strands of Indian power being strongly sketched against the background of the Shawnee prophet's trickery; while in "Red Eagle" the same momentous struggle is described as it rolled southward, and involved the Creek nation in irretrievable ruin. This volume was prepared by Mr. George Cary Eggleston, and is written with uncommon vigor and clearness of style; the other volumes are from the hand of Mrs. Lillie Eggleston Seelye, Dr. Eggleston having confined himself to a careful examination of the authorities and revision of the pages. The enterprise is a genuine literary partnership, for although Dr. Eggleston is a silent partner, the capital of taste and skill which he has acquired by years of successful literary work has plainly been drawn upon by Mrs. Seelye, whose accurate perception of significant points, and power of

clear and picturesque narration, readily disclose the secret of their parentage.

Mrs. Seelye tells a story with admirable vivacity and sense of proportion. The men and events which she describes are imaginatively real to her, and she reports them from the life instead of from the old chronicles. She describes with quick movement and graphic power, for instance, the stratagem by which the Jesuits escaped out of the hands of the Onondagas, having first feasted them to excess:

"One of the Frenchmen played softly on the violin, and the stuffed Indians were soon engaged in sleeping off the excesses of the feast. Now the Frenchmen slipped away from the sleeping assembly, and stole down to the lake shore, where they found the rest of their companions already in the boats. It was a March night, and the snow was falling. The winter's ice was broken up, but the lake was covered with a thin coating. Men in the foremost boat broke a road through this crust with clubs, and the boats rowed swiftly for the outlet. When the Indians waked in the morning from their heavy slumbers, they wondered that they were not summoned to prayers, and were amazed at the stillness which reigned about the mission-house and within the palisades of the little fort. Those who had lived here for nearly two years had now left Onondaga Lake far behind. After a time, the Indians broke into the Frenchmen's buildings, but found them deserted. They searched for footprints, but the falling snow had obliterated the tracks of the night before. They knew that the Frenchmen had no boats, and they concluded that the Jesuits had by magic flown away through the air with their followers."

The style in which these stories of border warfare and intrigue are told is clear, simple, and natural, and produces in the mind of the reader that impression of entire integrity and straightforwardness on the part of the writer, which holds the attention after it has been won. The groundwork of fact has evidently been thoroughly and intelligently gone over, and beyond the interest which these histories possess in their literary form, they have the supreme quality of trustworthiness. About a few heroic and commanding figures they gather the greater part of the Indian wars, and if at some future time the authors will add a volume on King Philip and another on Pontiac, they will complete a series of histories which ought to be placed in our libraries beside the new editions of Froissart and Sir Thomas Malory. Like these, they are addressed primarily to young readers.

#### The Memorial History of Boston.\*

MR. RUSKIN, in laying out the education of the unborn children in the undiscovered country of his New Atlantis, instances five cities, the history of which is to be studied: Athens, Rome, Venice, Florence, and London. New York he elsewhere

\* The Memorial History of Boston, including Suffolk County, Massachusetts. 1630-1880. Edited by Justin Winsor, Librarian of Harvard University. In four volumes. Vol. I. The Early and Colonial Periods. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1880.

dooms to perdition, along with the new town of Edinburgh, and his writings give no evidence that he ever heard of Boston. When the children are born and the country is discovered, some one should send over a set of "The Memorial History of Boston," which will doubtless then be completed, as the first volume has already appeared, nine months only after the projection of the work. The history of the venture is given briefly in the preface, and a moment's consideration will show that this generous volume could not have been brought together so promptly except for two facts—that there was a competent editor and a ready corps of authoritative contributors. There was, indeed, a precedent condition that Boston should have a history, but this condition was precedent also to the existence of a trained body of historical experts, and the volume really justifies itself.

It does not take one long to reflect that the marked personality of the town, especially down to the period of the great Irish immigration and the development of huge cities in America, renders it a singularly good subject for historical treatment. It was not accidental or fortuitous in its origin. The deliberateness of the settlement, and the political and religious considerations which led to it, the magnitude and enduring character of the colonization scheme, which surpassed any single fitting of that generation,—these gave a solidity to the beginnings of Boston, and invested the town with a structural dignity which were immensely valuable as capital stock for historic growth. Then, as the chief town, the capital of a virile commonwealth, it absorbed in its life larger currents than belong to a mere trading town. To the world outside, it was the colony, and even as late as the War for Independence, the rebellious people of the country were Bostonese and Bostonians. As the exponent, therefore, of a political and religious movement, it had an individuality which has not only made it a subject for history, but for dignified history. There is opportunity for the widest range of treatment in such a subject, since a really great theme carries with it a justification of what otherwise would be an ignoble curiosity, and thus one may fairly include in the same volume consideration of charters and shoe-strings.

The projectors of this work were not the first to discover the propriety of a history of Boston. The existence in the community of a class of acute and learned writers, who had diligently explored all the recesses of local history, cannot be accounted for on any ground of petty local self-esteem or absurd exaggeration of the value of the work to which they had been devoting patient toil, and the results brought together within this volume are not from the impetus given by the work itself, but the latest product of studies which have scarcely been interrupted since the beginning of the colony. Whether or not the original settlers builded better than they knew, they builded, at any rate, with deliberate intention, accompanying every important act with full record, and explanation, and comment, so that the material on most points is abundant and well

attested, and there has been no serious revolution or fire to destroy irretrievably important documents. Monuments indeed have perished, and in some cases have left the faintest possible trace of their appearance. In the illustration of a portion of the Town-house, occurring with Mr. Whittier's poem, the editor and artist have had to rely on the imagination, aided only by the scantiest record. No hint whatever remains of the appearance of Governor Winthrop's house, which was destroyed in the siege of Boston, and in a few other instances one has to borrow suggestions from other forms preserved elsewhere; but it should be said that both editor and contributors appear to have exercised great caution in reconstructing, and to have had little recourse to fancy. Perhaps they all stood in wholesome awe of one another, since, in the assignment of parts, it might easily have happened more than once that writers could have exchanged subjects.

In the arrangement of this volume, which brings the history down to the Andros government, the editor has followed a scientific order. He has plainly regarded Boston as the result of two forces, that of nature and that of humanity. History followed, not merely because a company of God-fearing English gentlemen sailed across the seas, but because they landed just where they did, and Boston became the chief town, not because it was first formed, for it was not, but because the position, conformation, and adaptability of the peninsula gave it advantages over Dorchester, Charlestown, Cambridge, or Roxbury. Accordingly, the approach to the formal settlement is made with deliberation, and a proper prevision of controlling and modifying circumstances. Under Professor Shaler's guidance, Boston is seen peeping out from the ice in an unknown antiquity, and the structure of the whole basin is explained, by which one may discover how it was fore-ordained to its use. Then Mr. J. A. Allen, the ornithologist, follows with a description of the inhabitants that originally possessed the soil, and remained in part to be cooked by the new-comers. Professor Asa Gray describes the flora of Boston, and we are invited to a private view of the great elm on Boston Common, before there was a Boston, and before there was a common. By this means the way is cleared for this virgin peninsula to be discovered and settled. Mr. George Dexter then gives an outline of the early European voyages in Massachusetts Bay, bringing all the ships that crossed the Atlantic before 1630 as near to the future Outer Light as he dared; and, as a result of these and later voyages, Mr. Winsor describes the earliest maps of the region. With these maps, and their own maritime enterprise, bolder ships are now seen, with small parties aboard, approaching the sacred spot, and settling about the shores of Boston harbor. Mr. C. F. Adams, Jr., who has made special study of this subject, is here the contributor. So closes the Pre-historic Period and Early History. The Colonial Period occupies the rest, which is the main part of the volume. The Massachusetts Company, from which the colony proceeded, is set forth by Dr. Haven, of the American Antiquarian Society, and the

story of Boston Founded is by Robert C. Winthrop, a descendant of the great governor. The next eight chapters are occupied with the intermingled history of the town and the colony, under the several political and religious phases, and in reference to the connection and conflict with neighboring jurisdictions and Indian tribes. Dr. Ellis, Mr. Foote, Mr. C. C. Smith, Colonel Higginson, Dr. Hale and Dr. Deane, each in his section and method, recount this history, occasionally covering one another's tracks, but always independently engaged and writing from full minds. Five more chapters are devoted to those neighboring towns which, originally of separate jurisdiction, are now a component part of Boston. These chapters are in the hands of specialists. The remainder of the volume, five chapters more, is given up to the literary and social history of the town. Mr. Winsor writes of the Literature of the Colonial Period; Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull, of the Indian Tongue and its Literature; Mr. Scudder, of Life in Boston in the Colonial Period; Mr. E. L. Bynner, of the Topography and Landmarks,—a chapter which we should have placed earlier in order,—and Mr. Whitmore of Boston Families, prior to 1700.

This hasty summary will indicate the range taken by the volume, the thoroughness of plan, the general ability of the collaborators, and the attempt made to treat Boston not merely as a civic corporation, but as an exponent of a distinct historic movement. We suspect that future volumes will draw the lines a little more closely about the town of Boston itself; that, as the commonwealth increases in power, the town will have its more separate life, and will furnish sufficient material, without involving so much attention to general history. The illustrations are to the point and carefully studied. More might easily have been added, but they would have been imaginative and easily misleading. Those which are given are as much contributions to history as the text is, which throughout is kept free from caprice and conjecture. The whole subject has been conceived in a serious spirit, and the volume is not light reading. But it is a large subject, and by the great variety of treatment a degree of light and shade is secured which saves the work from dullness and monotony. It was an excellent idea to introduce the work with a bit of representative verse like Mr. Whittier's "The King's Missive," which was written for the work, and typifies the spiritual Boston of the Colonial Period.

**The New Edition of Irving's "Knickerbocker's History of New York."**

MR. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER opens the first volume of the "Geoffrey Crayon" edition of Irving's works with an appreciative and interesting essay on that author. This edition is to contain, besides the works of Irving, the life of him by his nephew, Mr. Pierre M. Irving. The first volume, which has just been issued, contains "Knickerbocker's History of

New York." There are a number of illustrations scattered through the book. But this work of Irving's is one which the reader who has been familiar with it from boyhood will have illustrated with his own mental pictures.

The charm of the work are its innocence, its broad caricature, the gentle spirit of poetry which runs through it, and especially a youthful zest and eagerness of feeling. As one turns over these leaves, scene after scene, conned a score of times, presents itself to the memory. One sees Wouter Van Twiller, disturbed at his dinner by a pair of imprudent litigators, weighing their accounts with a pair of scales, declaring them to be of equal avoirdupois, and deciding that each is to give the other a receipt, and that the constable must pay the cost. One remembers Governor William the Testy, in his inaugural harangue asserting that he knows himself to be unworthy of the position to which he has been advanced, thereby causing much astonishment to the simple Dutch burghers, who wonder why in that case he should have accepted it. One follows in his sloop down the Hudson the trumpeter, Anthony Van Corlear, practicing that cabalistic manual sign which had been the only reply of the Yankees to the demand of William the Testy for the surrender of the fort of Rensselaerstein. The reader is never weary of the comic warfare between the honest Dutchman and the unscrupulous Yankee, of the later stages of which Irving was himself a witness. There is, by the way, still standing at Albany a Congregational church, built by the New-Englanders nearly a hundred years ago, at the time of their coming to Albany, upon the steeple of which, as a menace and a defiance to the Dutch, they put representations of a pumpkin and a cod-fish; there, we are told, they remain to this day.

The book exhibits also a charming feeling of delight in our virgin scenery. We read of Anthony Van Corlear, when sent by Stuyvesant on an errand to New England, that he went "twanging his trumpet like a very devil, so that the sweet valleys and banks of the Connecticut resounded with the warlike melody." In the description of Stuyvesant's voyage upon the Hudson, that is a pretty passage in which we are told that the "whip-poor-will wearied the ear of night with his incessant moanings." The reader will not have forgotten the pretty chapter descriptive of the shores of New York as they appeared to the companions of Hendrik Hudson.

Mr. Warner says, in his introductory essay, that the high position which Irving secured in this country cannot be explained without remembering the goodness of his character. This is true, but Irving's success was also due in large part to the fact of his being a peaceable man. He was one who in his right hand carried gentle peace to silence envious tongues. He was not critical, nor had he much intellectual originality; but the absence of these qualities in men otherwise distinguished is agreeable to the world at large. Irving was one of that fortunate few whom all the world like to see successful and preferred.

"Art Suggestions from the Masters."

How much good a work like the present is likely to do, we do not know. It is hard to say what may help and what may hurt an artist. One becomes rather discouraged at times when contemplating the gigantic modern machinery for the making of artists and the promoting of taste,—the books, lectures, schools, galleries, verbal discussions, and printed information—the latter gossiping through columns upon columns in the daily press, with full details as to the present whereabouts and doings of A. B. and of C. D.; recordings of the fact that E. F. has gone to the Maine woods, and that G. H. is still in his studio in 120th street; "of academies of Florence, of Bologna, of Parma and Pisa; of honorary members and foreign correspondents; of pupils and teachers, professors and patrons, and the whole buzzing tribe of critics and connoisseurs"—it is discouraging, we say, to look upon all this machinery, and then to find the outcome so small of artists of genius and persons of real taste. But reformers and ecclesiastics must have the same misgivings. "This is a pretty kettle of fish," said a famous preacher (to himself) when, after a season of revival meetings, in his early ministry, one solitary old woman "came forward for prayers." The only thing to do is to keep on, throw the nets and sow the seed: without the seed, how can the good ground bring forth? The Woman's Art School of the Cooper Institute, New York, has some good fruit to show, and under Mrs. Carter, who has thought fit to compile the present work, it is doubtless one of the best schools of art in America.

There are some remarks in this volume which it would be unfortunate to have the youthful reader take to heart, as, for instance, where Reynolds recommends the young artist, when he first attempts invention, to select every figure, if favorable, from the inversions of Michael Angelo. But the four writers quoted seldom say anything quite so startling as that, and are often amusing, suggestive, and even instructive; and, in some cases, the opinion or practice of one is corrected by the criticism of the other. Hazlitt is altogether the most entertaining, because he alone of the four is a literary artist (one of the critics who failed as painters). Reynolds was in some matters ahead of his time in opinion, but in others he reflects the current thought; for instance, when he says that Guido's "idea of beauty" "is acknowledged superior to that of any other painter." It is curious to note that while the general critical opinion in England is now, so far as a contemporary can judge, probably truer with regard to certain principles and views of the old masters than in Reynolds's day, the arts of painting and sculpture have come near extinguishment altogether. There is, certainly, some good painting done there; and there

is plenty of intellectual industry expended in the arts; but it seems to be possible for an artist to get the highest reputation in London without any sort of mastery in the handling of pigments. Sir Joshua is nowadays considered, in his own country, as a second-rate man, as compared with the early Italians, for instance,—and most justly, too,—but there is hardly an English painter to-day whose canvases could be looked at on the same wall with his.

Dame Juliana Berners's "Fysshynge wyth an Angle."

THIS thin quarto, doleful in its dress of black-letter, and somewhat forbidding by reason of quaint types and old-style spelling, is the reproduction in truthful fac-simile (letter-press, not lithography) of a book printed by Wynkyn de Worde at Westminster, in 1496. The editor, Rev. M. G. Watkins, introduces the book as the first English treatise on fishing, and as the "literary quarry" for succeeding writers on angling, from Izaak Walton downward. That the author understood the subject is plain. Who dares dispute this assertion?—"Ye can not brynge an hoke into a fyssh mouth wythout a bayte"; or this?—"that 'yonge bees, hornettes, grasshoppes, and redde wormes" are seductive baits.

Curiously enough, the book was not written by a man, but by a woman—Dame Juliana Berners, a lady of high station, who had shown her love for field sports by writing a treatise on hawking, hunting, and coat armor, which had been printed by the unknown schoolmaster-printer of St. Albans in 1486. The eccentric lady is supposed to have been the daughter of a Sir James Berners (who was beheaded), and the prioress of a nunnery at Sopwell. But our interest is more in the manner than the matter of the book; more in its wood-cuts and typography than in the writer or her knowledge of angling. To read it is to put oneself in the mysterious twilight of early printing, and to get new ideas of the literature and mechanical arts of England at the close of the fifteenth century. The dame did her work thoroughly, and began at the beginning. She told her reader how to make rods, lines, hooks, leads, and floats. This "harnays" of the angler, as she calls fishing equipments, and the tools by which the harness is made, are illustrated by a few wood-cuts of charming simplicity. It is a discouragement to those who believe in the superior mechanical workmanship of that period to learn that every angler must make his own rod and fish-hook. It is amusement to a modern mechanic to see the cuts of the rude tools, and to read the directions concerning the making of these rods and fish-hooks. Of the types and wood-cuts, not much need be said. A magazine man may look on this early attempt at illustration and description in much the same spirit that he looks on the primers and picture-books of his childhood. "The best exer-

\* Art Suggestions from the Masters; selected from the Works of Artists and other Writers on Art; compiled by Susan N. Carter, Principal of the Woman's Art School, Cooper Union. First Series: Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Charles Bell, William Hazlitt, Benjamin R. Haydon. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

† Hazlitt.

\* A Treatise of Fysshynge wyth an Angle. By Dame Juliana Berners: Being a fac-simile reproduction of the first book on the subject of fishing printed in England. By Wynkyn de Worde at Westminster, in 1496. With an introduction by Rev. M. G. Watkins, M. A. London: Elliot Stock & Co. 1886.

cise for a school-boy people is that of school-boys," says Hallam, in writing about the books printed by Caxton during this period. There can be no doubt of the childishness of the literary taste to which Berners and Caxton catered. How pettish and exclusive the authoress was may be read in her explanation of the reason why she had this little treatise on fishing printed and bound up in a larger book, containing her writings on other field sports, viz., "by cause that this present treatyse sholde not come to the hondys of eche ydle persone whyche wolde desire it

yf it were enprynted alone by itself, & put in a lytyll plaunflet, therefore I have compylyd it in a greter volume of dyverse bokys concernynge to gentyll & noble men to the entent that the forsayd ydle persones whyche sholde have but lytyll mesure in the sayd dysporte of fysshing sholde not by this meane utterly dystroye it." Most honest Juliana, you are not alone! There are writers of our day who have your desire to confine the teachings of wisdom to the elect of "gentyll and noble men," but not your courage in saying so.

## THE WORLD'S WORK.

### New Cooking-Stove and Utensils.

A NEW system of cooking, having for its aim economy of both fuel and material, and a more healthful manner of preparing food, has been recently introduced in this country. From careful examination the system seems to obtain excellent results, by the use of entirely new forms of apparatus. The heat required is obtained from small hard or soft coal, burned in a stove of novel design. The aim of the stove is fourfold: economy of fuel, a moderate and evenly distributed heat, ventilation, and cheapness of first cost. To secure economy of heat and fuel, the fire-box (in the smallest pattern of stove, designed for a family of seven) is of cast iron, 15 by 20 centimeters (about 6 by 8 inches), and 7.5 centimeters (3 inches) deep, and has openings on three sides, while the bottom is closed by a sliding grate. No fire-bricks are used, the coal resting wholly on iron, but so free is the admission of air on all sides, except the back, that there is no burning of the stove. Under the fire-box is suspended an iron tray, or ash-holder, designed to slide like a drawer. This hangs below the box, so that there is a free admission of the air over it on every side. Above the fire-box is a heat-chamber, also of iron, 36 by 46 centimeters, and 10 centimeters deep (14 by 18 by 4 inches), and closed at the top by a separate but tight-fitting cover 2.6 centimeters (1 inch) thick. Extending around the fire-box on all sides but the front, is a raised screen, or guard, that serves as a guide for the products of combustion, causing them to circulate entirely around the heat-chamber before escaping into the chimney at the back of the stove. Behind the heat-chamber is a cast-iron drum, having a flat top and pot-hole to utilize the heat still further. The top of the stove has also two small pot-holes. Open-work brackets, or shelves, on each side of the stove, a bracket in front and a larger shelf below, serve to hold utensils and hot plates. The stove is supported on three legs, and is designed to be connected with the chimney by a horizontal pipe, so that the stove stands out in the room with a clear space on every side. The front of the heat-chamber has a movable grating, to give an open fire, and to increase the draft; this may be closed by a tight-fitting door. The stove, of which the accompanying cut gives a good

idea, seems to be admirably designed, and gives a soft and equable heat with a remarkably small consumption of fuel. The stoves seen were at work using red-ash coal, and gave a good, free-burning fire, with entire freedom from gas or the smell of an ordinary cook-stove when driven by a hot fire. The excess of air supplied to the fuel seemed to act much as a fire at the bottom of an upcast shaft or an open wood-fire in ventilating a room, the air in the kitchen being remarkably pure and sweet, even while cooking was in progress. The day was cold and the room large, yet one stove while at work kept the room at about 68° Fahr. The stove is designed to be taken apart for removal, and is easily and quickly set up by any ordinary stove man, only four bolts being used to hold it together. The smallest size occupies a space 76 centimeters (2½ feet) square, and is of a convenient height to obviate stooping.

The apparatus intended to be used with this stove consists of a number of pieces, all of tin, and of original design. For making soups there is a round tin, having a presser or perforated dasher, arranged like the dasher of an upright churn, the handle of which passes through the cover. The object of this is to enable the cook to press the juices out of the meat in the soup and to stir it, without taking off the cover. The cover of this apparatus, as in all the others, is double, to prevent the condensation of the steam against a cold surface. The covers all fit steam-tight, in order to keep the steam in the vessels. At the same time they will all come off easily, so that there is no danger of explosion. The next utensil is a meat stewer—an oval tin vessel, having a second and smaller vessel supported on a perforated ribbon of tin and open at the top. There is also a ring of perforations around the top of the inner vessel. The design of this, as well as of the other steamers, is to place a small quantity of boiling water in the main vessel, and to put the smaller vessel containing the meat inside, and to place the whole, closed steam-tight, on the stove. For cooking fish, a longer tin of the same pattern is used, except that it has also a perforated tray with handles, for removing the fish when cooked. The next utensil is called a "combination steamer," and consists of several utensils placed one over the other. The first is a deep, round tin, in which is placed a smaller tin, having a tight



cover. This is also supported on a perforated ribbon, to raise it above the water in the larger tin. Above this is placed a flat, perforated tray with handles, on which a pudding may be placed in its tin or mold. Over this rests a second tin, having its double cover, and in which still another kind of food may be cooked,—all these processes being maintained by the same steam that circulates through the entire vessel. Smaller steamers, in two parts, are also made on the same pattern. For baking and roasting, the dough or meat is placed on a tin, slightly raised on bosses or wires, on the stove, and entirely covered by a hood of tin or sheet-iron, made double, with an air-space between the sides and top, and small openings to allow the excess of heated air to escape. Another utensil, called a "frizzler," consists of a flat pan, with a tight-fitting hinged cover. It would seem that this collection of domestic apparatus must prove of great value, for these reasons: The heat is moderate, and the amount of fuel burned is small; the steaming plan retains the full aroma and flavor of the food, and the first cost and the expense of using the apparatus are very low. Any system that tends to make cooking more easy and agreeable is a sanitary gain. Much of the value of foods cooked over quick and hot fires, and in uncovered vessels, is lost, and it is the design of these new utensils to save this to a greater degree than has ever been tried before. The idea of steaming food is not new, but the appliances here described are believed to attain this end in a novel and efficient manner. The smallest stove is said to cost about fifteen dollars, and all the utensils can be furnished for about twelve dollars more.

#### Artificial Ballast.

A NEW kind of artificial ballast or dressing for town and rail roads has been introduced, that promises to be of value in districts where gravel and natural road materials are not available. The material is a species of brick, that may be broken or crushed into the sizes needed on either wagon or rail roads. In making it, a level piece of ground is prepared near clay-pits, and a large, flat fire of cheap, soft coal is made in the open air. When this is well lighted, it is covered with a layer of partially dried and rather lumpy brick clay. On this is added more coal and clay in alternate layers, as fast as the fire extends through the fuel, till a huge heap is formed, or till as large a mass is built as can be conveniently handled, three meters being the usual height. It is

found that as the pile increases, less and less coal is needed, so that when complete the coal and clay are in proportions of one of coal to fifteen of clay.



The mass is suffered to burn till it is exhausted, and when cold is opened, and the burned clay is broken up into the sizes needed for ballast.

#### Power for Pleasure-Boats.

WITH our extensive sound and inland navigation has always existed a wide-spread interest in pleasure-boats of all kinds, and within the last few years there has been in this field a rapidly growing desire for steam power. A short time ago there sprang up a demand for small stationary engines for farming and light manufacturing, and a great number of admirable engines appeared, that met this want at very low prices. The demand for small marine engines has, in like manner, stimulated invention, and the later forms of engines and boilers for pleasure-boats show a decided gain in lightness, convenience, safety, speed, and price. Among boilers, the coil or tube type seems to gain in favor, on account of its lightness and safety. Among these is one, intended for open launches, consisting wholly of a tube coiled spirally over a circular fire. The fire-box consists of a circular box of fire-brick, with a grate surface and ash-box below, and entirely cov-

ered by a hood or casing of sheet-iron, having a short chimney on top. The fire-door and ash-door are in front, and only the natural draft of the chimney is employed in maintaining the fire. Resting on top of the circular fire-brick is a wrought-iron pipe wound spirally upward, each turn being slightly smaller for a number of turns, and then the coils are flatter, thus making a flattened dome over the fire. The pipe then continues in a second series of coils, extending horizontally outward, till the casing is reached. It will be seen that by this arrangement a continuous pipe completely incloses the fire, and all the products of combustion must pass over and around all parts of the pipe. The pipe itself, while in one piece, decreases in diameter as it extends upward, the lower end being perhaps twice the size of the upper end. The inlet for the feed-water is at the upper end, while the steam is designed to escape below. In using the boiler, the aim is to pump water continuously into the upper end of the pipe as soon as the fire is started. The water is forced downward, meeting more and more heat as it descends. The water supplied is always in excess of the steam-making capacity of the boiler, and the escape-pipe at the lower end of the coil discharges mingled steam and water. To separate them, they are taken into an upright cylinder placed outside the boiler. This is somewhat larger in diameter than the coil, and in it the water falls by gravity to the bottom, while the steam fills the upper part. This upright tube is called the separator, and makes the novel feature of this boiler, and without it such a tube boiler could not be used. A glass water-tube is attached to the separator, to show the amount of water it contains, and a small pump, operated either independently or by power taken from the engine, is used to take the water away as fast as it accumulates, and to pump it back into the boiler continuously. The engine designed to go with this boiler is an upright compound two-cylinder engine, having an outboard surface condenser (a pipe next the keel, outside the boat), and carries a pump for taking the water of condensation back into the boiler in a continuous stream. The chief interest, naturally, is in the boiler, and it may be observed that it presents several features of value to the steam-boatman. It is light, and saves weight in the boat; it is safe, as, in the event of a rupture of the pipe, the amount of steam that escapes will be very small. The steam is not retained in a large mass, but is continuously produced in small quantities, as fast as used, and when the boat is at rest temporarily the steam is condensed in the separator, and the water pumped back into the boiler by slowly turning the engine. The small amount of water in the boiler at any one time, and its distribution through so much piping, make it possible to raise steam more quickly from cold water than by any of the usual types of boilers. There is also a great saving of weight in dispensing with large water-tanks, as the water is used over many times, the waste being very small. There is also a decided economy of fuel, by the use of a large and rather slow fire, as there is no forced blast from exhaust steam. An-

other advantage is found in the silent working of boiler and engine. For very small steam pleasure-boats, where economy of space is of the first importance, it may be observed that the so-called disc-engine, described in this department some time ago, has been made the subject of long and exhaustive trials in this country, and is now manufactured here in a very superior form, and at low prices. This engine has six single-action horizontal cylinders arranged in a ring, and contains fewer parts than any of the ordinary kinds of boat-engines. The engine examined seemed to be easily managed, stopping, reversing, and starting quickly, and so simple is its management that any person of ordinary intelligence can be taught to use it in one trial. It appears to run with great steadiness and good speed, and its low position in the boat (placed endwise and in line with the propeller-shaft) makes it specially useful in small boats. There are also many other boilers and engines for boats made in this country, and all of those examined appear to have merits, but this coil-boiler and disc-engine exhibit, perhaps, the most original and novel features in the rapidly growing art of small steam-boat building.

#### Optical Tests for Milk.

Two new methods of testing milk by optical appliances have been brought out. In one, the aim is to find the amount of butter contained in a given quantity of milk, by diluting it with water till it displays a certain degree of transparency; in the other, the result is obtained by observing the transmission of light through a layer or film of milk of known thickness. A glass tube 23 centimeters ( $9\frac{1}{4}$  inches) long, and closed at one end, contains near the bottom a small rod of porcelain (white glass) marked with black lines. A cubic centimeter of milk is measured in a pipette, and placed in the tube. The black lines on the white rod cannot be seen through the milk, but by gradually adding water to the milk, and mixing them by shaking the tube, the milk is rendered more and more transparent, till the black lines are visible. The surface of the milk in the tube then indicates, by a graduated scale on the tube, the quality of the milk, by showing the percentage of butter it contains. The apparatus (which is called a lactoscope) appears to be simple and convenient.

The second method, while based on the same principles, employs the direct transmission of light, and reaches the same end by more complicated means. A short tube of tin, blackened on the inside, and supported upright, has an opening on one side, and opposite this, inside the tube, is a mirror placed at an angle of forty-five degrees. By placing a lighted candle at a known distance opposite the opening, its light is reflected in the mirror and thrown upward through the tube. On top of the tube is placed a round vessel of glass or metal, closed at the bottom by a sheet of clear glass. The vessel is closed at the top by a cover having an opening in the center, in which slides up and down a small tube closed at the bottom with glass, and having an eye-piece at

the top. The milk to be tested is placed in this vessel, on top of the tin tube, so that the light of the candle reflected from the mirror passes upward through the milk. Then, by looking through the sliding tube and moving it up and down, a point may be found where the image of the candle in the mirror can be seen through the milk. This device depends, as will be seen, on observing the light transmitted through a film of milk, and the thickness of the film is the measure of the value of the milk. The movable tube contains a graduated scale, and by comparison of this with a printed table, the percentage of butter in the milk may be ascertained. Another form of this apparatus dispenses with the mirror, by placing the candle at the bottom of a much longer tube, directly under the milk. This plan would seem to be liable to the danger of smoking the glass over the candle and rendering the readings unreliable.

While both of these appliances are admirably de-

signed, and are said to work well, they naturally suggest other and unpatented methods that may be used by any one moderately skillful in the use of tools. Two sheets of window-glass bound together by any convenient means, and having a semicircular strip of rubber between them, would make a vessel for holding a film of milk. By choosing milk of known value, placing it in such a vessel, and diluting it with water till the light of a candle, placed at a known distance, can be seen through it, would give a standard with which to compare other milk in the same manner. The amount of water added to the milk would show the proportion of butter it contained, the less water needed the thinner and poorer the milk, the more added the richer the milk. For the ordinary purposes of the dairy, it is not essential to know the exact value of the milk, but whether it is above or below a certain standard of excellence, and this such an apparatus would readily show.

### BRIC-À-BRAC.

#### Uncle Essek's Wisdom.

##### (CONCLUSION.)

THE world would be more happy, and the mass of people in it just as wise, if they would whistle more and argue less.

Very amiable and good-natured are those people who can have their own way in everything.

The everlasting longing for something we have not, ought to satisfy us that there are great things in store for us.

There is no charity in helping a man who will not help himself.

A man may learn infidelity from books and from men, but never from nature.

Humility is the safest foundation to build any kind of superstructure on.

A man's heirs are sometimes his most impatient creditors.

Faith was given man to lengthen out his reason.

Most of the unhappiness in this life comes from not knowing the true value of things.

Money and fame are the two things that men work hardest for, and after death, one is worth to them just about as much as the other.

Mercy is sometimes an insult to justice.

Compliments are often nothing more than gilt-edged falsehoods.

What the moral army needs just now is more rank and file and fewer brigadier-generals.

It takes two to make a quarrel and two to keep it going; it only needs one to end it.

Jealousy is simply another name for self-love.

He who is ashamed of his poverty will surely be arrogant of his wealth.

There is hope for a man as long as he can blush.

The man who feels certain that he will not succeed is seldom mistaken.

There is nothing that strengthens a man's honesty so much as trusting him; suspect him, and you weaken his faith in himself and in everybody else.

He who has filled the measure of his days has only learned how to begin to live.

Faults are the things that make us all brothers and sisters.

There is nothing that has so much authority, and is entitled to so little, as custom. It rules all the fools with a rod of iron, and threatens even the wise.

The difference between being perfect and constantly trying to be so, is the difference between an angel in heaven and a good man on earth.

How can we expect to know our neighbor's character, when he doesn't know it himself?

Talk is cheap, but a good example costs something.

The boy whose highest ambition it is to equal his father, seldom amounts to anything.

#### The King-cup's Test.

MY lips seemed swift enough with words,  
'Mid school-mates, song, and story,  
That, ever as her sweet face came,  
Lost all their wonted glory.  
Some glamour in the deep blue eye—  
Love's nameless, tender token—

Drew close the golden gates of speech,  
And left the word unspoken.

Till one rare morning, when the year  
Was gay with leafy banners,  
And Nature's tuneful troubadours  
Were singing blithe hosannas;  
When every sound was in the air  
The sweet-voiced Spring could utter,  
She plucked a king-cup from the hedge,  
To see if I liked butter.

A golden chalice, closed in snow;  
The blue eyes peering under—  
E'en now, in sober middle-age,  
I find no room for wonder,  
That, when youth's happy vintage bore  
Its bubble-beaded wine,  
The peerless vestal's pensive face  
Seemed more than half divine.

Dear, guileless girl! She clearly meant  
The golden fruit of dairy;  
I heard alone a pronoun sweet,  
That stood for winsome Mary.  
And while the swift, impetuous tides  
Set all life's valves a-flutter,  
The cooler brain found strength to say,  
My fond heart *did* "love but her."

"Your heart—your heart—I meant—I meant—"  
The tell-tale blood came flushing,  
Fair as above the morning hills  
The rosy dawn lies blushing.  
So erst the Teucrian shepherd-boy,  
Some mountain path pursuing,  
Plucked, lily-like, life's crowning joy,  
His sweet CEnone wooing.

Adrift upon the tide of years,—  
The mystic, murmuring river,—  
Sometimes we see the sunlight play,  
The cypress startle ever.  
And always up the singing stream  
One fair dawn gleams afar,  
Touched with the rose of early day  
Beneath the morning star.

And if, at times, in sportive mood,  
She holds the king-cup under,  
Demure as when she broke the spell  
That held our lives asunder,  
Be very sure, a glad heart bids  
The fond lips more than utter  
How, through the lapse of happy years,  
Her old-time love loves but her.

#### Desdemona.

I TOLD her of my three years' cruise,  
Its haps and mishaps, and when I  
Had finished, in her sweet, rapt muse,  
She murmured breathlessly, "*Oh my!*"

And when I told my journeys o'er,  
From torrid zone to lands of snow,  
She paused in wonderment before  
She softly cried, "*You don't say so!*"

And when I told of dangers, fears,—  
Our shipwreck, when we suffered so,  
Half frightened and almost in tears,  
She faltered forth, "*I want to know!*"

#### The Telegraph Operator.

SHE sits within her narrow cell,  
A jewel worth a fairer setting,  
And I—I linger for a spell,  
My urgent telegram forgetting.

I love the sounder's cheery call,  
I love to watch the dimples playing  
About her fingers, white and small,—  
I wonder what that hand is saying.

I love to dream of other years,  
Of blessings that perhaps await her,  
Of sweet eyes never dimmed by tears;  
I love—I love the operator!

#### Street Cries.

##### LAMENT OF A DISTRACTED CITIZEN.

THE Englishman's waked by the lark,  
A-singing far up in the sky;  
But a damsel with wheel-baritone,  
Pitched fearfully high,  
Like a lark in the sky,  
Wakes me with a screech  
Of "Horse Red-dee-ee-eech!"

The milkman, he crows in the morn,  
And then the street cackle begins:  
Junk-man with cow-bells, and fish-man with horn,  
And venders of brushes and pins,  
And menders of tubs and of tins.  
"Wash-tubs to mend! Tin-ware to mend!"  
Oh! who will deliverance send?  
Hark! that girl is beginning her screech,—  
"Horse—" "tubs—" "Ripe Peach!"

Then there's "O-ranges," "Glass toputin,"  
And bagpipes, and peddlers, and shams;  
The hand-organizer is mixing his din  
With "Strawber—" "Nice sof' clams!"  
"Wash-tubs to mend," "Tin-ware to mend!"  
Oh! heaven deliverance send!  
I'd swear, if it wasn't a sin,  
By "—any woo-ood?" "Glass toputin!"

"Ice-cream!" I'm sure that you do!  
And madly the whole town is screaming.  
"Pie-apples!" "Shedders!" "Oysters!" and  
"Blue."  
"Berries!" with "Hot corn all steaming!"  
"Umbrell's to mend!"—My head to mend!  
How swiftly I'd like to send  
To—somewhere—this rackety crew,  
That keep such a cry and a hue  
Of "Hot—" "Wash-tubs!" and "Pop-  
Corn-balls!"—Oh! corn-bawler stop!

From morning till night the street's full of hawkers  
Of "North River shad!" and "Ba-nan-i-yoes!"  
Of men and women and little girl squawkers—  
"Ole hats and boots! Ole clo'es!"  
"Times, Tribune, and Worruld!"  
"Here's yer Morning Hurrold!"  
What a confounded din  
Of "Horse red—" "—to put in!"  
"Ripe—" "oysters,"—and "Potatoes"—"to  
mend!"  
Till the watchman's late whistle comes in at  
the end.